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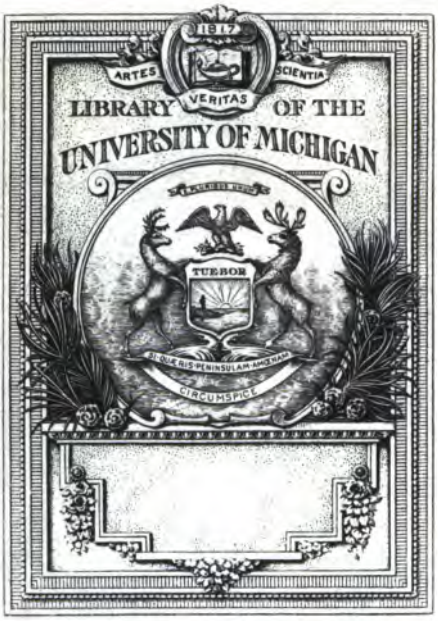

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THE

WORKS

OF

Alexander Pope, Esq.

A NEW EDITION.

IN TEN VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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New-Street Square, London.

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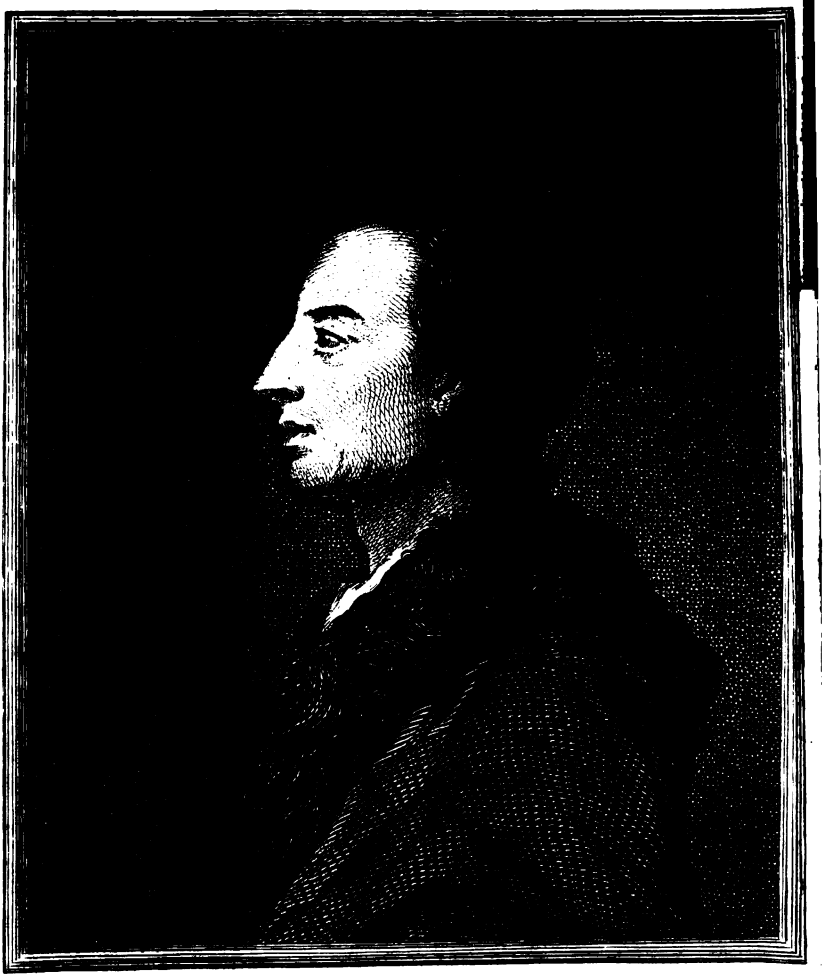

ALEXANDER POPE ESQ.

Engraved by J. Holloway, from a Picture painted by J. Richardson,

in the possession of Benj.n Way Esq.r

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Published January 1.st 1795 by Cadell and Davies Strand London.

Nr. 1094.

THE

WORKS

OF

Alexander Pope, Esq.

IN VERSE AND PROSE.

CONTAINING

THE PRINCIPAL NOTES OF

DRS. WARBURTON AND WARTON:

ILLUSTRATIONS, AND CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY REMARKS,

BY JOHNSON, WAKEFIELD, A. CHALMERS, F.S.A.

AND OTHERS.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED, NOW FIRST PUBLISHED,

SOME ORIGINAL LETTERS,

WITH ADDITIONAL OBSERVATIONS, AND MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

By the Rev. WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES, A.M.

PREBENDARY OF SALISBURY, AND

CHAPLAIN TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.

IN TEN VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LORD VISCOUNT SIDMOUTH,

THIS EDITION

OF

THE WORKS OF POPE

IS DEDICATED,

WITH

SENTIMENTS OF RESPECT AND ESTEEM,

BY

HIS OBEDIENT

HUMBLE SERVANT,

W. L. BOWLES.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

I CANNOT ſuffer this Edition to appear, without publicly returning my thanks to Henry Penruddock Wyndham eſq. M. P. Rev. William Coxe, canon and archdeacon of Saliſbury, Rev. Mr. Todd, Joſeph Cooper Walker eſq. Samuel Rogers eſq. Parry Okeden eſq. Uvedale Price eſq. the Proprietors of Gilbert Wakefield's Works, Rev. Mr. Polwhele, and in particular to Alexander Chalmers eſq. to whom the public is indebted for the notes marked C.

The drawing of Pope's perſon has been retained, not becauſe it is the "libelled ſhape," but becauſe it is an exact repreſentation, which may gratify curioſity, but ſurely cannot provoke the malignity of ſpleen. The notes by Warton have been reviſed, and much which he had admitted has been [illegible] though it is hoped that all which is valuable has been retained. The [illegible]ive epiſtle is excluded; and if the chapter of the "double Miſtreſs," after ſome heſitation,

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has found a place, it has been on account of its exquiſite humour, and becauſe, though offenſive to delicacy, it is not ſeductive or dangerous to principles.

In the tenth volume, the original letters to the two Miſs Blounts, from the light they throw on Pope's early connexions, will be read with intereſt.

Some original papers have been, for obvious reaſons, omitted. Thoſe which have been publiſhed I do not think can detract from the moral character of the writer. What man, indeed, if all the errors of his youth were ſeverely ſcanned, could eſcape cenſure? In other reſpects, the letters are natural, intereſting, and creditable to his feelings. Among the omiſſions I now ſincerely wiſh I had included the farce of "Three Hours after Marriage;" but it was printed when I was afflicted with illneſs, and was ſcarcely able to judge for myſelf. I think it right to [illegible] my ſorrow, though too late: the reſt [illegible] to the candour of the public.

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To front Page IX [A 5] *of Vol I.*

Published June 1 1797, by Cadell & Davies, Strand.

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THIS is the only Portrait that was ever drawn of Mr. POPE *at full Length.—It was done without his knowledge, as he was deeply engaged in converſation with* Mr. ALLEN *in the Gallery at* Prior Park, *by* Mr. HOARE, *who ſat at the other end of the Gallery.—This Drawing is therefore exceedingly valuable, as it is an Unique of this celebrated Poet.*

WARTON.

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DIRECTIONS TO THE BINDER.

The Head of Mr. POPE to front the Title-Page of the First Volume.

The Full-length Portrait of Mr. POPE to front Page xi. of VOL. I.

☞ *All the other Engravings have the Pages marked on them againſt which they are to be placed.*

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MEMOIRS

OF THE

LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

POPE.

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MEMOIRS

OF THE

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF POPE.

AS the Life of this diſtinguiſhed Poet has been already written, by perſons ſo eminent for literary talents and critical acumen as Johnſon and Warton, all further attempts to illuſtrate the incidents of his fortune, or the character of his mind, muſt appear ſuperfluous; charity alſo might ſeem to ſuggeſt, when ſo many years have paſſed ſince the grave cloſed over his virtues and his infirmities, that we ſhould now,

> " No farther ſeek his merits to diſcloſe,
> " Nor draw his frailties from their dread abode."

But if any new circumſtances may ariſe, if any additional light, however trifling, may be thrown on the picture and features of the poet and the man, the faithful biographer will not ſhrink from his taſk. If he does not preſume, farther than may be abſolutely neceſſary, to advance on the ground, which has been already ſo ably occupied; if he forbears, unneceſſarily and wantonly, to obtrude any thing which

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which might injure another's fame, except where a regard to truth extorts it, or where, as in the caſe of Addiſon, it is demanded by *juſtice*, to thoſe whoſe fame has ſuffered; if he be conſcious of being actuated ſolely by theſe feelings, he will not fear, though he approaches the taſk with diffidence, to repreſent, as faithfully as he is able, the leading facts and traits in the hiſtory and character of a perſon, eſtimable indeed for many virtues, but thoſe blended, as all human excellence muſt be, with ſhades of infirmity; diſtinguiſhed for ſuperior poetical talents, and pre-eminently adorning the literature of his age, but memorable for merits and defects, for attachments and animoſities.

NE QUID FALSI DICERE AUDEAM!
NE QUID VERI NON AUDEAM!

With this diſpoſition, though in all other reſpects reluctant and diffident, I preſume to give ſome further account of the Life and Writings of Pope.

Alexander, ſon of Alexander and Editha Pope, it is univerſally underſtood, was born in London, in the year 1688.

Much has been ſaid reſpecting his father's ſituation in life *: Pope's adverſaries have called him a hatter, &c. and Pope, who with all his affected diſdain of the "great," was ſufficiently proud of the diſtinction he received from them, wiſhed to deduce his "ſtemmata"

* It ſeems underſtood by Johnſon, that he was a linen-draper.

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mata" from the noble family of the Earl of Downe; and there is probably as little truth in one circumſtance as the other. From the moſt authentic information obtained at the heralds' office, it appears that the pedigree which he made out for himſelf was as much fabricated as Mr. Ireland's deſcent from SHAKESPEARE *. The account of his mother's family, of the Turners in Yorkſhire, as it has not been contradicted, is preſumed to be true. Pope ſays,

" Of gentle blood each parent came ;"

but if Mrs. Pope was of " gentle" blood, her education muſt have been very defective, at leaſt it appears ſo from her letter in this edition. Although the education of females was then very inferior to what it is at preſent, yet it is difficult to imagine, that a lady of " very gentle blood" could be the writer of ſuch an epiſtle as the following.

To POPE *from his Mother.*

" MY DEARE,

" A letter from your ſiſter yuſt now is come and gone, Mr. Mannock and Charles Racket, to take his leve of us, but being nothing in it doe not ſend it. He will not faile to coll here on Friday morning, and take ceare to cearrie itt to Mr. Thomas Doncaſter; he will dine wone day with Mrs. Dune, in Ducke-ſtreet: but the day will be unſirton, ſoe I think you had

* From Mr. Dallaway.

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had better ſend itt to me. He will not faile to coll here, that is Mr. Mannock"——

No man of liberal mind, however, would too rigidly examine a plain and unaffected letter from an affectionate parent.

So far is certain, that Pope's father acquired, whatever property he poſſeſſed, by trade: in the deed, by which his eſtate, when ſold, was conveyed, he is intitled, "Alexander Pope, merchant, of Kenſington *.

Pope had no brother; but a ſiſter-in-law, as ſhe is called in his will, was married to a Mr. Racket.

He expreſsly ſays, in a letter to Martha Blount, (who could not be deceived) that he had "*no ſiſter.*" The perſon, therefore, whom he called his ſiſter-in-law, might have been his half-ſiſter by a former marriage.

Theſe things, though trifles in themſelves, I have thought it right to mention, as they have been hitherto unnoticed.

Pope, it is well known, was from his infancy ſickly and infirm, and his childhood required tenderneſs and indulgence.

I need not repeat, that he was taught to write by an aunt from printed letters. That he was placed under the care of Taverner, a Catholic prieſt, and from him was removed to the care of other prieſts; that

* From a reſpectable inhabitant of Binfield, who aſſured me he had ſeen the deed.

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that from the village of Twiford near Winchester, he went to a school near Hyde-Park-corner, where such was his progress, that, besides writing a satire on the master, he "*did enact*," with his school-fellows, in a play made by himself, from Ogilby's Homer; that the "Gardener," at his persuasion, personated Ajax!! All these circumstances are amply recorded by Warburton and Ruffhead.

Pope's father was attached to the unfortunate cause of James the Second. He was a rigid Catholic; and soon after the revolution, and the birth of his son, wished to hide his disappointment, at the turn of affairs, in the shades of the country; consoling himself, like other great patriots, that as the world was not such as "it ought to be," it was best to leave it.

With such feelings, and such ideas, the father purchased twenty acres of land at Binfield, in Windsor Forest, and one of those small cottages, near to the way-side, originally taken from the waste, with a row of elms before the window, and the common road in the front; such as is described by Pope himself:

"A little house, with trees a row,
"And like its master, *very low*."

Here he employed his time, chiefly in the cultivation of his garden,

"Plants cauliflowers, and boasts to rear,
"The earliest melons of the year;"

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After the manner of Candide, thinking, "Le Monde "ne va pas comme il faut, mais il faut *cultiver le* "*jardin* *."

Some of the original elms are yet ſtanding †.

The ſon, now about twelve years of age (1700), after an imperfect and deſultory education, became a reſident with his father in the Foreſt: willing to retrieve the time he had loſt, he began ſedulouſly to read and ſtudy. His father, as far as he was able, ſuperintended his firſt literary purſuits; but being uſed to active buſineſs, and, doubtleſs, ſomewhat wearied in ſolitude, as his ſon was much confined at home, he thought only of mere amuſement, when he ſet him a poetical taſk. The firſt ſubject that would naturally occur was relative to his own ſituation; this ſuggeſted the verſes on Solitude. His ſon's poetical attempts ſerved at once to amuſe the leiſure, and to flatter the vanity of a parent: but we ſhould not have had the name of Pope, as one of the greateſt ornaments of the age, had not other circumſtances concurred to nouriſh this early taſte. The ſeeds of poetry accidentally ſown might have periſhed as they aroſe, had they not, by a ſingular concurrence of circumſtances, received ſupport from thoſe who were enabled to confer ſomething

* Sir William Trumbull ſays in a letter: "I wiſh alſo I could "learn ſome more ſkill in gardning from your father, (to whome "with your good mother all our ſervices are preſented, with thankes "for the hartichokes,) who has ſet us a pattern that I am afraid "we ſhall copie but in miniature."

† The houſe, ſince that time, has been raiſed, and conſiderable additions have been made to it. It is now an elegant manſion, in poſſeſſion of —— Neate eſq.

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ſomething more than praiſe. Let not this be thought derogatory from the fame of Pope. They who think ſo, are ignorant of human nature. The youthful votary of the muſes is elated with his firſt efforts, and looks round with throbbing ſolicitude for notice; none is excited: he tries again: no encouraging voice is heard. Perhaps he meets deriſion, where, at leaſt, a ſmile of favour was expected. Hence the diſappointed enthuſiaſt receives diſguſt at what he thinks an unfeeling age: his energies, as a ſublime Poet "has expreſſed it," are "*rolled back on himſelf*," and he becomes a ſolitary and diſtempered viſionary through life.

This is no uncommon picture; the wing of Milton might have aſcended to its natural elevation, through all that oppoſed its career; but, let it be remembered, Pope, from being tenderly brought up, was through life impatient of contradiction, ſcarcely brooked a diſſenting voice, and having been foſtered by early patronage, lived afterwards in the ſunſhine of flattery.

The ſame diſpoſition that made him *vain*, would, in other circumſtances, have cauſed depreſſion.

Fortunately, the caſe was different. The reader will be aware that I allude to the reſidence of the venerable Sir William Trumbull, in the adjoining hamlet, ſcarcely two miles from the houſe of Pope's father. Being himſelf retired, in an

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honoured old age, from the toil of buſineſs, and ſeeking amuſements more quiet and ſuited to his declining years, than his ſtag-hounds and the ſociety of his country neighbours afforded; a ſimilarity, in ſome reſpect, of circumſtances, might have tended to render the elder Pope and himſelf agreeable to each other. Their ſtations of life were different, but they had both "left the croud," and experienced the truth of the ſentiment of La Bruyere, thus expreſſed by the tender Cowper,

"How ſweet, how paſſing ſweet is ſolitude!
"But grant me ſtill a friend in my retreat,
"Whom I may whiſper "Solitude is ſweet."

Sir William, who had been in high political employment during the reign of King William, with cultivated manners, benevolent diſpoſition, good ſenſe, mixed with love of literature, exhibited, at the cloſe of life, in the ſhades of his native foreſt, that fair example to Society, a country gentleman of education and knowledge of the world, diſpenſing hoſpitality, and cheering with kindneſs, intelligence, and liberality, the pariſh in which he was born, and where his bones were finally to be laid. To the honour of ſuch a man, let it be recorded, that his name is yet remembered with veneration by many of the inhabitants of the adjacent pariſhes. They point to the church where his remains repoſe, and ſeem to feel a kind

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a kind of pride that the noble manſion and domains of his anceſtors ſtill remain in the poſſeſſion of his deſcendants.

Here (1704), he firſt ſaw, in manuſcript, the Paſtorals of Pope. It may not be carrying the fancy too far, to ſuppoſe, that ſuch ſubjects, treated ſo melodiouſly, might have been peculiarly in uniſon with Sir William's ſentiments and circumſtances.

The ſtripling minſtrel of Binfield was, of courſe, applauded, and received with the greateſt kindneſs.

Under ſuch auſpices began the poetical career of Pope: the manuſcript of his Paſtorals was circulated among thoſe who were conſidered as competent judges, and the dawn of genius was hailed by all men of acknowledged taſte in literature. Wycherley, who lived near, and had himſelf grown "*old in rhyme*," was enthuſiaſtic in his admiration. This celebrated wit, now in his 69th year, who to his laſt ſcene continued the farce of rhyme and ribaldry, thinking, no doubt, that Pope was like ſomething inſpired, cultivated his friendſhip, with the higheſt profeſſions of admiration and eſteem, chiefly with a view of having his own inferior compoſitions corrected and elevated by ſuch a genius. During this intercourſe, the applauſe and compliments which they mutually beſtowed on each other were not leſs ridiculous, than a friendſhip between a ſentimental libertine

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tine and a young man perfectly ignorant of the world was unnatural. Lady M. W. Montagu says, "Pope courted Wycherley as he did other rich old men, with a view of a legacy." It was not likely, however, that at this age he should have been so coldly and selfishly prudent. It was sufficient that he was young, and flattered by a person who had gained a kind of celebrity. He says, in his first letter, and probably with truth, "it was certainly a great satisfaction to me to see and converse with a man, whom in his writings I had so long known with pleasure."—*Dec.* 26, 1704.

Of a friendship so uncongenial, and begun with such circumstances, a little knowledge of human nature may easily anticipate the conclusion. Unfortunately, after great pains had been taken with Wycherley's verses, which had been the pride and labour of a long life, the young critic seriously advised him, when all was done, to turn them INTO PROSE!! This wound, which Pope, no doubt, gave unconsciously, was never entirely healed. Some faint attempts were made to renew the original kindness, but their friendship could not be re-established, and the superannuated bard died not long after.

By Wycherley the Pastorals in manuscript were shewn to Cromwell, and by Cromwell to Walsh.

After having been more widely circulated, and as highly applauded, the *pastoral* strain was succeeded by the *descriptive*; at least the descriptive poem of Windsor

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Windſor Foreſt was now begun, but not finiſhed till 1713.

There was a particular beech-tree, under which Pope uſed to ſit; and it is the tradition of the place, that under that tree he compoſed the Windſor Foreſt. The original tree being decayed, Lady Gower of Bill-hill had a memorial carved upon the bark of another immediately adjoining; "Here Pope ſang."—The marks are viſible to this day, but are *faſt wearing* out. During Lady Gower's life, the letters were new cut every three or four years.

Such was the early progreſs of this great writer's reputation.

The Paſtorals, which had been four years circulated in manuſcript, were publiſhed when he was twenty years of age, having been written at ſixteen (1709). The letter of old Jacob Tonſon, who offered his preſs, is extant; and as it is characteriſtic, it is here inſerted.

"SIR,

"I have lately ſeen a Paſtoral of yours, in Mr. Walſh's and Congreve's hand, which is *extremely fine*, and is approved by the beſt judges in poetry. I remember I have formerly ſeen you in my ſhop, and am ſorry I did not improve my acquaintance with you. If you deſign your poem for the preſs, no one ſhall be more careful in printing it, nor no one can give greater encouragement to it than, Sir," &c.

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The moſt extraordinary productions ſaid to have been written ſo early as his fourteenth year muſt not be paſſed over. Theſe were the Alterations from Chaucer's Wife of Bath, and the tranſlation of Ovid's Epiſtle from Sappho to Phaon. Dr. Warton ſays, that from his profeſſion "he had ſeen compoſitions of youths of ſixteen years old, far beyond the Paſtorals in point of genius and imagination, though not of correctneſs." But I fear not to aſſert, that he never could have ſeen any compoſitions of boys of that age ſo perfect in verſification, ſo copious, yet ſo nice in expreſſion, ſo correct, ſo ſpirited, and ſo finiſhed, as theſe alterations and tranſlations.

It is moſt probable they were corrected and heightened when the taſte of the author was matured; and when he was in a greater degree maſter of that "copia verborum," which gives ſo beautiful a preciſion to his language, and forms one of the chief characteriſtical excellencies of his poetry. He had already without ſucceſs attempted the bolder flight of the Epic ſong (1708), and, like Icarus, (Jule ceratis, &c.) found himſelf unequal to the effort. He ſays very claſſically,

"——Cynthius aurem
Vellit, & admonuit——."

Having, however, obtained ſo much diſtinction, he eſſayed to cope for the lyric palm with Dryden, and publiſhed *haud paſſibus æquis*, the Ode on St. Cecilia's Day, and, not long afterwards, the Choruſes for

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for the Duke of Buckingham's vapid and preſumptuous alterations of Shakeſpeare's Julius Cæſar.

His acquaintance was now courted by moſt men of diſtinguiſhed character in the republic of letters. At the age of nineteen he wrote the Eſſay on Criticiſm. This was, indeed, a moſt ſingular and ſtriking production; and as we may date from it the firſt public enmity of the author to his contemporaries, it ought to be more particularly conſidered.

After the circulation of his Paſtorals, the teſtimonies to his poetical merit were many and illuſtrious; but, at this time, one individual, who had great weight as a claſſical and critical judge, was ſilent: this was the memorable *John Dennis*.

Dennis, of whoſe judgment in his favour Pope would moſt probably have been proud, was not found among the numbers of his admirers. That he had ſaid ſomething againſt the Paſtorals, ſeems apparent from theſe lines:

" Soft were my numbers, who *could take offence*,
" When *pure deſcription* held the *place of ſenſe?*
" Yet *then* did Dennis rave in furious pet:
" I never anſwer'd—I was not in debt."

Dennis had certainly publiſhed nothing; but as he did not join in the general voice of praiſe, this circumſtance alone, from one who was conſidered the moſt accurate critic of the age, was ſufficiently mortifying to the ſelf-love of a young author.

To

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To this cauſe, though not generally remarked, I impute the origin of the Eſſay on CRITICISM, which was written in 1709, but not publiſhed till 1711.

Mortified pride ſought to gratify itſelf by general obſervations; but perſonalities could not be avoided, where vanity was deeply wounded. Hence the lines;

"But APPIUS* reddens at each word you ſpeak,
"And ſtares tremendous with a threat'ning eye,
"Like ſome fierce tyrant in old tapeſtry."

Many other paſſages, which have not been conſidered in that light, were probably written by Pope, in juſtification of himſelf and his muſe, againſt ſome ſuppoſed critical objections to his earlier poems. However this might be, Dennis conceived himſelf attacked; and Addiſon, in his review of the poem in the Spectator, laments there were "*ſome ſtrokes of ill-nature.*"

We may here remark, and it is a ſingular circumſtance, that the firſt effuſions of Pope's muſe were the cauſe of unappeaſable enmities. After the publication of his Paſtorals, he was piqued that Phillips, who profeſſed to write more from Engliſh country life than from what Pope calls the "Golden Age," ſhould be compared as a paſtoral writer with himſelf. The Paſtorals of Phillips were printed in the year 1709, in the ſame volume of Miſcellanies which contained thoſe of Pope. Both were warmly commended by Addiſon in the

* Dennis had publiſhed a tragedy at this time, called "APPIUS."

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the Spectator; but the praiſe given to the Engliſh ruſtic was "*wormwood*," to the ſhepherd of the "Golden Age;" and he gratified his ſpleen by an ironical compariſon, three years afterwards, in the Guardian.

Not ſatisfied with this diſingenuous and unmanly hoſtility, he encouraged Gay, who had gained his friendſhip by the dedication of "Rural Sports," to write the Eclogues in ridicule of Phillips, called the "Shepherd's Week."

Phillips, mortified and offended, it is ſaid, hung up a rod at Button's Coffee-houſe, to chaſtiſe, *horreſco referens*, his rival Arcadian!

Thus Pope's Paſtorals were the foundation of laſting animoſity between Phillips and himſelf; his Eſſay on Criticiſm cauſed all the ſubſequent unkindneſs between him and Dennis; and the Rape of the Lock was the commencement of the miſunderſtanding with Addiſon.

Pope was now in the twenty-third year of his age (1711), but he had not attained that period of his life without experiencing other feelings than thoſe of friendſhip.

Sir William Trumbull was his firſt real friend, from whom he might have learned to combine every thing dignified and pleaſing in the human mind.

Plain, accompliſhed, and ſincere, he ſhewed the greateſt regard to Pope's riſing character, by judicious and affectionate advice; in particular when he left the Foreſt, to mix with gayer ſociety in London.

But

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But at this dangerous period, when the mind is moſt ſuſceptible of flattery, and moſt eaſily beſet with temptation, he met with a different character in Cromwell. As he learnt the language of criticiſm and taſte from Walſh, ſo he ſoon affected that of gallantry and licentious pleaſantry from a companion who flattered him both for his poetry and powers of pleaſing *.

Cromwell was a man of ſingularity, a quaint compound of the beau and the pedant. Pope early caught the manners of his tutor, and ſomething of his affectation, particularly in regard to the ladies, of whoſe acquaintance Cromwell was ſuperlatively vain.

Cromwell introduced him to his Miſtreſs, Mrs. Thomas, of whom more will be ſaid hereafter. She had the poetical name of Sappho, and is often ſpoken of under that name by Pope †.

I need not point out thoſe paſſages in the letters to Cromwell, undoubtedly genuine, which have been properly ſuppreſſed. Some idea of his friend's ſingularity may be formed from one of Pope's letters, inviting him to Binfield, and another written to him after his departure:

"Pray, bring a conſiderable number of *pint bottles* with you. This might ſeem a ſtrange odd requeſt, if you

* Let the reader compare his verſes on leaving London, with Sir William's remonſtrance, "Fly from all tavern company," *Tamquam ex incendio!!*

† This was before his acquaintance with Lady M. Montagu.

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you had not told me you would *ſtay* but as many days as *you brought bottles.*"——

"All you ſaw in this country charge me to aſſure you of their humble ſervice, and the *Ladies* in *particular*, who look upon us as *plain country-fellows* ſince they ſaw *you*, and heard more *civil things* in that fortnight, than they expect from a whole ſhire of us in an age. The *trophy* you *bore away* from one of them in your ſnuff-box, will doubtleſs preſerve her memory, and be a teſtimony of your admiration for ever."—

Pope now commenced lover, notwithſtanding his appearance was ill calculated to excite tenderneſs.

The firſt perſon who ſeems to have engaged his tender feelings, about the year 1709, was the lady diſtinguiſhed by the epithet of "*unfortunate*," in his exquiſite Elegy, whoſe real hiſtory is ſtill involved in myſterious uncertainty; and concerning whom as much inquiry has been inſtituted, and with as little ſucceſs, as of the man in the "*iron maſk.*" One thing is plain, that he wiſhed little ſhould be known. It is remarkable, that Caryl of Weſt Grinſtead, mentioned in the Rape of the Lock, aſks the queſtion in two letters, but Pope returns no anſwer. It is in vain, after the fruitleſs inquiry of Johnſon and Warton, perhaps, to attempt further elucidation; but I ſhould think it unpardonable not to mention what I have myſelf heard, though I cannot vouch for its truth. Pope hints in one

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one place, that ſhe was the ſame lady on whom the Duke of Buckingham wrote his ſong, entitled, "To a Lady retiring to a Convent." The verſes prove that ſhe was nobly allied; and as the Duke of Buckingham was a man very far from exemplary in his moral character, it is probable that an intimacy might have exiſted between them, and on her he might have written his Dialogue between an "Elderly Swain and a young Shepherdeſs."

The ſtory which was told to Condorcet by Voltaire, and by Condorcet to a gentleman of high birth and character, from whom I received it, is this:—"That her attachment was not to Pope, or to any Engliſhman of inferior degree;" but to a young French Prince of the blood royal, Charles Emmanuel Duke of Berry, whom, in early youth, ſhe had met at the court of France. In 1710, if we give this date to the Elegy, the Duke of Berry muſt have been in his twenty-fourth year, being born 1686.

The verſes certainly ſeem unintelligible, unleſs they allude to ſome connexion, to which her higheſt hopes, though nobly connected herſelf, could not aſpire. What other ſenſe can be given to theſe words?

"Why bade ye elſe, ye powers, her ſoul aſpire
"Beyond the vulgar flight of low deſire?
"AMBITION firſt ſprung from your bright abodes,
"The glorious fault of Angels and of Gods!"

She

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She was herſelf of a noble family, or there can be no meaning in the line,

" That once had honour, virtue, *titles*, fame *."

Under the idea here ſuggeſted, a greater propriety is given to the verſe, which otherwiſe appears ſo tame and common place,

" 'Tis all thou art, and all the PROUD ſhall be."

It ſufficiently appears from Pope's letter, that ſhe was of a wild and romantic diſpoſition. She left her friends and country, and commenced a ſentimental purſuit after the object in which her ambition and enthuſiaſtic caprice had centered. Having alienated her relations by her wayward conduct, and being diſappointed in the hopes ſhe had formed, ſhe retired *voluntarily* to a convent.

Warton aſſerts that ſhe was " forced" into a nunnery.—This is expreſsly contrary to what Pope himſelf ſays, in a letter to her: " If you are *reſolved* in *re-*
" *venge* to *rob* the world of ſo much example as you
" may afford it, I believe your deſign to be in vain;
" for, in a monaſtery, your devotions cannot carry you
" ſo far towards the next world, as to make this loſe
" ſight of you."

Part of this letter, as it ſtands in Curll's edition, Pope in his acknowledged edition has ſuppreſſed; it is ſingular,

* It is ſaid, her name was Winſberry.

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gular, that it conveys an idea very nearly of what has been before mentioned. The paſſage which Pope, on ſecond thoughts, ſuppreſſed, is this—

After the words ("paſt its power to injure them,") add, "Therefore if you take it into favour upon its again repentance, and continue in it, you would be ſo far from leading what is commonly called *an unſettled life*, (or what you with too much unjuſt ſeverity call *a vagabond life*,) that the wife would only look upon you as a prince in *progreſs*, who *travels* to *gain the affections he has not*," &c.

However this may be, her fate at leaſt is well known, and it is moſt probable that incipient lunacy was the cauſe of her perverted feelings, and untimely end.

The ſame year (1711) he produced the poem, which at once placed him higher than any modern writer, and exceeded every thing of the kind that had appeared in the republic of letters. In the Rape of the Lock, to the mellifluence which diſtinguiſhed his paſtorals, to the "carminis artem," (the moſt conſummate ſkill of verſification in its kind,) he added what might before have been denied to him, the powers of the happieſt INVENTION: here were no images and ſentiments borrowed and diluted, if I may ſo ſay, from Virgil: all was new and fanciful. He ſtood upon his own ground; and whilſt he placed at an immenſe diſtance thoſe who had before ſucceeded in the Mock-Heroic, (Boileau and Garth,) claimed the higheſt praiſe the

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moſt ſucceſsful poet could boaſt: for the machinery (it matters not from what ſource taken) was ſo appropriate, ſo beautifully interwoven, and ſo poetical, that the ſhafts of Dennis, when he afterwards attacked it, ſevere and acute as he was, dropt impotent.

Let me be here indulged in ſpeaking ſomewhat more particularly of this extraordinary man. At the time of the firſt appearance of Pope as a poet, he had long been conſidered as the moſt learned critic of the age. In his youth he had aſſociated with the firſt characters, particularly Congreve, &c.

He had correſponded once with Dryden, who ſeems to bear the moſt willing teſtimony to his acquirements and talents. Even after the declared hoſtility of Pope, thoſe who moſt favoured the cauſe of the riſing bard, did not ſpeak with diſreſpect of the veteran critic.

Dennis, no doubt, conſidered, that the ground which the young candidate for fame had gained, himſelf loſt; and an additional ſting was, therefore, given to his ſeverity.

The Rape of the Lock appeared firſt in two books, without the machinery of the Sylphs. When this was ſo ſucceſsfully added, Dennis wrote ſome obſervations, which however he forbore to publiſh at the time.

It may be proper here to mention, the cauſe why they appeared ſo long afterwards. In 1721, Dennis growing old and diſtreſſed, publiſhed his correſpondence with different eminent characters, by ſub-

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ſcription. Pope, fearful of his reſentment, became a ſubſcriber, and ſent him the following Letter:

"SIR, May 3, 1721.

"I called to receive the two books of your letters from Mr. Congreve, and have left with him the little money I was in your debt. I look upon myſelf to be much more ſo, for the *omiſſions you have been pleaſed* to make in theſe letters in my favour, and SINCERELY JOIN WITH YOU in the deſire, that not the LEAST TRACES may remain of that difference between us, which indeed I am SORRY FOR. You may therefore believe me, without either ceremony or falſeneſs, SIR, &c.

"A. POPE."

Yet, after this proteſtation, without any freſh provocation from Dennis, he introduced him into the Dunciad. The criticiſm Dennis had written on the Rape of the Lock was not publiſhed till this unmerited and wanton attack. I have thought it neceſſary to mention the circumſtance in this place; and as Johnſon has given an extract from the Criticiſm on "the Eſſay," perhaps the reader will not be diſpleaſed to hear ſomething of what was advanced by the formidable aſſailant againſt the Sylphs.

"The machines which appear in this poem, are "infinitely leſs conſiderable than the *human* perſon-"ages, which is without precedent. Nothing can "be ſo contemptible as the perſons, or ſo fooliſh as "the

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" the *underſtanding* of theſe *hobgoblins*. Ariel's ſpeech, " for the firſt thirty lines, is one continued imper- " tinence; for, if what he ſays is true, he tells them " nothing but what they knew as well as himſelf be- " fore: when he comes at length to the point, he is " full as impertinent as he was in his ramble before; " for after he had talked to them of *black omens* and " *dire diſaſters* that threaten his heroines, theſe by " turns dwindle to the breaking a piece of *china*, the " ſtaining of a *petticoat*, the loſing a *necklace*, a *fan*, " or a bottle of *ſal volatile*.

" That which makes this ſpeech more ridiculous is " the place where it is ſpoken, and that is upon the " ſails and cordage of Belinda's barge; which is cer- " tainly taken from the Two Kings of Brentford, " deſcending in clouds, and ſinging in the ſtyle of " our modern ſpirits:

" 1 *King*.—O ſtay, for you need not as yet go aſtray,
" The tide, like a friend, has brought ſhips in the way,
" And on their high ropes we will play *."

This is ſufficient to ſhew how little criticiſm can effect, when it is not founded on truth.

But a more formidable adverſary, according to Pope's fancy, now appeared againſt his riſing fame: this

* In *Proſe e Poeſie del Sig. Al. Ant. Conti*, ver. 1756, t. 2, there is a tranſlation of the *Rape of the Lock*, which begins thus:

" Canto l'offeſa, la vittoria, e'l pianto,
" Lo ſdegno, la battaglia, & la ſconfitta,
" Del Riccio tronco," &c.

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this was the celebrated Addiſon. It has been ſaid that Pope by his three productions, the Paſtorals, the Eſſay, and the Rape of the Lock, made three adverſaries, at leaſt ſuch as he thought he had reaſon to conclude were his adverſaries; Phillips, Dennis, and Addiſon. But the cauſe of his imputing enmity and jealouſy

This tranſlation was executed with the aſſiſtance of Lord Bolingbroke. In a dedication to the Marquis Manfreda Repetta, which contains ſome obſervations on the poem, the tranſlator ſays, "Voi vi moſtrate con ragione curioſo dell' Ingleſe Poeſia, della quale tante volte abbiamo parlato a Compiglia, ma io non ſaprei darvene un più bel ſaggio, che inviandov il Riccio del Pope; io lo traduſſi in Francia con l'aſſiſtenza di Milord Bolingbrock, & mi ricordo ch'egli avendo letta & eſaminata la traduzione, mi diſſe che ſe mai la rendeſſi nota in Italia, vi aggiungeſſi queſti verſi di Virgilio nella Prefazione:

"Non obtuſa adeò geſtamus pectora Pœni;
"Nec tam averſus equos Tyria ſol jungit ab urbe."

Jos. Cooper Walker.

I ſelect a few ſtrange paſſages from this Italian tranſlation of the *Rape of the Lock:*

"Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-doux." Cant. I.
"Là paſte, polvi, biblia *, e dolci fogli."

"One ſpeaks the glory of the Britiſh Queen." Cant. III.
"Chi d'antica Eroina † i pregi eſalta."

"Here ſighs a jar, and there a gooſe-pye talks." Cant. IV.
"Geme un catin, parla un paſticcio d'oca ‡."

* Le dame in Inghilterra, & in Francia, leggono ſpeſſo il Nuovo & Antico Teſtamento tradotto nelle lor lingue, ciò, che non è lecito farſi in Italia.

† Si recitava in quel tempo a Londra un drama in Muſica, ove era introdotta una antica Reina della Bretagna.

‡ Una dama Ingleſe s'imaginò d'eſſere divenuta un paſticcio d'oca, vivanda molto ſaporita in Inghilterra.

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jealouſy to Addiſon, all things conſidered *, can only be attributed to his own temper.

Addiſon was the friend of Phillips, and the circumſtance of Phillips's "fooleries," as he called it, at Button's, made him the more ready to think that Addiſon was concerned.

It immediately occurred to Pope, that when Addiſon expreſſed a doubt of the propriety of the machinery to be added to the Rape of the Lock, it was done with no other motive than the jealous and malignant one of endeavouring to depreſs Pope's riſing reputation as a poet. Johnſon has ſpoken with the proper ſternneſs of good ſenſe on ſuch an imputation, but I wonder he forgot a caſe exactly in point: "If Addiſon was *actuated by jealouſy*, when he diſſuaded the additions to the Rape of the Lock;" upon the ſame principles we muſt grant, that Pope *was actuated by jealouſy*, when he recommended that Cato ſhould not be brought on the ſtage: the opinion of both was diametrically oppoſite to the event †.

As

* See Note on Addiſon, Vol. iv.

† Let us only ſee how a little different colouring makes the ſame thing appear.—Hear Mr. Ruffhead:

"When Mr. Addiſon had finiſhed the tragedy of Cato, he "brought it to Mr. Pope, and left it with him three or four days, "for his opinion. Mr. Pope, with his *wonted ingenuous candour*, "told him, he thought he had better not exhibit it on *the ſtage*; "and added, that, by printing it only as a claſſical production, he "might make it turn to a profitable account, as the *piece was well* "*penned!*"

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As Johnſon has ſo ably deſcribed the hiſtory and progreſs of the tranſlation of the Iliad, propoſals for which were iſſued in 1713, and which was the cauſe of the final rupture between Pope and Addiſon, I need not follow, but ſhall rather refer to his Life of Pope, page 304.—(Lives of the Poets.) He there ſays (page 318), that from the emiſſion and reception of the propoſals of the Iliad, the kindneſs of Addiſon began to cool. Addiſon might aſk, "quibus indiciis, quo teſte?" Johnſon has given no authority, nor have I met with any, except what might be found in Pope's jealous imagination. Addiſon was the firſt adviſer and the firſt promoter of the tranſlation, and he ſurely expreſſed his ingenuous warmth, when he urged Pope "not to be ſatisfied with the applauſes of half the country, when he could command the whole;"—meaning the Whigs as well as Tories. If Pope imagined Addiſon to be eſtranged from him, and thought he could expect "nothing but enmity from him," does it follow, that, all this was owing "to the *emiſſion*

Pope, perhaps, was ſincere, then why not Addiſon? But, what was in Pope "*wonted ingenuous candour*," was, (according to Ruffhead and Pope,) in Addiſon, "*diſingenuous hoſtility!* and envy!"

Addiſon was ſixteen years older than Pope: in 1715, Pope was 27, Addiſon 43. Addiſon, therefore, from his age and ſuperior ſtation, might juſtly be ſuppoſed to have ſpoken to Pope as a friend, in a manner to which his reputation and years might have entitled him: is the inference fair, that if, conſidering the inequality of circumſtances, they parted in diſguſt, that the young man was entirely in the right, and the elder in the wrong?

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ſion and reception of Propoſals for the tranſlation of the Iliad," which Addiſon was the firſt to ſuggeſt and promote?

Prior to this great project, which at once eſtabliſhed his fame and his fortune, he publiſhed the Imitation from the Temple of Fame of Chaucer, with ſome ſmaller pieces *.

The Windſor Foreſt now firſt appeared in public; and, as Addiſon was ſuppoſed to be mortified at Pope's riſing fame, of courſe he muſt be introduced as having received great pain, from the animated concluſion of this poem, both as a politician and a poet. Johnſon ſufficiently expoſed the petulance of this inſinuation; but it ſhews the "jealouſy," of him who could *imagine* it, much more than, in the eye of common ſenſe and common charity, it can be thought to reflect on Addiſon. Beſides, at this time, Pope was ſo ſatisfied with Addiſon, that he courted his favour, by writing two things, which at once honoured and diſgraced him—the exquiſite prologue to Cato, and the low abuſe of Dennis, which the gentlemanly magnanimity of Addiſon diſdained †.

The meditated propoſals for the great tranſlation were iſſued 1713, and the four firſt books came out in 1715.

As

* He wrote to Steele, that it had been written two years before, but it was not publiſhed till 1712, the year before his iſſuing propoſals for his Homer.

† See his Letter to Steele, quoted by Johnſon, p. 292.

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As the idea of the jealouſy of Addiſon had taken deep root in the mind of Pope, it was in vain that Jervas the painter (the friend of Pope, from whom he was receiving inſtructions in his art) endeavoured to unite them, 1714. Sir Richard Steele attempted the ſame friendly part: this was ineffectual; they both parted, as Johnſon ſays, "with aggravated malevolence."

This incident has been generally recorded to the diſadvantage of Addiſon: at ſuch a diſtance of time the exact truth cannot be known; but as the circumſtance in itſelf, of the final rupture between characters ſo celebrated, may not be unintereſting, I ſhall make ſome further obſervations.

In the firſt place, the account is given ſolely by Pope's friends, and *in Pope's colours:*

παν πραγμα δυας εχει λαβας,

is an expreſſion of Epictetus: every thing "has two handles;" and, in this ſenſe, every circumſtance in the tranſactions of life has two "colourings:" in the caſe before us, we only ſee the *colouring* of *one ſide.* Pope's friends repreſented the tranſaction in the light in which Pope repreſented it to them.

I will ſet the account before the reader, in the words of Pope's moſt profeſſed admirer, Ayre; and I ſhall leave to him to form his concluſion even from the evidence of Pope's witneſs.

"Sir

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" Sir Richard Steele begged him (Addiſon) to per-
" form his promiſe in making up the breach with Mr.
" Pope, and Mr. Pope deſired the ſame, as well as
" to be ſenſible how he had offended; and almoſt at
" the command of Sir Richard Steele, inſtructed Mr.
" Addiſon to *ſpeak candidly and friendly*, though it
" might be with ever ſo *great ſeverity*, rather than to
" keep up any *forms* of complaiſance to conceal any
" of his faults."

After this requeſt, one ſhould ſuppoſe that Addiſon, if he had any friendly feelings, would ſpeak openly and candidly. His age, ſtation, and reſpectability, might alſo make him preſume, in conſequence of ſuch a ſolicitation, to inform Pope, who was a much younger man, where he conſidered him to blame. Addiſon, however, according to Ayre, without any provocation, behaved in ſuch a manner as it is impoſſible to conceive. Mr. Addiſon, without appearing to be in anger, though *quite overcome with it*, began a formal ſpeech, and ſaid, " that he had always wiſhed him well, and
" often *endeavoured* to be his friend, and as *ſuch adviſed*
" him, if his nature was capable of it, to diveſt him-
" ſelf of *his vanity*, which was too great for his me-
" rit." All this is very natural, ſincere, and friendly; what follows is ſo unprovoked, ſo unworthy a man of common feelings and common ſenſe, that as the account comes from one who obviouſly tries to make the beſt of Pope's cauſe, we ſhould be cautious before we believe

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believe the truth of the ſtatement. Addiſon ſaid, " that " he had not yet arrived at that pitch of excellence he " might imagine, or think his moſt partial readers ima- " gined; when He and Sir Richard Steele *correct-* " *ed* his verſes, they had quite a different air; he re- " minded Mr. Pope of the amendments of a line in the " poem called Meſſiah, by Sir Richard Steele,

" He wipes the tears, &c."

He proceeded to lay before him *all* the miſtakes and inaccuracies hinted at by the crowd of ſcribblers * and writers, ſome good, ſome bad, who had attacked Mr. Pope, and added many things he had himſelf objected to: Speaking of Mr. Pope's Homer, he ſaid— " To be ſure, *he was not to blame* to get ſo *large* † *a* " *ſum of money*, but it was an *ill-executed thing*, and " not equal to Tickell's, who had all the fire of Ho- " mer. Mr. Addiſon concluded in a low hollow " voice of *feigned temper*, that he was not ſolicitous " about his own fame as a poet, but of truth; that " he had quitted the muſes to enter into the buſineſs " of the public, and all that he ſpoke was through " friendſhip, and a deſire that Mr. Pope, as he would " do

* The crowd of ſcribblers had not yet attacked Pope.

† Tickell's was not yet publiſhed. This circumſtance ought to be kept in mind: Ruffhead, Ayre, and Warton, place the meeting between Pope and Addiſon, ſubſequent to the publication of this rival tranſlation. See Biographia, article Addiſon.

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" do if he was much humbler, might look better to " the world."

The reader, in this account, muſt ſee falſehood mixed with truth. That Addiſon, being ſolicited with an air of candour by Pope, probably told him ſome of his faults, I think is clear; but the greateſt part of the abſurd abuſe attributed to Addiſon, is not only improbable, but impoſſible, for he is repreſented as ſpeaking of facts, which did not happen till afterwards. Now let the reader hear what the young man replied.

" He told Mr. Addiſon, he appealed from his judg- " ment, *did not eſteem him* able to correct him, and " that he had *long* known him *too well* to expect any " friendſhip; upbraided him with being a *penſioner* " from his *youth*, ſacrificing the very *learning* which " was *purchaſed* by the *public money*, to a mean *thirſt* " of power; that he was ſent abroad to encourage li- " terature, and had always endeavoured to *cuff down* " *new fledged* merit."

If Pope ſpoke in this manner, it is no wonder Addiſon left him without reply *. My concluſion is, the ſtatement is exaggerated, and as we have only one account, for the moſt part falſe †.

Having

* After this, when Addiſon was in power, he offered his ſervices, nay, his intereſt at Court, to Mr. Pope, (*Letter from Dennis*, 29 *Aug.* 1714), to which he received a waſpiſh and diſdainful anſwer, (27 *Aug.* 1714.) *Biographia, page* 58.

§ That many things advanced againſt Addiſon were abſolutely falſe, is proved in the Biographia, by Judge Blackſtone. The preſumption

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Having dwelt ſo long on the unpleaſant ſubject of the early animoſities of Pope, let us turn to a view of a more intereſting part of his character, his attachments and friendſhips.

Far be it from me to wiſh to rake up the aſhes of forgotten gallantries, or early affections; but there are two names, ſo connected with the hiſtory of Pope, Martha Blount and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, that I ſhall be pardoned in laying before the public ſome circumſtances which are leſs generally known.

The 20th of September 1714, was diſtinguiſhed by the coronation of George the Firſt. On this occaſion the pleaſing verſes were written, generally underſtood, and ſo given out by Pope, as addreſſed to Martha Blount, youngeſt daughter of Lyſter Blount of Maple-Durham, near Reading, and ſiſter to Edward Blount, Pope's friend and correſpondent,—

"As ſome fond virgin," &c.

The verſes, however, were really addreſſed to Tereſa Blount, her ſiſter, who, now in the bloom of youth and beauty, on this occaſion appeared in London, and who at this time ſeems to have made more particular impreſſion on Pope. She was at that age when ſhe began

"To roll a melting eye,
"Yet feel no danger, though a ſpark was nigh."

Pope, from his reſidence only twelve miles diſtant, was early acquainted with the family; but her introduction

ſumption is fair, that other accuſations might be ſo, unleſs clearly proved. That Addiſon did not write the rival tranſlation I am convinced, becauſe I think him utterly *incapable* of writing ſuch verſes.

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duction in London after the coronation, and poſſibly her appearing to greater perſonal advantage than before, made him feel impatient when ſhe went

" To plain work, and to purling brooks,"

leaving the mall, the ring, aſſemblies, and plays, for the lonely hall and the rooks of Maple-Durham.

That Tereſa, not Martha, was the object of his " wooing in rhyme," is proved from the letters now publiſhed: in the firſt edition alſo, the line was written

" So from the town the fair TERESA flew."

In the letters Tereſa is called " Zephylinda;" and her ſiſter Martha " Parthenia." Under the name of Zephylinda, for ſome years the elder ſiſter correſponded with a Swain, who had the Arcadian appellation of Alexis. The want of free and ſocial intercourſe, as it exiſts at this day between thoſe of different ſexes, where we ſee virtue without hypocriſy, modeſty without prudery, and unaffected friendlineſs without artifice or diſguiſe, was probably the cauſe of theſe ſentimental fopperies.—Tereſa, however, was Zephylinda; Martha, Parthenia; Alexis, James Moore, afterwards James Moore Smythe *; and Pope, though he had no name in romance, (to which, it muſt be confeſſed, his figure was little adapted,) was not deficient in thoſe gallant tenderneſſes of " ſonnets made to his miſtreſs's eyebrow," which might beſeem a youthful bard. To Tereſa

* This accounts, more than any thing elſe, for Pope's inveteracy to him. James Moore had robbed him of Tereſa, as Lord Harvey afterwards did, of his idol, Lady Mary.

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Tereſa he had written an epiſtle in verſe before; but in this he ſeems to confeſs more, though with his uſual guardedneſs of expreſſion at that time, for her ſiſter is mentioned at the ſame time *.

But the moſt extraordinary circumſtance relating to this epiſtle in verſe, and which evinces the groſſneſs of the times, or the licentiouſneſs of the man, was the concluſion of it, now ſuppreſſed, ſo coarſe and indecent, that it almoſt ſurpaſſes belief it could have been ſent to any woman, (much leſs one for whom he profeſſed eſteem,) if the lines in his own hand-writing were not extant.

Whatever may be ſaid of the vices of the preſent age, in many reſpects, it is ſo ſuperior to the laſt, that a profeſſed woman of the town would now feel inſulted at receiving what was then written to a woman of character. I am willing to believe that two copies were written, one, which he ſent the lady, and another, which he kept

* Ayre ſays, with his ſimple ſolemnity, page 32. vol. 2. "She imagined his civility aroſe from his youth, complaiſance to her ſex, and reſpect to her family; all which were uſed as pleas for *more frequent opportunities of converſing* with her: but this was now put an end to for the preſent. If ſhe went a *little unwillingly* from the town, it is no wonder, for ſhe was a *great admirer* of *muſic*, and the *public diverſions*, as moſt at that age ſhe was then at do; and the place ſhe went to was as retired and as little viſited as a nunnery. On the contrary, Mr. Pope, who could with great delight have enjoyed that ſolitude, (without enquiring who *was* his neighbours), was, by reaſon of tranſacting ſome affairs, under an obligation of being in town: he concealed his *real concern* for this ſeparation, and wrote Miſs Blount a letter, being the ſecond he had wrote to her in verſe, wherein he confeſſes (without ſeeming to do it formally) that ſhe is ſeldom or ever out of his thoughts.

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kept for the "consilia secretiora" of Cromwell, and his other friends of the same character. At this time, indeed, he absurdly affected a levity of dissipation. In his verses "On leaving Town," he calls himself

"The gayest valetudinaire,
"Most *thinking rake* alive."

Doncastle, in a letter extant, written not long afterwards, says: "I am glad you are turn'd such a *bon vivant*." This affectation was occasioned by vanity and the intercourse of gay companions, but was neither congenial to his disposition, nor long continued.

The kind of reciprocity, between friendship and gallantry, towards the Blounts, continued till it was put to flight, "not by Gay's tapping him on the shoulder," but by something more fair, more interesting, more fascinating than either Teresa or Martha. The object that now arrested his heart, was the celebrated Lady Wortley Montagu.

It is necessary to revert a moment to the change in Pope's circumstances. Towards the end of this year, 1715, being enabled, by the unparalleled success of the subscriptions to Homer, to "live more at ease," the house at Binfield was sold. With his father and mother (for whom his affection seemed to increase as they most needed his kindness) he left the retreat in the Forest *, and arose with fortune and reputation, "among

* There is something interesting (but marked by political disappointment) in the letter he wrote his friend Blount, after the

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"among the ſwans of Thames," at the pleaſant village of Twickenham, ſince ſo much celebrated on account of his reſidence. A leaſe, for his own life, of four acres, was purchaſed of a Mrs. Vernon; ſo, in his verſes, he ſays,

"Does it concern one
"Whether the houſe belongs to me, or Vernon?"

He here commenced the character of a man of rural taſte. The elevation and deſign of his reſidence were planned by himſelf: the MS. tranſlation of the Odyſſey, in the Britiſh Muſeum, is filled with ſketches of entablatures, columns, and porticos, by his own hand.

He had long been acquainted with Mrs. Howard, afterwards Counteſs of Suffolk, whom Swift and Gay fruitleſsly wooed, in hopes of preferment. The vicinity of her reſidence between Twickenham and Richmond, gave him opportunities of friendly intercourſe. Here he firſt became acquainted with the celebrated

battle of Preſton, when he went to take leave, 1715, of his friends in the Foreſt:

"I write this from Windſor Foreſt, of which I am come to take my laſt look. We have bid our neighbours adieu! much as thoſe who are *going to be hanged* do their fellow-priſoners who are condemned to follow them a few weeks after! I parted from honeſt Mr. D. with tenderneſs; and from old Sir W. Trumbull, as from a venerable prophet, foretelling with lifted hands the miſeries to come, from which he is juſt going to be removed himſelf—perhaps now. I have learned ſo far as *dulcia linquimus arva*; my next leſſon may be NOS *patriam fugimus*."

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celebrated lady before mentioned, then in the pride of beauty, faſhion, and accompliſhments.

She had lived retired with her huſband till 1714, when his relation, Montague, being appointed to the high office of Firſt Lord of the Treaſury, he was made one of the Commiſſioners, Oct. 13, 1714; in conſequence of which, he was introduced to the Court of George the Firſt. "The firſt appearance of Lady Mary at St. James's," ſays Mr. Dallaway, "was hailed with that univerſal admiration, which beauty, enlivened by wit, inconteſtably claims; and, while the tribute of praiſe, ſo well merited, was willingly paid in public to the elegance of her form, the charms of her converſation were equally unrivalled, in the firſt private circles of the nobility."

Her powers of converſation, her ſphere of life, her faſcinating manners, added to youth, and beauty, and cultivated talents, certainly might impreſs the heart of Pope, at this time in his twenty-ſixth year. She was not inſenſible to the flattery of a man ſo diſtinguiſhed in literature, and encouraged, poſſibly very innocently (as not having any idea that his feelings could be mixed with ought but the veneration he profeſſed) his riſing predilection in her favour. Delighted with manners naturally unguarded, and by her unaffected diſdain of rigid and formal etiquette, his admiration was raiſed to enthuſiaſm. Whatever he propoſed to himſelf, and

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whatever in the moments of ſelf-love he might hope, the language of paſſion on his part cannot be miſtaken. The laſt night, previous to her departure, which in all probability for a long period would ſeparate her from her native country, Pope was admitted to take his leave. In a letter during her abſence, he exclaims—"May the *laſt* man who left you be the *laſt* whom you would wiſh to leave!" At this time, alſo, he finiſhed the moſt touching, affecting, poetical, impaſſioned, and I muſt ſay moſt pernicious, of all his works, the Epiſtle of Eloiſa to to Abelard *. When it was begun, he intended it to have ended with an Addreſs to Martha Blount, as, in a letter to her ſome time after, he ſays—"I can ſcarce find in my heart to leave out the concluſion, I once intended for it." He therefore transferred to Lady W. what was originally intended for M. Blount.

In a letter to Lady Mary abroad, he ſays—"There are ſome paſſages I hardly know whether I wiſh you to underſtand or not." Theſe were the concluding lines, and perhaps ſome, which I need not point out, alluding to the tenderneſs and affection with which he bade her farewell, on the night prior to her departure from England. The latter lines could not be meant for the "Unfortunate Lady," for ſhe was dead and forgotten,—could not relate

* This fixes nearly the date of the Poem, which Johnſon was not able to aſcertain. It was ſent to her in 1717.

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relate to Martha Blount, for he was not "condemned whole years in abſence to deplore;"—and, therefore, they could be addreſſed only to Lady Mary; and "he beſt ſhall ſpeak them who ſhall feel them moſt," was a direct alluſion to his own ardent but hopeleſs paſſion. Many paſſages of that celebrated Poem were tranſcribed, I have no doubt, from his own boſom; and the conflict which it exhibits of contending paſſions, are almoſt as lively depicted in his own letter to her. He continues—"Though *I* am never to ſee you again, may you live to pleaſure other eyes, and improve other minds than mine."—Again—"It is ſeriouſly true, that I have not, ſince your laſt letter, the leaſt inclination to ſee Italy, though before I received it, I longed for your ſummons thither: but it is fooliſh to tell you this;—did I ſay fooliſh? it is a thouſand times worſe; it is in vain!" He now appears evidently hurt by ſome of her obſervations concerning his *friendſhip;* for he ſays, ſarcaſtically,—"You touch me very ſenſibly, in ſaying you think ſo well of my *friendſhip!* in that you do me too much *honour!* Would to God you would, even at this diſtance, allow me to correct this period according to the *real truth of my heart.* I am fooliſh again, and methinks I am imitating, in my ravings, the dreams of ſplenetic enthuſiaſts and ſolitaires, who fall in love with ſaints, and *fancy themſelves in favour* of angels and ſpirits, whom they can never ſee or touch."

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Surely ſuch language cannot be miſtaken.

When he expreſſed a deſire to viſit Italy, it was evidently more for the ſake of meeting her than for that of ſtudying pictures, or from a wiſh to ſee diſtant countries. Lady Mary remained with her huſband at Conſtantinople from the year 1716 to 1718. During this time he endeavoured to unite the art of Painting, under the tuition of Jervas, with that of Poetry. In the mean time, the improving his houſe and grounds at Twickenham, and the cultivation of a larger and more illuſtrious ſet of friends, tended to make the period of abſence leſs irkſome. Bolingbroke, to whom he had been introduced by Swift, was in exile. Atterbury *, who was made Biſhop of Rocheſter in 1713, enjoyed his confidence. He correſponded with Edward Blount, who was now abroad; and, though his heart was wandering as far as the Helleſpont, he was not deficient in attentions and marks of particular kindneſs to his ſiſters: Gay, who looked up to him, and was indeed exactly the character to tally with his temper,

* Maty ſays, in his correſpondence of Lord Cheſterfield, that Atterbury, at an interview with Bolingbroke, offered to proclaim the Pretender in his lawn ſleeves at Charing-Croſs, after the death of the Queen. I have the ſame anecdote on the authority of an eminent nobleman, now no more, who bore the higheſt offices of the State in this country. Bolingbroke conſidered the attempt as madneſs.

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temper, was his moſt intimate aſſociate:—of whom it might truly be ſaid,

"His care was never to offend,
"And every creature was his friend."

He had a great veneration for Pope; was ſilent or talkative, juſt as his friend was inclined; he alſo was a man of wit and talents, though he never preſumed to think himſelf equal to Pope. It was no wonder, therefore, he was agreeable.

But very different was the character of Atterbury; and Pope's acquaintance with him began under auſpices the moſt unfavourable to friendſhip; with a converſation on religion. Atterbury was hoſtile to the Hanoverian ſucceſſion, but he was attached in the greateſt degree, as an enlightened man and well-informed divine, to the Proteſtant faith. Notwithſtanding Pope's frequent boaſt of his diſdain of flattery, he had a different behaviour to thoſe who were in high ſtations and thoſe who were not; but, at the ſame time, it muſt be mentioned, to his immortal honour, that in their diſgrace, or exile, he never altered his conduct, as his attentions to Oxford, Bolingbroke, and Atterbury, prove.

Whatever was the difference of their religious creed, a ſubject on which Pope was deaf to all the Biſhop's arguments, and all the friend's entreaties; yet there were certain tenets in *politics* which might involun-

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tarily have drawn the cords of intimacy and confidence closer. Add to this, Atterbury was an eloquent writer, a refined scholar, and a pleasing poet, both in English and Latin *.

This period was perhaps the happiest æra of Pope's career: he was surrounded by illustrious friends; possessed of fortune sufficient to enable him to receive, with polished hospitality, those whom he selected and loved, in a new and not inelegant mansion of his own design, surrounded by land, on which he might employ his taste and skill in rural decoration, which, next to poetry, was his favourite pursuit †.

The

* See his beautiful translation of Horace's Ode—

"Quam tu Melpomene," &c.

† A short account of the present appearance of this celebrated villa may not be unacceptable.

Two wings have been added to the mansion by Sir William Stanhope, who purchased it after the death of Pope; and four acres were likewise purchased, to increase the extent of the pleasure ground. They are connected by a passage, of the same appearance as the original grotto, with an inscription, recording rather Sir William's vanity than Pope's taste. The original grotto extends under the house, into the gardens behind, passing also under the turnpike road. The extent is about sixty feet: two compartments are excavated in the front part, looking towards the river, which is seen from one end of the whole length of passage, to the other. The round looking-glass remains in the centre of the arch. I do not see the least appearance of robbery or mutilation. One of the compartments has the name of Horace composed in spar, as the whole recess was furnished from his collection. In this recess was the small running water: this is heard no longer; and the "weeping nymph" is succeeded by an infantine figure,

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The ſunſhine of theſe enjoyments was now, for a while, ſuddenly clouded, by the death of his father, 1717, in the ſeventy-fifth year of his age; who ſurvived the removal from the Foreſt only two years, but who lived to experience the greateſt happineſs an aged parent can receive, in witneſſing the fame and proſperity of a ſon, whoſe natural infirmities had led him to forebode a far different fate.

He died, with the feelings ſo beautifully and pathetically deſcribed by Dr. Morel:

figure, who, I was informed, was no other than "Moſes in the bull-ruſhes." The other receſs oppoſite is adorned with buſts of Milton, Pope, &c. Both receſſes are diminutive.

The willow planted by Pope, on the ſmall lawn in front of the houſe, which ſlopes to the river, is gone; part of the naked trunk only remains, about three feet high, on which are cut three or four ſteps. One ſmall willow, from the parent trunk, ſtill flouriſhes near its ſide.

Cuttings, it is ſaid, from this tree, were ſent by Sir William Stanhope into various parts of Europe, and in particular to the Empreſs of Ruſſia, in 1789.

The trees are ſo much grown, that little of Pope's original deſign can be traced; but not much perhaps is loſt. The villa has ſeen a variety of owners, from the nobleman to the cit, and is now in poſſeſſion of Lady Briſcoe.

Very little has been added, except by Sir William Stanhope, and as little taken away: nine acres are kept "levell'd with the ſcythe," with *eternal* ſerpentine walks, interſperſed with, here and there, an urn, and ſome fine cedars.

By cutting down half the trees, and feeding the lawn and pleaſure-ground with ſheep, the place would be more profitable, more natural, and infinitely more beautiful.

"Tears

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" Tears ſuch as tender fathers ſhed,
" Warm from my aged eyes deſcend,
" For joy—to think, *when I am dead*,
" My ſon ſhall have MANKIND HIS FRIEND."

The grief which that ſon felt, cannot be ſtronger conveyed than by a note, here publiſhed, which he ſent at the time to Martha Blount.

" My poor father died laſt night. Believe, ſince I don't forget you this moment, I never ſhall.

" A. POPE."

The ſhades of his elegant retirement, after the death of his father, became gradually more intereſting, from the acceſſion of the ſplendid and reſpectable connexions the immediate vicinity afforded.

Lord Burlington, whoſe houſe at Chiſwick, now in poſſeſſion of the Duke of Devonſhire, Lord Harvey wittily characteriſed as " too *little* to live in, and too *large* to hang upon a *watch*," reſided not farther than ſix miles from Twickenham.

The manner in which Pope, in the plenitude of fame, now paſſed his time, is deſcribed in a letter to Tereſa Blount:

" I heartily wiſh many times you led the ſame courſe of life which I here partly enjoy and partly regret, for I am not a day without what they call elegant company. I have not din'd but at great entertainments theſe ten days, in pleaſant villas about the Thames,

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My poor Father dyed
last night.
Believe, dear I don't
forget you this moment,
I never shall.

A Pope

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Thames, whoſe banks are far more populous than London, through the neighbourhood of Hampton Court." Dated 1716.

Parſons Green, Fulham, was the reſidence of the celebrated Earl of Peterborough, the conqueror of Spain, who, after his return from his embaſſy to the King of Sicily, now enjoyed the leiſure of a retired private gentleman. Pope ſays,

" He whoſe thunder thinn'd the Iberian lines,
" Now forms my quincunx, and now prunes my vines."

Nor can a more pleaſing trait be recorded in the life of a ſoldier and eminent public character, than that which exhibits him, after glorioufly ſuſtaining in arms abroad the cauſe of his country, partaking of the quietude and friendſhip, and overlooking the rural improvements, of a man of letters.

Among his more intimate aſſociates at this time, may be mentioned Jervas, the painter, Sir Godfrey Kneller, Dr. Arbuthnot, and a gentleman then well known, but of whom no more now is recorded, than that he was familiarly called " Duke Diſney," who generally was of the party in their excurſions. Their mode of ſetting out on one of their journies, is not unpleaſantly deſcribed by Jervas:—

" On Thurſday next (God willing) Dr. A. Duke " Diſney, and C. Jervas, rendezvous at Hyde-Park " Corner about noon, and proceed to Mr. Hill's at " Eggam, to lodge there on Friday, and to meet Mr. " Pope upon the road, to proceed together to Lord " Stowel's,

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" Stowel's, and there alſo to lodge: The next " Saturday, to Sir William Wyndham's. A *ſhirt and* " *cravat* is all you muſt think of in *this new ſcheme;* " and you muſt have a *ſhorter* and *leſs bridle* ſent " down on Saturday, &c. The tailor ſhall be chaſtiſed " if 'tis real negligence on his part, but *if 'tis only* " *vapours*, you muſt beg pardon *."

Among the ladies, Pope might reckon a familiar acquaintance with the maids of honour to the Princeſs of Wales, afterwards Queen Caroline; the beautiful Mary Bellenden, Miſs Lepel, (afterwards married to his inveterate enemy Lord Harvey,) Miſs Griffin, and Miſs Howe: To the laſt of whom, he wrote the lines on Prudery, ending with

" That rails at dear Lepel and you."

Pope was not entirely occupied with his friends, his garden, and with the formation of his grotto: he was ſtill buſied in the tranſlation of Homer, the firſt volume of which had been printed in 1715. The reſt was publiſhed year by year.

As the account of the progreſs and concluſion of this celebrated work is ſo amply detailed by Johnſon, I proceed to parts of Pope's life leſs noticed by his biographers in general.

He now, 1717, collected, in one quarto volume, what he had written, with the addition of the exquiſite Epiſtle

* This may appear trifling, but my object is to give a nearer view of his habits, &c.

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Epiſtle of Eloiſa, which was ſent to Lady Montagu, then abroad. He had continued his correſpondence with the Blounts, but was delighted at the unexpected return of Lady Mary, whoſe huſband was recalled from his embaſſy. The year after the death of his father, 1718, his thoughts were occupied with the idea of her making Twickenham the happy reſidence of her future years. But, alas, the viſions of delight on which we are moſt eager to dwell, are generally the firſt to fade.

Soon after Lady Mary's return, by Pope's perſuaſion, a houſe was taken at Twickenham: perhaps

"Love might have approach'd him under friendſhip's name."

But whatever was the nature of his own feelings, it was not likely he ſhould excite any ſuch reciprocal attachment. He was not willing to part with this hope: but ſhe ſeems to have held his pretenſions or his perſon in equal diſlike: Mr. Dallaway attributes the decline of their intimacy to Pope's *jealouſy* of her *rival talents*.

But this could never be the caſe: In no inſtance, with reſpect to talents, did ſhe approach him, and particularly in that art, of which he could be alone jealous,—the art of poetry. No adulation would have been wanting, no inſinuating mode of addreſs untried, (ſo it appears from his letters and ſubſequent conduct,) could he have flattered himſelf with receiving confi-

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dence and kindneſs; could he have hoped that her partial attention ſhould be devoted to him.

During their intercourſe, I fear, he encouraged the idea of a greater intimacy ſubſiſting between them than the truth warranted. A letter from Jervas ſeems to imply this.

"Lady Mary W—y ordered me, by an expreſs this Wedneſday morning, *ſedente Gayo, et ridente Forteſcuvio!* to ſend you a letter, or ſome other proper notice, to come to her on Thurſday, about five o'clock, which I ſuppoſe ſhe meant in the evening." The cruel imputation he afterwards threw out, ſtrongly corroborates this opinion; and if Lady M. had reaſon to ſuſpect it, it is no wonder ſhe felt added diſlike and diſguſt.

The firſt ſymptoms of the decline of friendſhip appear from her letter to Lady Mar, of 1720: She ſays, "I ſometimes ſee Mr. Congreve, and *very ſeldom* Mr. Pope, who continues to embelliſh his houſe at Twickenham." How much he was diſappointed, is evident from the pathetic and beautiful fragment, part of which he was willing to ſuppreſs. The lines were written to Gay, on the finiſhing his houſe, and are exquiſitely tender:

"Ah, friend, 'tis true—this truth you lovers know—
"In vain my ſtructures riſe, my gardens grow;
"In vain fair Thames reflects the double ſcenes,
"Of hanging mountains, and of ſloping greens:
"Joy lives not here; to happier ſeats it flies,
"And only dwells where Wortley caſts her eyes.

"What

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" What are the gay parterre, the checquer'd ſhade,
" The morning bower, the evening colonnade,
" But ſoft receſſes of uneaſy minds
" To ſigh unheard in, to the paſſing winds?
" So the ſtruck deer in ſome ſequeſter'd part
" Lies down to die, the arrow at his heart;
" He, ſtretch'd unſeen, in coverts hid from day,
" Bleeds drop by drop, and pants his life away."

This year, 1720, ſaw the concluſion of his great labour, the Engliſh Iliad.

In 1721, he publiſhed the collection of Parnel's poems, with thoſe verſes, next to Eloiſa, the ſweeteſt he ever wrote, addreſſed to Lord Oxford, and which do as much honour to him as a man, as they do credit to him as a poet. There is no lover of poetry, upon their mention, who does not almoſt involuntarily repeat with tenderneſs,

" Such were the notes," &c.

This year alſo he appeared in a new character, that of an editor. For this buſineſs his habits and his diſpoſition made him totally unfit. An edition of Shakeſpeare, at the ſolicitation of the bookſellers, was, however, ſubmitted to him, by which he only gave an occaſion of triumph to thoſe who were far his inferiors in talents and genius.

Theobald publiſhed, with a view of ſhewing Pope's numerous errors, his " Shakeſpeare reſtor'd." In a letter on the ſubject, he concludes thus:

" If

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"If Mr. Pope is angry with me for attempting to reſtore Shakeſpeare, I hope the *public* are not: admit my ſheets have *no other merit*, they will at leaſt have *this*: they will awaken him to ſome degree of accuracy in his *next edition* of that poet, which we are to have in a few months, and then we ſhall ſee whether we owed the errors of the former edition to *in*diligence or his inexperience in the author. As my remarks upon Shakeſpeare ſhall cloſely attend upon the publication of his edition, I'll venture to promiſe, without arrogance, that I'll then give above *five hundred* more *fair emendations*, that ſhall eſcape *him* and all his *aſſiſtants!!*"

The Odyſſey was undertaken, in conjunction with Brome and Fenton, about this time: a more particular account of which will be found in Johnſon.

In the year 1723 took place the memorable trial of his friend Atterbury. To this prelate he appeared to have been moſt affectionately attached; and reciprocal viſits, confidential kindneſs, and congenial feelings, both in regard to books and men, ſeemed to have given more than common intereſt to their intercourſe. That Atterbury was inveterately hoſtile to the exiſting government, if not guilty of all that was laid to his charge, there is now, I believe, little doubt. That he was hoſtile to the exiſting government, *conſcientiouſly*, not from *faction*, or *ambition*,

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bition, conſidering the many intereſting parts of his domeſtic character, his taſte, his manly but tender feelings, I wiſh to believe. It was never imagined, whatever might have been his deſigns, that Pope was implicated. The concluſion of his ſpeech to the Houſe of Lords, at the time of his trial, and his laſt letter to Pope on this ſubject, are ſo affecting, that, whatever might have been his private views, we can hardly help exclaiming,

" AMBITION SHOULD BE MADE OF STERNER STUFF."

His laſt words before his Peers were: " If, after " all, it ſhall be thought by your Lordſhips that there " is any ſeeming ſtrength in any of the proofs pro- " duced againſt me; if by private perſuaſions of " my guilt, founded on unſeen, unknown motives, " which ought not certainly to influence public judg- " ments; if by any reaſons and neceſſities of ſtate, " (of the expedience, wiſdom, and juſtice of which " I am no competent judge,) your Lordſhips ſhall be " induced to proceed on this bill, and to paſs it in any " ſhape; I ſhall diſpoſe myſelf quietly and patiently " to ſubmit to what is determined. God's will be " done! Naked came I out of my mother's womb, " and naked ſhall I return thither: the Lord gave, " and the Lord hath taken away; and (whether in " giving or taking) bleſſed be the name of the Lord."

Whilſt he was a priſoner in the Tower he wrote ſuch a farewel to Pope, that Shakeſpeare, in powers of unaffected pathos, could hardly exceed. In this letter he

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evidently ſeemed to anticipate the judgment which awaited him.

" I know not but I may call upon you at my hear-
" ing, to ſay ſomething about my way of ſpending
" my time at the deanery, which did not ſeem cal-
" culated towards managing plots and conſpiracies:
" but of that I ſhall conſider *. You and I have
" ſpent many hours together on much pleaſanter ſub-
" jects; and that I may preſerve the old cuſtom, I
" ſhall not part with you now till I have cloſed this
" letter with three lines of Milton, which you will, I
" know, readily and not without ſome degree of con-
" cern apply to your ever affectionate, &c.

" Some natural tears he dropt, but wip'd them ſoon:
" The world was all before him, where to chuſe
" His place of reſt, and PROVIDENCE his GUIDE."

The King, it has been thought, would have pardoned him; and the conduct of Sir Robert Walpole, in this inſtance, appears unuſually harſh: but Walpole was evidently afraid of the talents, the popularity, the eloquence, and the known hoſtility of ſuch a man as Atterbury; and though his conduct reſpecting the fines † due to him from the church was manly and generous, he ſeems not to have been quite eaſy till Atterbury had left the kingdom. His friends had free acceſs to him in the Tower, and his daughter ‡, Mrs.

* Pope appeared on the trial before the Houſe of Lords.

† See Coxe's Memoirs.

‡ A particular account of his daughter's death in his arms will be ſeen in the ſecond volume.

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Mrs. Morris, was allowed to accompany him. He went into exile the 23d of May 1723, and was brought back a corpſe to his native country, after having ſtruggled with loſſes, infirmities, and ſorrows, in 1732.

The Bible, which Atterbury gave as a parting memorial to his friend, is now in poſſeſſion of Lady Hawarden, with the following inſcription:

ALEXANDRO POPE,
FRAN. ROFF.
Anno Exilii.

This melancholy event was ſeverely felt by Pope, who never mentioned it but with concern and affectionate remembrance. He was, however, the ſame year, conſoled for the loſs of one friend ſent into exile, by the return of another; his "guide, philoſopher, and friend," Bolingbroke.

From the time of Atterbury's exile to the year 1725, he was engaged on the tranſlation of the Odyſſey *.

The cauſe of Bolingbroke's pardon and return has never been clearly explained or underſtood, before the authentic memoirs of Sir Robert Walpole by Mr. Coxe.

* During this time, Voltaire was in England; and often a viſitor at Twickenham. The object of his journey to England was to get the Henriade printed here, as appears by the letter of introduction to Doddington, from H. Walpole, in Mr. Wyndham's Collection.

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Coxe. In 1723, his pardon paſſed the great ſeal. He was now frequently with Pope at Twickenham; and this circumſtance was probably the chief cauſe of the more decided part his friend latterly took in politics; for Bolingbroke, notwithſtanding the favours he had received, was ſtill chagrined and diſappointed.

Such in general was Pope's life, from the year 1715 to 1725. He was careſſed by noblemen of the higheſt rank: among his intimate and more endearing connexions he could reckon literary characters, the moſt reſpectable of the age: he correſponded with Swift, Arbuthnot, Gay, Forteſcue: in the ſummer he viſited the ſeats of Lord Cobham, Lord Bathurſt, Lord Harcourt, Lord Digby; and he was now made more particularly happy by the return of the friend for whom he expreſſed the moſt conſtant veneration and regard. But alas!

"Surgit amari aliquid quod et ipſis floribus angat."

From this period may be dated his more marked political hoſtility, and in particular thoſe circumſtances which muſt have cauſed the greateſt pain, relating to the open unappeaſable rupture with Lady M. Montagu, and Lord Hervey, who eſpouſing her cauſe, was involved in the abuſe.

The intimacy of Pope and Lady Mary was now entirely diſcontinued. Mortified pride and diſappointed feelings ſought conſolation and refuge elſewhere,

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where, among other objects, who were more eaſily pleaſed, and more diſpoſed to admire. A friendly but indefinite connexion, a ſtrange mixture of paſſion, gallantry, licentiouſneſs, and kindneſs, had long taken place between himſelf and the Miſs Blounts.

It has been ſaid that Tereſa was the firſt object of his attention. For ſome time his partiality ſeems to have been wavering. He was conſulted, and intereſted himſelf in the affairs of the family, for the father died in 1710. After ſome miſunderſtanding, mutual bickerings, and complaints with Tereſa, he finally ſet his heart on Martha. She was neither ſo handſome nor ſo intelligent as her ſiſter; and to be admired by a man ſo celebrated as a wit was the more grateful, as it flattered her underſtanding, the point in which ſhe was moſt deficient.

The curious letters which paſſed between him and her ſiſter Tereſa, publiſhed in the tenth volume, will ſhew the decline and termination of their connexion, as well as evince how much he felt on the occaſion.

In one he ſays,

" If your meaning be, that the very things you " aſk and wiſh become odious to you, when *it is I* " that comply with them, or bring them about, pray " own it, and deceive me no longer with any thought " but that you hate me. My friendſhip is too warm " and ſincere to be trifled with; therefore, if you " have any meaning, tell it me, or you muſt allow

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" me to take away that which perhaps you don't care
" to keep. Your humble ſervant."

As theſe letters are without date, we cannot ſay exactly when they were written. Pope ſeems to have fixed his regard ſolely on Martha ſo early as 1714, for he ſays in one letter: " In theſe overflowings of " my heart I pay you my thanks for thoſe two oblig- " ing letters you favoured me with, of the 18th and " 24th inſtant. That which begins with " *My* " *charming Mr. Pope!*" was a delight to me *beyond* " *all expreſſion.* You have at laſt entirely gained the " conqueſt over your fair ſiſter. 'Tis true, you are " not handſome, for you are a woman, and think you " are not: but this good-humour and tenderneſs for " me has a charm that cannot be reſiſted. That face " muſt needs be irreſiſtible, which was adorned with " ſmiles even when it could not ſee the corona- " tion."

Though it is hardly worth noticing, my opinion is, that after this letter the public appearance of Tereſa in town at the coronation, revived all his ſuppreſſed tenderneſs; and the moſt direct addreſſes to Martha were not conceived till after the coolneſs of Lady Mary, and the death of the brother in 1726.

Pope, however, was in this reſpect a politician, and he carefully, to *the family* at leaſt, avoided any expreſſions in his letters that might be conſtrued into a direct avowal; and when his warmth ſometimes be-

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trayed him, he generally contrived to make old Mrs. Blount and her other daughter parties, ſo that what was ſaid might appear only the dictates of general kindneſs.

On the death of their brother, his intimate friend and correſpondent, he ſeems to ſpeak more openly his undiſguiſed ſentiments to Martha, who from this time became his confidant, having admitted a connexion which ſubjected her to ſome ridicule, but which ended only with his life. Pope was now in his 38th year. He was never indifferent to female ſociety, and though his good ſenſe prevented him, conſcious of ſo many perſonal infirmities, from marrying, yet he felt the want of that ſort of reciprocal tenderneſs and confidence in a female, to whom he might freely communicate his thoughts, and on whom, in ſickneſs and infirmity, he could rely. All this Martha Blount became to him: by degrees ſhe became identified with his exiſtence. She partook of his diſappointments, his vexations, and his comforts. Wherever he went, his correſpondence with her was never remitted; and when the warmth of gallantry was over, the cheriſhed idea of kindneſs and regard remained.

We are now brought to the cloſe of the year 1726; having touched, ſo far as I hope may be excuſed, on theſe material points of Pope's life and hiſtory, which have been leſs noticed.

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By the ſudden death of George I. in the next year, 1727, all the hopes of his political friends were revived.

Swift immediately left Ireland, and hurried to Twickenham; hoping that from the intereſt of Mrs. Howard, whom he conſidered his patroneſs, his preſence might be thought as neceſſary as it once had been to the concerns of adminiſtration.

He was introduced at Court; but nothing followed; and he returned to the grotto at Twickenham, to join the other diſappointed patriots, Bolingbroke and Wyndham, who, Pope ſays,

"Dared to love their country, and be poor."

Diſappointed in his views, and with ſorrow at his heart, he abruptly left the ſociety of thoſe, who, in their own opinion, were alone capable of ſaving their country, which had indeed been in no danger except from themſelves. However, being now in oppoſition, they choſe to call themſelves "patriots." And Pope's terrace, and ſhrubbery, and grotto, were often the ſcenes of their hopes, and deſponding forebodings of a ſtate, the affairs of which they were not called upon to direct.

From this time it ſhould ſeem that Pope's ſpleen and anger againſt Lady Wortley Montagu became more inveterate. She was particularly intimate with Lord Hervey, the friend of Walpole.

Incenſed

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Incenſed with Lord Hervey, both as a favourite at Court, and as the perſon who now certainly lived in intimacy with Lady Montagu, of whoſe partiality he would have been proud, he was leſs guarded than uſual in his remarks. Theſe of courſe were all exaggerated, and repeated: replication was the conſequence; ſo that if there was no open rupture as yet, there was more than the germ of ſuſpicion and reſentment.

A particular circumſtance, connected with Pope's private life, happened in the year 1727, which is too material to be paſſed over:—I mean the firſt publication of his letters to Cromwell, without his knowledge or conſent. The letters were offered to Curll by Mrs. Thomas, and were of courſe publiſhed. A more particular account is given of Mrs. Thomas in volume the ſeventh. It is not here repeated; it is ſufficient that in the more juvenile days of Pope, he was in habits of great intimacy with her.

This, however, was all forgotten; and notwithſtanding the reverſe of her fortune, and that what ſhe did was the effect of diſtreſs, Pope immediately meditated vengeance.

As the indelicate ballad of Corinna, in the Miſcellanies, was publiſhed at this time, there is no doubt ſhe was intended by the name. She alſo ſtands conſpicuous in the Dunciad as Curll's Corinna.

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Pope, all things considered, might have been less severe, and ought to have assisted her in distress, rather than have made her the object of his satire, for having been guilty of an offence which penury prompted.

Soon after the publication of his juvenile letters, and whilst Swift was with him, the "Miscellanies," including their lighter and fugitive pieces, were collected. They seem to have projected this publication as a relief under political disappointment.

In this collection was printed the treatise on the Bathos, which was indeed an attack on all the critics of the age, except those of his own party. Here the first public blow was given to Lord Hervey, who was designated by the initials L. H., and described "as the swallow eternally skimming and fluttering up and down, whilst all its agility is employed to catch flies."

In this production Pope had the hardihood to assert, that the letters forming the initials of well-known names, were put down at random, which never was, or could be believed.

This production was a kind of light *avant-courier* to the formidable Dunciad, which came out the next year, to destroy, as it were, at one blow, all the petty competitors for fame.

The "great, the important day" that ushered into the literary world the mighty Dunciad, created, according to Pope, the highest alarm. It was indeed the death-blow to many a hapless author, whose remains,

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mains, like "the grubs in amber," are now only preſerved merely by the value of medium.

Theſe ſons of dulneſs, who, "like the beetle, wheeled their droning flight," in the twilight of their literary exiſtence, no ſooner found themſelves aſſailed, than they came forth in ſwarms to annoy the dauntleſs champion who had ſo boldly advanced to "drag them into light *."

"Ut videre virum, fulgentia arma per umbram,
"Ingenti trepidare metu; pars tollere vocem
"*Exiguam.*"——

The writer, whoſe name we regret the moſt to ſee among them was that of Hill. Pope trembled whilſt he ſtruck. The letters to Hill evince his cowardice, whilſt his equivocation is as unmanly as his conduct was unfriendly. Hill, however, might well have borne the abuſe, on account of the elegant and poetical compliment paid to his muſe. Pope beautifully ſays,

"He bears no token of the ſable ſtreams,
"But mounts far off amid the ſwans of Thames."

Pope denied that Hill was meant; but he deſcribed him exactly under the ſame character in the Bathos,

* This is Pope's expreſſion. His whole account, though plauſible, is very far from being a juſt repreſentation. He calls them the "common enemies of mankind:" univerſal ſlanderers. He endeavours to make the public a party in his private piques; and calls general juſtice, what was perſonal animoſity.

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Bathos, with the ſame *initials*. This coincidence of the letters and character could not be accidental. Hill is placed among the flying fiſhes.—"Theſe writers here and there ariſe out of the profound, but their wings are ſoon dry, and they drop down to the bottom. G. S. A. H."

This might juſtly have given Hill more offence than the beautiful lines in the Dunciad.

As Hill is the perſon for whom we feel the moſt, ſince it was never pretended that he gave offence, ſo we feel the leaſt for Ralph, who, officiouſly intruding, was diſpatched, as by a ſide-blow, in two lines of unequalled ſatire. Poor Ralph had written an Ode to Cinthia, on which he received the compliment:

"Silence, ye wolves, whilſt Ralph to Cinthia howls,
"Making night hideous,—anſwer him, ye owls*!"

Dennis was introduced with wanton cruelty, for Pope had expreſſed ſorrow for what had paſſed between them. Pope, however, could not reſtrain his natural turn for ſatire; and it was now that the veteran critic publiſhed the remarks he had written on the Rape of the Lock, which have been quoted: but alas! it was the conteſt of Priam againſt Neoptolemus.

"Telum

* Ralph was a political writer for pay. Some account of him may be ſeen, vol. v. p. 224, 225. 351.

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"Telum imbelle ſine ictu." From this time, notwithſtanding all his former profeſſions, Pope waged unceaſing war with his firſt antagoniſt, till he lay in decrepitude and ſorrow, vanquiſhed at his feet.

He now ſat down, apparently in lofty tranquillity, under his poetic laurels. At this time, if ever, he might truly ſay,

"All the din the diſtant world can keep,
"Rolls o'er my grotto, and but ſooths my ſleep."

But there were other feelings ſtill rankling at his heart, that neither time nor ſucceſs could heal: theſe were the long-nouriſhed animoſities againſt the woman he once adored, and her chief companion and favourite, Lord Hervey.

The firſt public attack on Lord Hervey * we have ſeen was in the Bathos. He was exhibited again, as ſome imagine, in the Dunciad, where it is ſaid,

"Room for my Lord, &c."

After

* Lord Hervey wrote memoirs of his own times, with ſtrict injunctions that they were not to be publiſhed until the deceaſe of his preſent Majeſty. They are contained in two thick quarto volumes MS., and are now in the poſſeſſion of Lord Hervey's ſon, General Hervey, and will be publiſhed as ſoon as the event mentioned takes place. Lord Hervey alſo wrote a farce, the ſubject of which was the ſuppoſed account of his death, as received by Queen Caroline and her Maids of Honour, &c. in which her Majeſty's character, and thoſe of her attendants, are accurately diſplayed.

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After this provocation, neither his Lordſhip nor the Lady were ſilent; but the great and long-meditated attack was not made till ſome time afterwards.

Pope, in a letter to Craggs, written not long after Dennis's pamphlet againſt the "Eſſay," ſays, he did not know Dennis was perſecuted by fortune. This was ſaid handſomely, and the old man had been appeaſed; and far from being, as Johnſon ſays, the "perpetual perſecutor of his ſtudies," the criticiſm, which he wrote on the firſt appearance of the Rape of the Lock, was ſuppreſſed, and never would have appeared probably, if Pope had not provoked it.

The publication of the Dunciad ſeemed to ſet the mind of Pope in ſome degree at eaſe, except in the inſtances we have mentioned. He had proceeded leiſurely on the great moral plans he had projected, the chief of which was the Eſſay on Man, begun ſo early as 1725.

The return of Bolingbroke to England (1726), and the converſations in the garden and the grot, which is deſcribed as the place where the

"Nobly-penſive St. John ſat and thought,"

tended to promote the maturity of this work.

Bolingbroke, as he could not illuminate the world by politicks, was reſolved to do it with philoſophy. Pope was the harmoniſt, whilſt the "nobly-penſive St. John" dictated the ſubject, which, in its new and more

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more captivating dreſs, was now preſented to the public.

I need not repeat that the three books, in conſequence of the fears excited from the hoſtility of the numerous authors he had provoked, were publiſhed anonymouſly.

The fourth book was avowed, with the conſcious pride, that

" He *ſtoop'd* to *truth*, and *moraliſ'd* his ſong."

The Moral Epiſtles, which, he wiſhed to perſuade himſelf, formed a part of a great general plan, were ſeparately finiſhed and publiſhed.

The firſt which appeared, though it now ſtands the fourth in the volume, was the Epiſtle to Lord Burlington, in 1731, the occaſion of much obloquy, as Pope was conſidered, after the pointed ſatire on Cannons, injurious and ungrateful: injurious, in making a direct attack on a benevolent, though oſtentatious nobleman; and ungrateful, as having himſelf partaken of the hoſpitality, if not of the bounty, of the liberal poſſeſſor of Cannons.

All things conſidered, in the firſt inſtance, no great blame can ſurely attach to Pope: his ſubject was public, and the imperial fopperies of the Duke of Chandos were public. The " Falſe Taſte" (under which title the Epiſtle firſt appeared) was, as far as taſte could be concerned, a public evil; the correction of it, a public good.

The

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The perſonality, the hoſpitality, as it was univerſally ſuppoſed, ungratefully returned; the general character of kindneſs and benevolence which the Duke of Chandos preſerved; and the paltry equivocation that Pope afterwards made uſe of, were the circumſtances that injured him in the public eſteem.

At the ſame time, I muſt confeſs my opinion, that Pope, as he was before made little leſs than a tool by Bolingbroke, became, in this inſtance, the echo of Burlington, Bathurſt, Cobham, &c. who were piqued that a nobleman, whoſe great wealth was acquired from his having been paymaſter to the army, ſhould rival them in pretenſions to taſte, and totally eclipſe them in ſplendour and magnificence.

The entrance ſteps, each of which was one ſolid piece of the moſt beautiful marble; the doors, which were ſaid to turn on golden hinges; the princely array of domeſtic retinue at Cannons, were ſuch that, in the opinion of the multitude, the woods of Cirenceſter, the temples at Stowe, and the Palladian deſigns of Chiſwick, hid "their diminiſhed heads."

Lord Burlington, notwithſtanding Pope's laboured letter to him, was always, it is underſtood, ready to acknowledge whoſe houſe and gardens were meant, and whoſe character was intended to be ridiculed under the name of Timon.

In fact, HE was the perſon moſt gratified.—This ſeems evident from the caricature by Hogarth, in

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in which Pope is repreſented as white-waſhing Chiſwick Houſe, while the Duke of Chandos's carriage, paſſing, is beſpattered with dirt.

Some circumſtances reſpecting Cannons may be here more particularly mentioned.

As every thing at this magnificent villa was intended to bear the air of regal ſtate, there was an eſtabliſhment for the chapel, (memorable for its "ſilver bell,") of which there was no example in England, ſo that the ſatire could no where elſe apply.

Here, according to Dr. Burney, the "cathedral ſervice was daily performed by a choir of voices and inſtruments, ſuperior in number and excellence to that of any ſovereign Prince in Europe." Here, alſo, it was, ſays the ſame author, that "Handel produced, beſides his anthems, the chief part of his hautbois concertos, ſonatas, leſſons, and organ fugues."

Theſe laſt ſeem evidently to be alluded to, when Pope, who had no ear, ſays,

"Light quirks of muſic, broken and uneven."

Though this is very far from being characteriſtic of the ſublime and unrivalled ſtrains of Handel, yet to an uncultivated ear the organ fugues might no doubt ſeem ſuch as is deſcribed.

There is only one circumſtance in Pope's deſcription, which did not apply to Cannons: it is ſaid,

"On every ſide you look, *behold a wall!*"

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This has ſince been proved, from the teſtimony of De Foe, to have been otherwiſe: deſcribing Cannons minutely at the time, he ſays, the diviſions of the garden were made by *palliſades*, ſo that ſight was not interrupted.

Pope, it has been ſenſibly ſuggeſted, was in this inſtance willing to miſlead: but to put it out of doubt, that palliſades, not walls, formed the grand diviſions, it may be merely neceſſary to ſay, that the range of iron palliſades, now in the garden of New College, Oxford, was purchaſed from Cannons.

Pope was amply repaid for ridiculing the houſe and grounds of Chandos, by the increaſed regard of the noble perſons whoſe taſte he had obliquely praiſed. He was now conſidered the "arbiter elegantiarum" of rural decoration: at Lord Bathurſt's ſeat, the buildings, which are interſperſed along the immenſe line of plantation, were deſigned by Pope; one in particular ſtill bears his name. They are merely ſeats, but at a diſtance appear like ſmall projecting temples.

The gardens of Stowe, which he called a "place to *wonder* at," received alſo, in the temple of Britiſh worthies, the head of Pope.

I have ſought in vain for a ſpot dedicated to him at Chiſwick; but at Lord Peterborough's ſeat of Bevis Mount, which he called his "Amoret," in oppoſition to the ſtately "Sacchariſſa of Stowe," Pope's beech-walk is ſtill ſhewn; and, at Lord Digby's ſeat, appears

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appears on a hill, which overlooks the vales of Somerſetſhire, his "clump of firs."

It is well-known that Warburton, who was Pope's profeſſed defender, in his firſt edition, inadvertently but abſolutely admits the fact, that Cannons was intended; for, in a note on the paſſage,

"Another age ſhall ſee the golden ear
"Embrown the ſlope, and wave on the parterre,"

he ſays, "Had the poet lived but three years longer, "he had ſeen this *prophecy* fulfilled." Vol. iii. p. 288.

There is now, I believe, no doubt on the ſubject.

The Imitations from Horace, in which "Lord Fanny" is firſt introduced, Pope ſays, were written "in conſequence of the outcry raiſed againſt him by this Epiſtle;" and the "Imitation" almoſt immediately ſucceeded the Epiſtle.

In this Imitation his ſpleen again openly appears, by the contemptuous mention of Lord Hervey, and more ſo by a virulent and indecent attack on Lady Mary.

I will not quote the couplet in which ſhe is in ſo unmanly a manner traduced: it will perhaps ſuggeſt itſelf unavoidably to every perſon who recollects the name of Sappho, given to her by the ſatiriſt.

The cauſe of this diſgraceful invective was no doubt owing to many circumſtances. Their reciprocal contempt was not concealed, though it had not hitherto

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been publiſhed to the world: her wit, which had for its object his paſſions or his perſon, was not eaſily retorted; and whatever ſhe tauntingly ſaid, was repeated to him with added acrimony. At the ſame time, the party feelings already mentioned will be remembered; the angry ſubjection of Bolingbroke, the diſappointed hopes and exile of Swift, and the particular favour of Hervey at the Court.

With theſe feelings, long ſmothered, but now freſh awakened, in conſequence of the clamour raiſed by his character of Chandos, (in which, it may be ſuppoſed, neither the voices of Lord Hervey or of Lady Montagu were reſtrained,) he reſolved to revenge himſelf by inſulting the woman he once loved.

Lady Montagu appealed to their common friend, the gallant Earl of Peterborough *, in whoſe breaſt it might at leaſt be ſuppoſed the ſpirit of chivalry was not extinct; and that "if the ſword might not have leaped from his ſcabbard," he would at leaſt, by expoſtulation with the angry bard, procure paſſages ſo offenſive to gallantry to be expunged. In this petition the Lady deſignated by Delia † joined; but the gallant ſoldier, who in his own caſe publicly whipped Seneſino for affronting Miſs Robinſon, now in vain exerted his addreſs in endeavouring to reſcue Sappho and Delia from the revenge of the poet.

He

* Ruffhead.

† Counteſs de Loraine, Lady of the Bed-chamber to Queen Caroline, who was ſuppoſed from jealouſy to have cauſed the death of the beautiful Miſs Makenzie, dreſſing-woman to the Queen.

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He indeed, by equivocation, denied the charge. To Lord Peterborough he ſaid: "he wondered how "the town could apply theſe lines to any but a "noted common woman; naming, at the ſame time, "Mrs. Centlivre, Mrs. Haywood, Mrs. Behn, and "Mrs. Manly, and aſſerted, that ſuch were the objects "of his ſatire."—Lord Peterborough, in his letter to Lady Montagu, adds,

"I hope this aſſurance will prevent further, and "any conſequences upon ſo *odd* a ſubject *."

As no redreſs was to be had, Lord H. and Lady M. endeavoured to aſſail the terrible ſatiriſt with his own weapons, and conjointly produced the Verſes to the Imitator of Horace, by which they leſſened their own fame, without injuring his.

Among the cauſes which contributed to confirm his animoſity againſt Lord Hervey, one in particular ought not to be paſſed over, the celebrated pamphlet called "Sedition and Defamation diſplayed," univerſally conſidered at the time as being written by Lord Hervey, and in conſequence of which he fought the memorable duel with Pulteney †.

In this pamphlet, publiſhed 1731, there is a character of Bolingbroke, deſignated with a moſt maſterly vigour and ſkill.

Pope,

* Ruffhead.

† In a ludicrous print, which came out at the time, repreſenting this memorable combat, Sir Robert Walpole was drawn as bottle-holder. The pamphlet was written by Sir William Young.

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Pope, as well as Pulteney, whoſe name alſo had been ſeverely animadverted on, were now in arms. Pulteney, in the pamphlet called "A Reply to a ſcurrilous Libel," retorts on Lord Hervey, the ſuppoſed author, by contemptible perſonalities, and ſarcaſms on the "pretty Mr. Fairlove," the little "Maſter-Miſs," which Pope ſeems particularly to have had in his eye, when he wrote afterwards the character of Sporus.

The Epiſtle on "Falſe Taſte" was followed, in 1732, by the Epiſtle to Bathurſt "on the Uſe of Riches."

I am inclined to think that the ſingular character, Kyrle, who was in fact a "village Chandos," beneficent, charitable, but in a ſmaller ſphere not unoſtentatious *, was noticed by Pope, in conſequence of a journey from Lord Bathurſt's to Lord Oxford, in which he muſt paſs through Roſs. Kyrle died in 1724. The mind of the poet muſt have been warmed by what he heard and ſaw; and certainly he could not have deſcribed every thing ſo minutely, (though I cannot find the date of his viſit,) without being an eye-witneſs †.

This

* See the remarkable diſplay of his arms in two places of the wall that encloſes the ſmall field he exchanged, for the poor people of Roſs to walk in.

† The following more particular account of this extraordinary man is given in the words of his immediate deſcendant, the late Thomas Hutcheſon, Barriſter, whoſe ſiſter, married to Mr. Jones, is now in poſſeſſion of the property.

Obſervations

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This year, 1732, his feelings received a ſevere wound, by the death of the friend whom he longeſt and

---

Obſervations on the facts ſtated by Pope in his Moral Eſſays, as they reſpect the character of the "Man of Roſs,"

"Who hung with woods yon mountain's ſultry brow."

There was, and ſtill is, a very long ſhady walk, of nearly a mile and a half in length, called Kyrle's Walks, which, whilſt I had the eſtate, was kept in a good preſervation, and is on the ſummit of an eminence, commanding a beautiful proſpect of the river Wye and country to a great extent. There is a ſummer-houſe now remaining thereon, erected by the "Man of Roſs," with a motto over the door, "Si non tibi non ibi."

"From the dry rock who bade the waters flow."

The "Man of Roſs" promoted, and partly aſſiſted by his own pecuniary aid, the erection of a ſmall water-work near the river Wye, which ſupplied the town of Roſs with water, in which article it was very deficient before.

"Whoſe cauſeway parts the vale with ſhady rows."

A cauſeway of the greateſt ſafety to the country, in the time of floods, was, when ſurveyor of the roads, made by him; and his eſtate being on each ſide of it, he, I think, gave up ſome land for the conveniency of its erection, and cauſed the ſame to be completed.

"Whoſe ſeats the weary traveller repoſe."

Seats were fixed by him in the walks firſt mentioned, which the different poſſeſſors of the eſtates kept, until lately, in good repair. The church-path being through them, alſo being a ſhort way to Goodrich ferry, &c. they certainly afforded reſt and pleaſure to paſſengers, and to the inhabitants of the town of Roſs.

"Who taught that heav'n-directed ſpire to riſe."

The "Man of Roſs" certainly firſt promoted the erection of that beautiful ſtructure, both by his pecuniary aid and perſonal attention, each of which were conſiderable.

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and moſt loved, poor Gay, of whoſe fate he ſo pathetically ſpeaks:

" Thanks

" Behold the market-place with poor o'erſpread."

His houſe was oppoſite the market-place. He kept an open houſe every market-day: any perſon without diſtinction might meet on that day at his hoſpitable board, which, according to the ſtories related to me by ſome old tenants, conſiſted of a joint of meat of each ſort. The poor, who were always in waiting on that day, and every other, had diſtributed to them, by his own ſuperintendance, the whole of the remains of each day, beſides continual diſtributions of bread, &c.

" He feeds yon alms-houſe," &c.

He founded a ſmall alms-houſe in Roſs, and left an annual ſum charged on his eſtate towards its aſſiſtance. His charities, whether by pecuniary aids, ſuſtenance, or by the gift of medicines, were more than commenſurate with his income. He was the conſtant and juſt arbitrator of all differences.

" This man poſſeſs'd five hundred pounds a-year."

Miſs Sarah Kyrle, afterwards Mrs. Hutcheſon, being the niece of the " Man of Roſs, inherited the eſtate, which then amounted to that ſum, after the ſeparation of ſome copyholds, which afterwards came to Robert Kyrle Hutcheſon of Bath, Eſq.; but his father having had eight children, and a power to charge the eſtate, it was ſo burdened as to prevent his keeping it; and accordingly he ſold the greater part to his ſiſter, now Mrs. Jones of Roſs.

" And what no monument," &c.

There was erected, ſeveral years ſince, by the bounty of the Earl of Kinnoul, who was a couſin, by his father's marriage with Miſs Vicentia Kyrle of Much Marcle, to the " Man of Roſs," a very handſome monument, at the expence of upwards of two hundred pounds.

" His race, his form, his name almoſt unknown."

The " Man of Roſs" was one of the beſt families in the county of Hereford, was allied to the Scudamores, the Traceys, the Clarkes,

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" Thanks to the great for thoſe they take away,
" And thoſe they left me, for they left me Gay;
" Left me to ſee neglected genius mourn;
" Of all thy blameleſs life the ſole return,
" This verſe, and Queenſberry weeping o'er thy urn."

Gay died December 4th, 1732.

Johnſon ſays, the epiſtle to Arbuthnot was publiſhed 1735. If this was the caſe, it ſeems ſtrange he ſhould have addreſſed his mother as yet living, who had been dead nearly two years.

" Me

Clarkes, and all other the then principal private families; and the Kyrles, by marriage, brought into the Clarke family an eſtate, called the " Hill," of the value of two hundred pounds a-year.

The eſtates of Much Marcle, of the value of four thouſand pounds per annum, belonged to his couſin, Sir John Kyrle, Bart. who left four daughters and no ſon; and I believe that the limitation was in the will to the heirs male general, and that they might have taken it, had he choſen. Splendid mouuments of the family are to be ſeen in Much Marcle church, Walford near Roſs, and other places.

He wrote out his own pedigree on parchment, commencing in the reign of Henry the Seventh, now in Mr. Hutcheſon's poſſeſſion; and it is a very accurate and methodical arrangement. A good picture of him was at the inn, which had been his dwelling-houſe, but not an original, which the innkeeper, Ball, removed. There is an original picture in the poſſeſſion of Mrs. Jones.

There are ſeveral little ſtories amongſt the old people in the country, as to the plain attire of the " Man of Roſs," and the conſequent miſtakes of perſons ſeeing him in ſuch, and their ſurpriſe when they approached his hoſpitable manſion to partake of his liberality, and witneſs his mode of living. This general outline, I ſubmit, is fully ſufficient to verify the truths which run through the whole of Pope's lines, in praiſe of the character which, from all I have learned, was only exaggerated by the elegance of the poetical writing.

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" Me let the tender office ſtill engage,
" To *rock the cradle* of declining age."

In the common editions, it is ſaid, this epiſtle, now called the Prologue to the Satires, was publiſhed 1734. The beautiful concluding lines were originally addreſſed to Murray, on his gaining ſome cauſe of importance, with this difference:

" Whilſt every joy, ſucceſsful youth, is thine,
" Be no unpleaſing melancholy mine."

As it now ſtands addreſſed to Arbuthnot, it is,

" O friend, may each domeſtic joy be thine!"

The exact time of its publication is aſcertained by Ruffhead to have been juſt before his mother's death, 1733.

Still rankling under the wound he received from his leagued noble opponents, he manifeſts in this Epiſtle the moſt bitter animoſity both againſt Lady M. Wortley and Lord Hervey. I do not know why he altered the name of *Paris* to that of Sporus, as Paris, which was firſt uſed, ſeems more appropriate than that of Sporus, to the delicate and effeminate Hervey.

Lord Hervey was to be cruſhed dextrâ lævâque, by proſe and verſe; and the peeviſh and malignant remonſtrance, printed among the letters, was written at the ſame time, but not ſent.

Political parties were now in conſiderable agitation. The oppoſition under Pulteney preſſed on, hoping,

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hoping, by every effort, to weaken the power and aſcendancy of Sir Robert Walpole. Pope had ſufficiently manifeſted his party. With Lord Hervey, high in the court favour, and who had lately been called to the houſe of peers, he was more than ever indignant, accuſing him of miſrepreſenting his character, to the King and Queen.

This "whiſper," as he calls it, forms a perpetual theme of invective:

> "The whiſper that to greatneſs ſtill too near,
> "Perhaps ſtill vibrates on his Sovereign's ear."

Hervey only ſaid what was generally known; but ſurely Pope had no right to complain at being repreſented as diſaffected to the reigning family, when he himſelf, in a letter publiſhed about this time, had ſpoken of the "ſink and colluvies of human greatneſs at Windſor!!".

Pope had now increaſed his enemies. He had written an account to Swift, reſpecting his conduct to Lord Hervey, in which he ſays,—"That I am an "author, whoſe characters are thought of ſome "weight, appears from the noiſe and buſtle that the "court and town make about me. I deſire your "opinion as to my Lady ——'s and Lord ——'s "performance."

It appears that Arbuthnot kindly but ineffectually had remonſtrated with him. What was dictated by private ſpleen, he perſuaded himſelf was the language of

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of general virtue; and there is no perſuaſion that wounded ſelf-love more eaſily admits.

Pope, therefore, talks very high of the "diſdain and indignation againſt vice, the only diſdain and indignation he has;" and "reformation," he perſuades himſelf, is the great object he has in view. He gravely aſſerts, that "to reform, and *not to* "*chaſtiſe*, is impoſſible: to attack vices in the abſtract, without touching perſons, may be ſafe fighting indeed, but fighting with ſhadows."

The obſolete ſatires of Donne were new verſified, with the ſame view with which the ſatires of Horace were imitated, as a vehicle for perſonalities.

This year, 1733, he loſt his aged mother, who had gradually ſunk before his eyes into the extremeſt imbecility of age, and whoſe "cradle of parting repoſe" he had ſo long rocked with ſolicitude and affection. The moſt beautiful monument in his garden, an obeliſk erected to her memory in a ſmall circus of dark evergreens, yew, &c. ſtill appears uninjured, with an inſcription perfectly viſible on the four ſides:

Ah EDITHA,
Mulierum optima,
Matrum amantiſſima,
Vale.

By the death of Gay and his mother he loſt not only much of that which ſweetened life, but much which operated,

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operated, on the various occaſions of diſguſt with the world, as the balm to his wounded feelings. Whatever irritation he might ſometimes have experienced, he no ſooner turned his eye on thoſe he loved, but his paſſions ſeemed to ſubſide, and his ſpirit became gentle. Hence, in his ſevereſt denunciations of ſatirical indignation, he ſo often and ſo delightfully intereſts us by unexpected touches of domeſtic tenderneſs. Theſe habitual leniences to his mind were taken away, and a greater degree of irritation and aſperity gradually ſucceeded.

Arbuthnot remained, who often ſoftened his reſentment; but the intercourſe was neither ſo uninterrupted or endearing.

Murray, alſo, faſt riſing in fame, which was afterwards ſo eminently eſtabliſhed, now with as much ſuavity of manners as elocution and learning, was his aſſociate. It has indeed been ſaid that Pope was his inſtructor in elocution.

After the death of thoſe on whom the mind has long relied, we receive a melancholy ſatisfaction in looking over the memorials of their kindneſs; Pope, in arranging the letters and papers of Gay, was perhaps firſt impreſſed with the idea of publiſhing their private correſpondence, that the world might know, particularly as his character was conſidered by his enemies ſufficiently tinctured with gall, how candid and kind-hearted he was.

His

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His occupation over his friend's papers, and the hoſtility he was conſcious he had been gradually involving himſelf in with the world, contributed to form the reſolution, that if his private correſpondence was ever to be publiſhed, this would be the moſt proper period.

Mrs. Thomas had already ſet the example, by publiſhing the letters to Cromwell. He had only to follow the ſame path, and pretend a ſimilar ſtory.

The deep-laid contrivance he had recourſe to, that the letters might be publiſhed, whilſt all the time he might be ſuppoſed to be ignorant of the circumſtance, is not to be paralleled in the hiſtory of Machiavelian ſelf-love.

The account which Curll gave, and which has never been denied, together with extracts from ſome of the letters which tend to throw a light on this ſingular tranſaction, the reader will ſee ſubjoined to the ſeventh volume.

Johnſon ſays, "Lintot declared his opinion to be, that *Pope knew better than any body elſe how Curll* obtained the copies:" but one circumſtance, which has not been hitherto obſerved, puts the matter beyond all doubt, if indeed a doubt ever exiſted.

The circumſtance is this: almoſt all the letters in that very collection which Pope calls the ſpurious one, are *carefully corrected* and *amended*. That any one elſe ſhould have taken the trouble of doing this is not likely: that he did it himſelf will appear, when we find

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find that the letters afterwards printed in his own name, in 1735, retained all the amendments, corrections, additions, &c. he had carefully inſerted in the "ſpurious" edition.

The real letter to Lady Mary Wortley begins thus:

"Twickenham, Aug. 18, 1716.

"I can ſay little to recommend the letters *I am be-*
"*ginning to write* to you, but that they will be
"the moſt impartial repreſentations of a free heart,
"and the trueſt copies you ever ſaw of a very mean
"original."

In Curll's and in Pope's own edition, the words, "I am *beginning to write*," are left out, and "ſhall write" inſerted in their place.

Original.—"The freedom I ſhall uſe in this man-
"ner of thinking aloud, *(as ſomebody calls it,)* or
"*talking upon paper*," &c.

Curll and Pope.—"The freedom I ſhall uſe, in
"this manner of *thinking aloud*, may," &c.

Theſe alterations, trifling as they may appear, muſt have been made by Pope himſelf, or adopted by him. Whether any one elſe ſhould have thought of making them, or whether, if he had, Pope ſhould, "literatim et verbatim," adopt the alterations, I leave to the reader's judgment. The original letters printed in this edition, compared with ſome in Curll, and in Pope's own, more decidedly evince the ſame thing.

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Curll and Pope vary from the original in exactly the *ſame amendments* and *additions:* Curll and Pope, therefore, muſt have been "unus et idem."

The art and hypocriſy with which the whole ſtratagem was carried on, could only be equalled by the conſummate aſſurance of appealing to the Houſe of Lords, inſtigating them to puniſh the dupe who was his inſtrument.

This publication was uſeful to him in two points of view: in ſhewing that this formidable ſatiriſt, this reviler of beauty and of birth, was the moſt gentle, candid, liberal, and innocent being, in private life; and in gaining him a friend in the room of one he had lately loſt. His correſpondence, thus promulgated, filled the world, ſays Johnſon, with praiſes "of his candour, tenderneſs, and benevolence, the purity of his purpoſes, and the fidelity of his friendſhip."

The "humble" Allen, who had acquired great opulence, but felt the want of that which opulence cannot give, the reciprocities of diſintereſted friendſhip, now thought, with an amiable ſimplicity, that this extraordinary treaſure was to be found; and, with a mixture of romance and reaſon, began to view the great ſatiriſt, whom he before dreaded, as the moſt perfect pattern the world had ever ſeen, the very paragon of friendſhip!!

Nothing can more decidedly ſhew the general labour with which the publiſhed letters of Pope were written,

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written, than a compariſon with thoſe which, without a view of publication, were written to Forteſcue, and which are now given to the public. No letter by Pope (thoſe excepted which in his early youth he wrote to Cromwell) appeared in print, but ſuch as had received the poliſh of reviſal, as much perhaps as his poems. Reſpecting their compoſition it may be obſerved, that the language of truth and nature is ſo totally remote from affectation, that it cannot be imitated. If, indeed, the imitation could be generally miſtaken for the reality, then every man of ſhrewdneſs could deceive, by *profeſſing* what he did not *feel*. But ſuch is the character of art, that even in the moſt conſummate artiſt it betrays itſelf.

This is ſtrongly marked by Pope's eternal expreſſion of unreſervedneſs, and throwing himſelf "out on paper." Such language might deceive the good-natured Allen; but a man deeper read in human character would form very different concluſions. It is pleaſant, however, to hear what Ruffhead (p. 406.) ſays on this ſubject. "What particularly recommends them (the letters), is that frank ſincerity, that *artleſs naiveté*, that unaffected openneſs, which ſhews the amiable and virtuous diſpoſition of the writer."

As the letters, ſaid to be publiſhed without Pope's conſent, were the cauſe of the connexion with Allen, ſo it was cemented by his new friend offering to "pay the coſt" of a genuine edition. This was publiſhed in 1737 (three years afterwards). Mr. Hayley

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thinks that Johnſon contradicts himſelf, when he ſays, "that they awakened no popular kindneſs or reſentment." In fact, the ſenſation they at firſt cauſed had long ſubſided, and it was not to be awakened by a republication of thoſe letters which the public had been already in poſſeſſion of, and which now ceaſed to be a topic of converſation. Beſides, when they firſt appeared, the public appeal to the Lords, and the general idea of their being the *ſecret* correſpondence of perſons ſo diſtinguiſhed, cauſed them to be read with greater avidity.

In 1734 was publiſhed the fourth book of the Eſſay on Man, which concluded the philoſophical work.

The kind office he received from Warburton on this occaſion is too well known to be repeated, who voluntarily advanced, with a triple mail of ingenuity, learning, and confidence, in aid of the bard, againſt the bold defiance of the Swiſs and Dutch commentators *.

The Epiſtle on the Characters of Men, inſcribed to Lord Cobham, appeared the ſame year with the fourth book of the Eſſay on Man. What Johnſon has ſaid on the principle of this poem, the ruling paſſion,

* As this is amply detailed by Johnſon, and as I have no additional fact to advance, to take his words would be to ſwell the book; to record it in others, would be ſuperfluous and unpleaſant.

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paſſion, is moſt juſt and incontrovertible; but criti-ciſm does not form a part of my plan. One circumſtance, however, I cannot help noticing, reſpecting this Epiſtle, which is, that Pope has moſt unaccountably introduced the character of a *woman*, to illuſtrate the characters of men. He ſays, in his Epiſtle on the Ladies' character:

> " In men we various " ruling paſſions" find,
> " In women *two* almoſt divide the kind:
> " The *love of pleaſure*, and the *luſt of ſway*."

Now, in this Epiſtle, " poor Narciſſa" is adduced as an example of a different ruling paſſion, whilſt the work profeſſes itſelf to be on the Characters of Men; as ſtrange as if he had introduced the Duke of Marlborough among the ladies!

Another circumſtance I would take notice of, is this, that when Warburton firſt ſaw the rudiments of this Epiſtle, it had neither connection nor plan, but conſiſted of ſeparate pieces of deſcription and of characters. The forming it into its preſent ſhape was, by his own confeſſion, the work of Warburton.

After the death of his friend Gay, and of his mother, all that was tender in the heart of Pope now reſted on one whom he had loved with more or leſs ardour from 1712; with paſſions ſometimes wavering this way, and ſometimes, as in the caſe of Lady Mary, determined another. Martha Blount

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had now the ſole aſcendancy: he was alſo to *her*, in ſome degree, if not from choice, yet from circumſtances, almoſt neceſſary. She had ſeen her youth fade, and all hopes of a ſuitable ſettlement in life wear out, whilſt ſhe had incurred alternately cenſure or pity, for a myſterious connexion with one whom ſhe could not acknowledge as a huſband. She had melancholy leiſure to ſum up what ſhe had gained, and her vanity might at times magnify the idea of what ſhe had loſt. Charmed at firſt with the thought of poſſeſſing the excluſive attentions and flattery of ſo diſtinguiſhed a poet, ſhe inſenſibly was led on to a ſentimental and undefined union. It was now, however, too late to recede; the connexion had become habitual: they had long correſponded: ſhe had been the depoſitary of his ſecrets and his cares; and he was diſappointed if, wherever he was an inmate, ſhe was not admitted alſo.

He now, in ſome reſpects, acknowledged the connexion, in the Epiſtle on the character of Women, by ſaying,

"To you gave ſenſe, good humour, and a *poet*."

Her name, however, did not appear, though it was well known to whom the lines were addreſſed. The moſt remarkable circumſtance attending the publication of this Epiſtle, 1735, was, his ſaying that "no character was drawn from life," and ſolemnly aſſerting it

"*upon*

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" *upon his honour!*" Theſe remarkable words were in the firſt edition.

One circumſtance is mentioned by H. Walpole *, which, if true, was indeed flagitious. Walpole informs Gray, that the character of Atoſſa was ſhewn to the Ducheſs of Buckingham, and to the Ducheſs of Marlborough; that Pope received a thouſand pounds from the Ducheſs of Marlborough, promiſing on theſe terms to ſuppreſs it; that he took the money, and then publiſhed it!

It muſt be owned, from the moſt ſolemn aſſertion made uſe of, it might ſeem that Pope thought the *aſſertion* alone ſufficient to prove his adherence to the engagement; but a ſtory ſo baſe, I think, ought not for a moment to be admitted ſolely on the teſtimony of Walpole.

Pope certainly was not a favourite (on account of political differences) with the Walpoles, though he received civilities from Sir Robert; and till there is other proof beſides the *ex parte* evidence and ſole aſſertion of Walpole, the ſame candour which made us reject what, upon no better foundation, was ſaid of Addiſon, ought to make us reject, with equal readineſs, the belief of a circumſtance ſo derogatory to the character of Pope. Whatever can be proved ought not to be rejected: whatever has no other foundation but the *ipſe dixit* of an adverſary, is entitled

* Late Earl of Orford.

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titled to no regard, particularly when the firſt eſſential of character is in queſtion.

During the laſt five years he had experienced the viciſſitudes inſeparable from increaſing age. Atterbury died at Paris ten years after his baniſhment, the ſame year with Gay. Of his mother, we have ſeen, he was deprived the year after. Swift, ſtill in diſcontented exile, kept up a friendly, but, on account of growing infirmities, in many inſtances, apparently a reluctant correſpondence.

In looking back on the five laſt years which we have paſſed over, from 1730 to 1735, it may not be improper to offer an obſervation on the different characters of two eminent men of genius, both intimate friends, who had met with different fates, but who felt equally diſguſt and chagrin at the world, increaſing with years.

The anger of Swift was general; the ſpleen of Pope particular: one was diſguſted with the *nature of man;* the other piqued and offended by *individuals*, confining his animoſity to the ſmall circle of thoſe who offended him. Swift, politically ſpeaking, was diſappointed that the high poſt in ſociety, to which, from his talents, he thought himſelf entitled to aſpire, was early wreſted from the graſp of his ambition. Pope, attaining a ſituation, though a private one, much higher than he could have expected, chiefly felt offended when his intellectual ſuperiority was diſputed.

Neither

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Neither had reaſon to complain; but the acrimony of Swift was directed againſt man and ſociety; the ſpleen of Pope againſt the individuals, Phillips, and Dennis, Lord Fanny, and Lady Mary, &c. &c.

Swift, in 1732, employed Pope to publiſh for him, in London, his ſatire on human nature, Gulliver's Travels. The letter of Pope, on the occaſion, is preſerved in Nichols's valuable miſcellany, the Gentleman's Magazine. As a curioſity, it is here inſerted.

From Mr. POPE *to Mr.* MOTTE.

" SIR, Aug. 16, 1732.

" Had I had ye leaſt thought you w^d^ have now " deſired what you before ſo deliberately refuſed, I " w^d^ certainly have preferr'd you to any other " bookſeller. All I c^d^ now do was to ſpeak to " Mr. Gilliver, as you requeſted, to give you the " ſhare you w^d^ have in ye property, and to ſet " aſide my obligation and covenant with him ſo far, " to gratify the Dean and yourſelf. You cannot ob- " ject, I think, with any reaſon to the terms which " he pays, and which at the firſt word he agreed " to. I am, SIR,

" Your friend and ſervant,

" A. POPE."

Whilſt Swift was thus gratifying his angry diſdain againſt MAN, Pope was purſuing his career of perſonal detraction and invective againſt the immediate and ob-

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noxious offenders he feared or hated. Swift, in his lofty diſdain, ſeemed to ſcorn the ſenſations of anger, and his indignant ſallies were accompanied by exquiſite humour, delightful irony, the moſt happy levity of raillery, or the moſt pointed ſhafts of wit. In Pope, whoſe ſatire was directed individually, all was cloſe and cutting animoſity, and ſarcaſtic and wounded perſonal pride.

This period, as it was pregnant with loſſes to him, ſo it was marked by the flame of long-kindled animoſity being at laſt extinguiſhed. Poor Dennis, his early antagoniſt, was now unfriended, and old, and blind, and ſubdued at his feet. In this deplorable ſtate a play was acted for his benefit, and the prologue was ſolicited and granted from the pen of him, whoſe progreſs he had oppoſed, and whoſe talents he had ſo often affected to deſpiſe.

Such are the viciſſitudes of human life! May they teach a leſſon which Pope never, I fear, ſtooped to learn,—that of humility and forbearance!

I proceed from the period to which we have already traced the progreſs of Pope, viz. 1735.

The loſs of friends ſeemed now to accumulate. After the death of his mother, he had ſpent part of his time in viſiting his friends in the country, Cobham, Bathurſt, &c. He was now called to Bevis Mount, the ſeat of Lord Peterborough, near Southampton, to attend him on the couch of languor and pain.

The

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The letters he wrote to Martha Blount, at this time, are peculiarly intereſting. All his levity was gone, and a ſincere and ſettled friendſhip ſeemed only to remain. The letter, publiſhed in the tenth volume, written from the ſick chamber of the gallant Lord Peterborough, is curious, as accurately deſcribing his character and ſuffering, more than any account that is extant. He ſays,

" It is impoſſible to conceive how much his heart " is above his condition: he is dying every other " hour, and obſtinate to do whatever he has a mind " to do. He has concerted no meaſures beforehand " for his journey, but to get a yacht in which he will " ſail, but no place fixed on to reſide at; nor has " determined what place to land at, or provided any " accommodation for his journey on land. He talks " of going towards Lyons, but undoubtedly he can " never travel but to the ſea-ſhore."

This was written Auguſt 1735; and at this time Lord Peterborough gave Pope, as with his dying hand, the watch which had been given him by the King of Sardinia, and which, Pope, in his will, ſays, was preſented to him by his Lordſhip on his death-bed. Lord Peterborough finally determined to proceed to Liſbon, where he died the ſame year, aged ſeventy-three.

Pope, from his connexions, had now become more and more implicated with the politics of the time.

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With one view, namely, that of driving Sir R. Walpole from the helm of adminiſtration, were united the moſt diſcordant characters, profeſſing the moſt diſcordant principles; Whigs, Tories, and Jacobites; Shippen and Barnard, Pulteney and Bolingbroke. Pope certainly was not an indifferent ſpectator: he ſeems even to have taken his decided part; but ſtill, with his uſual caution, he ſpeaks reſpectfully of Walpole. In 1736, the Prince of Wales, being irritated that his claim of 100,000*l. per annum* was not granted by parliament, became the chief of the coalition. Lyttelton, who was his ſecretary, had long regarded Pope with reſpect and deference, as the greateſt living genius. From this period may be dated the particular attentions of his Royal Highneſs to a poet, who had *two undoubted* recommendations, that of being hoſtile to the exiſting government, and perſonally friendly to many that oppoſed it.

Buſts and urns were now preſented to embelliſh the poet's grotto and gardens, who loftily exclaims,

> " And if more high, &c.
> " Still let me ſay, no *follower* but a FRIEND."

Bolingbroke, whoſe genius felt rebuked and ſhrunk from the " Ithuriel ſpear " of Walpole, foiled in politics, again retired to France, (1736,) where he endeavoured to amuſe his mind, and divert his ambition,

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tion, not by the abſtractions of philoſophy, but in hunting the wolf in the foreſt of Fontainbleau *.

Cobham, Marchmont, Sir William Wyndham, Cheſterfield, Lyttelton, and Pulteney, were left to ſtruggle in the field of political contention.

They courted Pope, who was elated by the circumſtance which contributed to raiſe his pride, but not to leſſen his ſpleen; and though he was in heart a Jacobite, he decidedly joined the leaders of talents, who, under the banners of the Prince, were now in open oppoſition to the King.

The Imitation of Horace, which was publiſhed in 1731, has been already noticed. The other Imitations, written incluſively from this period to the year 1739, I ſhall here claſs together, and ſpeak, at the ſame time, of ſuch circumſtances as ſeem more materially connected with their publication.

They were written at Pope's leiſure, and ſeem to be, in ſome inſtances, the amuſement of his idle hours; and, in others, the depoſitary of his reſentment, when he was afraid to expreſs it more openly.

A man

* Bolingbroke, like an actor, had his "exits" and his "entrances." He came upon the political ſtage, and then retired; then came forward again, then retired. He came to England, 1723, but remained a ſhort time, not having his eſtate or rank reſtored: he came back, 1725, in conſequence of being put in poſſeſſion of both. He now ſet up the Craftſman, in oppoſition to government; tried in vain to ſupplant Walpole, and retired to France again, 1736.

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A man of a moſt reſpectable and amiable private character, whom he had before deſignated, in his Eſſay on Man, as the "blameleſs Bethel," had the honour of an Epiſtle aſcribed to him. Once circumſtance attending his connexion with this eſtimable man may here be mentioned, reſpecting ſome Latin lines, of which Pope has been ſuppoſed to be the author. In the preſentation copy of his works to this friend, in 1717, (the quarto edition,) Pope had written the following lines:

Viro, antiquâ probitate, & amicitia, prædito,
Hugoni BETHEL,
Munuſculum ALEXANDRI POPE.
Te mihi junxerunt nivei ſine crimine mores,
Simplicitas ſagax, ingenuuſque pudor,
Et bene nota fides, & candor frontis honeſtæ,
Et ſtudia ſtudiis non aliena meis!

This has been conſidered as a ſpecimen of Pope's Latinity; and the verſe part is certainly elegant. Warton thinks that he was alſo author of ſome Latin lines in the Guardian, No. 173.

The lines in the Guardian, deſcribing the abſurdities of the ſtyle of gardening prevalent at the time, manifeſt ſuch a conſummate knowledge of verſification, that to ſuppoſe Pope could have written them is to ſuppoſe what is next to an impoſſibility, conſidering

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conſidering his education. I leave the conſideration to thoſe who are converſant in compoſitions of the kind; only obſerving, that at fourteen years old he was entirely unaquainted with what is called quantity, as, in his Tranſlation from the Thebais, he pronounces Malēa, what in the original is Malĕa, which was never corrected.

Pope, I am convinced from the circumſtance mentioned, neither wrote the verſes to Bethel, nor thoſe in the Guardian. If they are not to be found among acknowledged writers of Latinity, I ſhould be inclined to attribute them to Parnel, whoſe facility in compoſitions of the kind was undoubted *.

The Imitation of the Epiſtle, "Flore bono," it is probable, was written the latter end of the year 1734, as his friend Cobham was this year deprived of his military command; and he claſſes the love of Cobham with that of our country:

"Dear Colonel, *Cobham*'s and *your country*'s friend."

The Epiſtle addreſſed to Bolingbroke I am inclined to place in the year 1736, juſt before Bolingbroke left England. Pope ſpeaks of his declining age, and that now in "the Sabbath of his days," he was "ſick alike of cenſure and of praiſe."

In

* I ſay this with great deference to the opinion of others, particularly to that of Dr. Warton, and the able reviewer in the Britiſh Critic.—Article, Warton's Pope.

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In 1736, he was in his forty-eighth year; and whatever his real diſpoſition might have been, he certainly joined his name and talents to the oppoſition formed againſt Sir Robert Walpole and the Court.

But the moſt ſtriking of the Imitations of Horace was the Epiſtle addreſſed to the King, againſt whoſe government Pope was particularly inſtigated by the party of the Prince, who was now in open rupture with his father.

In this ſatire, the utmoſt contempt and moſt pointed ſarcaſm of indignation are veiled under the appearance of praiſe. Warburton makes no obſervation, as if all that was ſaid, was ſeriouſly meant.

Some circumſtances which throw light on it, I ſhall notice. At the time it was written, the people were clamorous for a war with Spain; the Britiſh flag was inſulted on its own element: the country reſounded with one cry of vengeance. The government, however, ſtill remained pacific and immoveable. The dominion of the ſeas, it was ſaid, was wreſted from us, whilſt our lethargic policy neither regarded the wrongs of individuals nor the honour of the nation. At this period, before the breaking out of the Spaniſh war, 1739, the ſevere but poliſhed ſatire was written, in which the King is ironically complimented, for his great ſucceſs "in arms," and "opening all the main" to our enemies.

As a relief to this vein of ſarcaſm, may be mentioned the elegant paraphraſe of the Ode of Horace,

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addreſſed to Murray. As Pope deſcribed himſelf fifty, it was written probably in the year 1738. One thing is particular, as it alludes to the circumſtance in the life of the great Lord Mansfield, having a thought of taking, at this time, Pope's houſe and grounds at Twickenham. Lord Mansfield, whom he elegantly deſcribes as ſtriking

" —— the female heart,
" With every graceful, every manly art,"

after being rejected by " Chloe *," whoſe name I have ſought in vain, was married, the latter end of the ſame year, 1738, to Lady Elizabeth Finch, daughter of the Earl of Winchelſea.

The lines alluſive to Murray's ſummer abode on the banks of the Thames are very beautiful:

" His houſe emboſom'd in the grove,
" Sacred to ſocial life and ſocial love,
" Shall glitter o'er the pendent green,
" Where Thames reflects the viſionary ſcene."

Theſe interſperſions of Pope's lighter muſe did not ſeem now to accord with the increaſing ſeverity of his diſpoſition.

Still proceeding in his career of ſatirical invective, which was chiefly directed againſt the miniſtry and the Court, he publiſhed the " Epilogue to the Satires," which has the date prefixed of 1738.

As

* " See Chloe, deaf to honour, ſenſe, and worth,
" Marries the dullneſs of a ſon of Earth."

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As he had before attacked the King, ſo, in the moſt vindictive language of ironical contempt, he makes even the bed of ſorrow and diſſolution a ſubject for his implacable diſlike, by repreſenting, with inſinuations as uncharitable as they were untrue, that the Queen, in her laſt moments, retained reſentment againſt her ſon:

"And unforgiving, unforgiven dies."

The judicious and accurate biographer of Sir Robert Walpole, has completely done away this cruel charge *.

After theſe undiſguiſed and bold attacks, he began to be ſeriouſly alarmed, as a proſecution had been commenced againſt Whitehead. He therefore affects to ſay, or Warburton does for him: "This was the "laſt poem of the kind printed by our author, with "a reſolution to publiſh no more; but to enter thus "a ſort of proteſt againſt that *inſuperable corruption* "and depravity of manners, which he had been ſo "unhappy as to live to ſee!"

In the verſes to Lady Elizabeth Shirley †, he alludes to the circumſtance of the proſecution, which was indirectly threatened by the Houſe of Lords:

"You'll

* See an intereſting account of Queen Caroline's illneſs and death, in Coxe's Memoirs of Sir Robert Walpole, chap. 49.

† Lady Elizabeth Shirley was ſecond daughter of Earl Ferrers. Lord Cheſterfield long continued his attention to this celebrated beauty, whoſe paſſion, when he firſt ſaw her, is deſcribed in his well-known lines:

"When

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" But, friend, *take heed* whom you attack,
" You'll bring a houſe (I mean of Peers),
" Red, blue, and green, nay, white and black,
" L—— and all about your ears."

He therefore quits, *profeſſedly* for ever, the dangerous office of corrector of public offenders; but a curious fragment, preſerved by Dr. Warton, ſhews his diſpoſition. This fragment is dated 1740, at the time when parties were very violent, before the general election, which put a period to the long rule of Walpole. All Pope's indignation againſt men and meaſures ſeems combined in this effuſion; and he even directs his ſatire againſt thoſe with whom he had united, particularly Pulteney, who is deſcribed as

" Foaming a Patriot, to ſubſide a Peer:"

which

" When Fanny, blooming fair,
" Firſt met my raviſh'd ſight,
" Struck with her ſhape and air,
" I gaz'd with ſtrange delight."

Their intimacy is deſcribed humouroufly by Sir Charles Hanbury Williams:

" I went, who'd no engagement any where,
" To the opera. Were there many people there?
" The Ducheſs cried. Yes, Madam, a great many,
" Says Lovel; there was *Cheſterfield and* FANNY.
" In that *eternal whiſper* which begun
" Ten years ago, and never will be done!"

She died unmarried, 1762, at Bath.

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which indeed literally happened ſome time afterwards.

The lines, at the concluſion of this poetical invective, will bear a different interpretation from that which is given to them in the fourth volume *.

Although they might be conſtrued to apply to the Prince of Wales, they were more probably addreſſed to the Chevalier St. George, commonly called the Pretender, who, four years afterwards, came to England to claim the crown. He was now in his twentieth year; and the ſatiriſt ſeems to think there could be no hope left to the country but by again reſorting to the exiled heir of the Stewarts. Hence he ſays,

"Alas! on ONE ALONE our ALL relies,
"Let him be honeſt, and he muſt be wiſe;
"Let him no trifler from his *(father's* †*)* ſchool,
"Nor, like his *(father's father,)* ſtill *(a fool)*;
"Be but a MAN! unminiſter'd, alone,
"And free at once the SENATE and the THRONE!"

It appears, therefore, that, notwithſtanding his joining *any party* againſt the Court, Pope continued in the ſame principles which he inherited from his father ‡.

Sickneſs

* The note in vol. iv. p. 377, was written prior to the life.

† The blanks in the original I have here filled up, with words printed in Italicks, according to my own ſurmiſe.

‡ It is a ſingular circumſtance, that he was born the very year of the Revolution, and died the year before the *laſt effort* was made to re-eſtabliſh the throne of the Stewarts.

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Sickneſs had now made a ſlow but manifeſt progreſs on his conſtitution. A diſeaſe, which appears to have been a dropſy in the cheſt, but which was then conſidered an aſthma, had ſhewn its firſt ſymptoms in 1739.

His friends had long ſince ſunk round him. Gay, Arbuthnot, Atterbury, were no more. He felt himſelf more alone and ſad in the world, and unequal to finiſh a work he had meditated, which, judging from the ſpecimen, (the fourth book of the Dunciad,) I think, would have been the nobleſt and moſt legitimate ſatire he ever wrote *.

It is remarkable that this moſt poliſhed and elaborate poem, which now is printed as the fourth book of the Dunciad, ſhould, on its firſt appearance, have found ſcarcely any admirers.

Shenſtone calls it "his dotage." The ſole teſtimony of Bolingbroke, who was juſt returned to England, is certainly moſt juſt. At his firſt interview with Pope, he ſaid, as Ruffhead relates the circumſtance: "It ſeems you have written a fourth "book; but it was repreſented to me as ſo *obſcure* "by every body, that I had no inclination to read it "till the other day, when I found it to be the beſt "and moſt finiſhed of all your writings."

Reſpecting

* In a note ſubjoined to the end of this book of the Dunciad, I allude only to the ſix *concluding lines* as objectionable, Vol. v. page 334.

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Reſpecting the cauſe of the quarrel with Cibber, who now retains the pre-eminence of King of the Dunciad, I can add nothing to the information which may be found in Johnſon. He ſeems to think the cauſe aſſigned by Cibber, which was the farce of "Three Hours after Marriage," to be *improbable*, as he calls it a "very diſtant cauſe." The farce was acted in 1715: the account of Cibber's and Pope's quarrel may be found in the fourth volume. But Johnſon, who appears to think that, from the *diſtance* of time mentioned by Cibber, this could not be the real cauſe of the animoſity, ſeems not to be ſufficiently aware of one part of Pope's character; that wherever his ſelf-love was wounded, he was ever afterwards implacable. Bentley, who is ſo prominent a character in the fourth book of the Dunciad, it is known, offended Pope ſoon after the publication of Homer, 1720. An expreſſion uſed by Bentley in converſation, reſpecting the tranſlation, was never forgotten or forgiven. This fact is decidedly aſcertained by Mr. Cumberland, in the intereſting account of his own life.

In the year 1742 happened the extraordinary quarrel with his friend Allen. I am inclined to think that Warton's account of Allen's * not ſuffering his coach to take Miſs Blount, in the year of his mayoralty, to the Roman Catholic chapel in Bath, is true. It appears, however, from the additional letters, that the rupture

* Allen was Mayor of Bath in 1742.

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rupture was chiefly between the two Ladies, Mrs. Allen and Miſs Blount. Pope ſays, "However well I might wiſh the *man*, the *woman* is a *minx*, and an *impertinant one*, and HE will do what SHE would have him."

In the lingering period of his decline, being incapable of great original exertions, he publiſhed, in two volumes, a collection of Latin Poems, by Italian writers, containing, among others, the "Siphilis of Fracaſtorius," the "Bombyx," "Poetics, and Scacchia Ludus of Vida," &c. &c.

His mind was now intent on collecting his works, which, before he left the world, he endeavoured very laudably to render ſuch as might be bequeathed to poſterity.

During this ſtate in which infirmities and ſorrows were gathering faſt, it is ſaid, he was neglected by one, whoſe conſolation and kindneſs he moſt needed; by her who had ſo long been the depoſitary of his hopes and anxieties, his joys and ſorrows; the friend and favourite of his heart,—Martha Blount. As vanity on her part was the firſt occaſion of the intimacy, ſo, in the hour of ſickneſs and ſuffering, he could not hope to receive that kind and anxious ſupport, which could only be expected from affection.

In a marginal note, written in Warton's edition, by the late George Steevens, it is ſaid, Pope wiſhed to have married Miſs Blount, "*in articulo mortis.*" This, if true, might perhaps explain the nature of the connexion.

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He expreſſed full hope and confidence of a future exiſtence, till languid and exhauſted, but ſtill with occaſional, though faint, coruſcations of intellect, he cloſed his eyes on this world, without a ſigh, on the 30th day of May, 1744.

Swift, in the verſes on his own ſuppoſed death, ſays,

> "Poor Pope will grieve a month, and Gay
> "A week, and Arbuthnot a day."

So much could not be ſaid of the ſurviving friends of Pope. Swift was in a ſtate of helpleſs and deplorable ideotcy; Martha Blount was more pleaſed with her legacy than grieved with her loſs; Bolingbroke, who hung over the couch of parting friendſhip, neglected his friend's dying requeſt, and afterwards employed Mallet to aſperſe his memory *.

Old John Searle, for many years his faithful ſervant, whom he mentioned in his Poems, and whom he remembered with beneficence in his will, perhaps moſt lamented his loſs, and revered his memory. The care of his poſthumous fame was entruſted to a guardian, with whom he became connected late in life; and Maſon, a young man of genius, perſonally unknown, bedewed his aſhes with "the *moſt melodious tear* †,"—though no poet perhaps ever left the world with greater general teſtimonies to his virtues and to his genius.

* In conſequence of his pamphlet, the "Patriot King," being found among Pope's papers, clandeſtinely printed. See Johnſon.

† The exquiſite Muſæus.

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GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

CHARACTER OF POPE*.

I SHALL ſay little concerning Pope's perſon, which, it is well known, was diminutive and ill-formed. His voice was melodious; his eye brilliant and penetrating. Of the few perſonal recommendations he poſſeſſed he was ſufficiently vain. In his dreſs, when he appeared in public, he was particular, that he might appear to as much advantage as poſſible. His "dreſs of ceremony," Warton ſays, was a ſmall ſword, and black ſuit of velvet: to this account I may add, that he was often ſeen with a baſket of fruit from his own garden, or a bouquet of flowers, as a preſent to the Miſs Blounts.

I would willingly have avoided the taſk, by no means grateful, of attempting any delineation of his general character. The reader has been left to make his own reflections on the ſeveral paſſages of the life as they occurred; and after the luminous and maſterly

* For obſervations on his Poetic Character, ſee vol. x. and criticiſms interſperſed through his works.

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terly ſummary of the leading qualities of his mind by Johnſon, any thing I could add might appear uſeleſs, as well as preſumptuous.

Some account of character, however, is conſidered as almoſt a neceſſary appendage to the life of an author; and I ſhall therefore hope to be excuſed, if I endeavour to mark, as I have done in the life, ſome of thoſe traits which have been leſs particularly noticed by Johnſon *.

That he was a moſt dutiful and affectionate ſon, a kind maſter, a ſincere friend, and, generally ſpeaking, a benevolent man, is undoubted.

In ſpeaking of other parts of his character, I would advance no opinion but that which I think can be directly proved; and, at the ſame time, I truſt I ſhould never forget the ſentiment that "I would ſo judge as I would wiſh to be judged."

The firſt and moſt obvious feature in the character of Pope was his predominant and inſatiable love of praiſe. From this one ſource almoſt all his other defects may be derived: ſuch as his jealouſy, particularly excited when his own fame was conſidered in colliſion; his animoſity, implacable to all who denied his ſuperiority; and an habitual bent of mind towards art and ſtratagem, by which he conſtantly endeavoured to promote, extend, and confirm his own reputation.

With

* Johnſon certainly has mentioned his vanity, but he does not ſeem to have conſidered the *cauſe*; or the *effect*, on other parts of his character.

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With reſpect to the avidity and luſt of praiſe, which began in his childhood, ſtrengthened with his ſtrength, and ended only with his life, the cauſe of it may be found in the indulgence, partiality, and VANITY of his parents.

His weakneſs in infancy required the greateſt indulgence: as years increaſed, the marks which he diſplayed of intellectual ſuperiority were acknowledged with the more partial regard, as his childhood had been barren of promiſes gratifying to a parent.

Hence, by degrees, he became a kind of little Lama in the houſehold at Binfield *.

The effect of early indulgence was experienced when he was ſent to ſchool. He made ſcarcely any progreſs; he wanted the voice whoſe gentle adulation made him firſt proud: he vented his impatience, though ſo young, in the way which ſtrongly deſignated his future character, by writing his firſt liſping lampoon on his ſchoolmaſter.

From this ſchool, inſtead of being corrected and puniſhed, he was removed, probably in conſequence of maternal ſolicitude, generally, in regard to the advantages of education, as ill-judging as it is amiable.

At

* During his reſidence at Binfield, he appears to have employed his time, and to have excelled, in drawing with a pen and Indian ink. I have a copy of a head of Rubens by him, which belongs to the Rev. Mr. Cole, that has remarkable facility, expreſſion, and preciſion. It is ſaid to have been purchaſed at the ſale of a Mr. Conſtable, at Binfield. Alexander Pope is written on it, apparently with his own hand, "Alexander Pope fecit," but there is no date.

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At the ſchool where he fabricated the play from Ogilby's Homer, he ſeems to have contemplated his little ſelf with moſt complacency. Still, however, a ſchool was a ſchool, and he made very ſlow progreſs in learning, till he returned to his father's houſe, and was left without a competitor.

If he had received a more enlarged education, whether he would have been ſo great a poet I know not; but I do not fear to ſay, he would have been a more eſtimable member of ſociety; a more complacent, and a more happy man. He would have known the exact point which his abilities reached: he would have excelled without vanity, and viewed competitors for fame without alarm.

The contrary to this was viſible in his character through life.

When he publicly appeared as an author, the voices of Trumbull, Wycherley, Garth, &c. were in uniſon with thoſe of his family. But it happened, at the ſame time, that the firſt ſtep he made as an author into the world was attended with a wound to his feelings. I allude to Phillips's Paſtorals.

I need not repeat what has been ſaid concerning the criticiſm in the Guardian: but Gay, who had gained Pope's kindneſs by the flattering addreſs in the beginning of Rural Sports, now came in aid of his friend, with the ridicule, called the "Shepherd's Week *."

The

* Written in burleſque of Phillips.

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The three firſt letters Pope wrote to Gay, I think, will atteſt the nature of his feelings. The firſt begins with "Sir;" the next, "Dear Sir;" and the next after the burleſque Paſtorals, "*Dear* Mr. Gay," and concludes, "Thine, *divine Bucoliaſt!*"

Gay gained his *laſting love*, and Phillips his *laſting reſentment*, in conſequence of that exceſſive love of ſuperiority which he imbibed from the nurſery.

It was this paramount idea which made him alſo ſo *bitter* an enemy.

Wrapt up in a faſtidious contemplation of himſelf, he was perſuaded that all thoſe who did not join the number of his profeſſed adulators were actuated by jealouſy and envy at his riſing fame. Hence his own jealouſy and ſuſpicion were conſtantly on the watch, and were ready to interpret, as in the caſe of Addiſon, many things into a direct attack upon himſelf. For inſtance, what but ſuch jealouſy could make him apply to himſelf theſe obſervations of Welſted?

"As to the numerous *treatiſes*, *eſſays*, *arts*, &c. "both in *verſe* and *proſe*, that have been written by "the *moderns* on this ground-work, they do but "*hackney* the ſame thoughts over again, making "them ſtill *more trite*. Moſt of their pieces are no-"thing but a moſt inſipid heap of common-place. "Horace has even, in his Art of Poetry, thrown out

"ſeveral

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" ſeveral things, which plainly ſhew, he thought an " art of poetry was of no uſe, even whilſt he was " writing one."

This Pope oſtentatiouſly quotes as a " glance at" his eſſay; though it is no more than Swift, and almoſt all writers of all ages, (generouſly excepting themſelves,) have ſaid of the age in which they lived. This, which an unſuſpicious man would not have thought of, and which a wiſe man would not have regarded, was the firſt cauſe of his hoſtility to Welſted.

Mr. Cumberland, who will receive from poſterity the applauſe which his muſe ſo well deſerves, clearly proves that the cauſe of Pope's contemptuous deſcription of Bentley, was an expreſſion uſed by Bentley, reſpecting the tranſlation of Homer. It was the ſame with regard to Theobald, and, I have no doubt, Dr. Woodward, and many others, concerning whom the cauſe of Pope's animoſity is not known.

As Pope loved flattery ſo much, and was ſtung to exaſperation by the ſlighteſt word of detraction, ſo in beſtowing praiſe himſelf, no one was more happy. In fact, judging from his own feelings, he knew the value of praiſe; and though he cannot be accuſed of groſs perſonal flattery, yet no one had ſuch conſummate art in beſtowing this kind of homage.

In his own Epitaph, he affects to ſay he never flattered the great:

" Heroes

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" Heroes and kings, your diſtance keep,
" In peace let one poor Poet ſleep,
" Who *never flattered folks like you:*
" Let Horace bluſh, and Virgil too.

Kings he certainly never flattered, but no one underſtood the art better when he choſe; and to this art may be attributed his connexion with Buckingham, whoſe poem he mentioned with ſufficient adulation in the Eſſay on Criticiſm.

The ſelf-love which made him ſo alive to praiſe, and ſo impatient of cenſure, operated in confirming his diſpoſition to "*ſtratagem.*"

He contrived to promulgate his private letters, that he might ſhew how amiable he was in life, as well as ſuperior in talents. Hence he makes Cleland declare, " It was not his capacity, or writings, but the *honeſt*, *open*, and *beneficent man*, that we eſteemed and loved in him." (Letter on the Dunciad.)

This duplicity, which in the firſt inſtance was cauſed by vanity, became by degrees habitual. On all occaſions, when attacked, he almoſt inſtinctively reſorted to it. He never ſeemed inclined to ſpeak the " truth, the *whole truth*, and *nothing but the truth.*" In one of his letters he even ſays, he had aſſerted nothing falſe, but " equivocated pretty genteelly!"

Mr. Cooper Walker, the elegant author of the Eſſay on the Italian Drama, ſays, that when the Marquis de Maffei viſited Pope, he found him buſied in a tranſlation of the Drama of Merope, written by the

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the Marquis. Mr. Walker wonders nothing was ever heard of this tranſlation. My opinion is, (I give it merely as an opinion,) that when the Marquis ſaw Pope at Twickenham, Pope had before him Aaron Hill's Merope, which, knowing the Marquis had written a play on the ſame ſubject, he was not unwilling he ſhould ſuppoſe was a tranſlation by himſelf of Maffei's play. The play was never heard of, and the account is not inconſiſtent with Pope's character: but of this no one can ſpeak with certainty.

His profeſſions were equally at *variance* with his conduct: he talks of writing with *freedom* and *careleſſneſs*, when no one wrote with *ſo much caution*; he deſcribes himſelf as *totally indifferent* to the ſtate of his pecuniary affairs, when no one was more prudent *. Yet it would be hard to ſay he meant to *deceive*.

* The following Letter has never been publiſhed, for which I am indebted to the Rev. Mr. Rogers, of St. Auſtel. He ſpeaks of poetry being totally unprofitable, when by it he had gained himſelf a large fortune:

(To Christopher Smart.)

"Sir, Twitnam, Nov^br 18th.

"I thank you for the favour of y^rs. I w^d not give you the "trouble of tranſlating the whole Eſſay you mention; the two "firſt Epiſtles are already well done, and if you try, I c^d wiſh it "were on the laſt, which is leſs abſtracted, and more eaſily falls "into poetry and common place. A few lines, at the beginning "and concluſion, will be ſufficient for a trial, whether you y^rſelf "can like the taſk, or not. I believe the Eſſay on Criticiſm will "in general be the more agreeable, both to a young writer, and "to the majority of readers. What made me wiſh the other well

"done

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deceive. The avenues to ſelf-love are ſo many and imperceptible, it is poſſible he might have thought, and even felt a conſcious pride, that he was ſuch as he deſcribed himſelf.

If he ſometimes contradicted himſelf, particularly in ſpeaking at one time diſreſpectfully of thoſe whom he had at other times exalted, it ought in charity to be attributed more to the acuteneſs of feeling at the time, than to wayward and unmanly caprice. So, if he means his friend Warburton, when in the letters now publiſhed he ſays, "W— is a ſneaking parſon," it is to be attributed to the impreſſion of the moment, when he conceived that the woman he loved had been inſulted.

In the laſt volume will be found ſome general obſervations on his poetic character. In this outline of

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"done was the want of a right underſtanding of the ſubject, "which appears in the foreign verſions, in 2 Italian, 2 French, "and 1 German. There is one indeed in Latin verſe, printed at "Wirtemberg, very faithful, but inelegant; and another in "French proſe; but in theſe the ſpirit of poetry is as much loſt, "as the ſenſe and ſyſtem itſelf is in the others. I ought to take "this opportunity of acknowledging the Latin tranſlation of my "Ode, which you ſent me, and in which I c^d ſee little or nothing "to alter, it is ſo exact. Believe me, Sir, equally deſirous of "doing you any ſervice, and afraid of engaging you in an art "ſo *little profitable*, though ſo *well deſerving*, *as good poetry*.

"I am,

"Your moſt oblig'd

"and ſincere humble ſerv^nt,

"A. POPE."

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of his general moral character, I think I have ſaid nothing but what palpable facts will juſtify.

If any thing ſhould have been advanced, which, upon farther conſideration, may appear groundleſs or haſty, I ſhall be more happy to retract it,

(" —— to mark the paſſage into a blot,
" And hate the line where candour was forgot,")

than any of his moſt ſanguine admirers.

One part of his character I approach with reluctance, but it is too ſtriking to be paſſed over; the nature of his attachment to Martha Blount.

Many facts tend to prove the peculiar ſuſceptibility of his paſſions; nor can we implicitly believe that the connexion between him and Martha Blount was of a nature " ſo pure and innocent," as his panegyriſt Ruffhead would make us believe. But whatever there might be of criminality in the connexion, it did not take place till the " hey-day" of youth was over; that is, after the death of her brother (1726); when he was thirty-eight, and ſhe thirty-ſix. Tereſa was of the ſame age with Pope, being born at Paris, 1688 *.

Martha

* This may ſeem to contradict the ſtatement of Tereſa being in the bloom of youth and beauty at the Coronation, 1714.

I imagined ſhe muſt have been about eighteen, when ſubſequent inquiries enable me to ſtate that ſhe was at that time twenty-ſix. But it will be remembered that young ladies were perhaps

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Martha three years younger, was born at Maple-Durham 1691: conſequently ſhe was thirty-ſix, when the connexion between her and Pope became more avowed and explicit. At this time of life there was perhaps no great danger of a "falſe ſtep." Certainly ſhe became by degrees more indifferent to the opinion of the world. At no time could ſhe have regarded Pope perſonally with attachment; and when *other* views were paſt, ſhe might have acquieſced in her ſituation, rather than have been gratified by any reciprocities of kindneſs or affection.

But the moſt extraordinary circumſtance, in regard to his connection with female ſociety, was the ſtrange mixture of indecent, and ſometimes *profane*, levity*, which his conduct and language often exhibited. The cauſe of this particularity may be ſought perhaps in his conſciouſneſs of phyſical defect, which made him affect a character uncongenial, and a language oppoſite to the truth.

This

perhaps employed at their ſampler (in 1714), at an age when they are (1807) more agreeably engaged at a ball. Beſides, the Miſs Blounts lived at Maple-Durham like unwilling recluſes in a convent.

* Some of thoſe indelicacies, I am ſorry to ſay, have eſcaped my notice in the publication of his laſt letters, though much has been expunged.

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This levity, to call it by its slightest name, I wish to consider, though it is no palliation, as palpable and gross affectation, from which he was in no instance free *.

It may seem strange that such language could be endured; but we must consider the character of the times. As to the Ladies, they were probably proud (particularly Martha) of the attentions of so celebrated a poet, and allowed the licentiousness of his expressions, that they might boast the honour of his correspondence.

In many instances he appears to have felt a sort of libertine love, which his passions continually prompted him to declare; but which the consciousness of his infirmities, and we ought to add his moral feelings, corrected and restrained.

If these and other parts of his character appear less amiable, let the reader constantly keep in mind the physical and moral causes which operated on a mind like his: let him remember his life, "one long disease," the natural passions, which he must have felt in common with all the world, disappointed: his tenderness thrown back on his heart, only to gather there with more force, and more ineffectual wishes:

* With regard to some few compositions admitted into this edition, which were undoubtedly written by Pope, I have wished to avoid *either extreme*: not to *admit* what would be a discredit, nor to *reject* what readers in general would wish to see in a complete edition of his works.

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wiſhes: his confined education, intruſted chiefly to thoſe who were themſelves narrow-minded *: his being uſed from the cradle to liſten only to the voice of partial indulgence; of tenderneſs, almoſt maternal, in all who contemplated his weakneſs and his incipient talents †.—When he has duly weighed theſe things, and attended to every alleviating circumſtance that his knowledge of the world, or his charity, may ſuggeſt, then let him not haſtily condemn what truth compels me to ſtate; but let him rather, without preſuming on his own virtues, lament the imperfection of our common nature, and leave the judgment to HIM, "who "knoweth whereof we are made, who remembereth "we are but duſt."

* I hope this will not be thought illiberal, when it is remembered how much he offended ſome of his own perſuaſion, by the praiſe of Eraſmus, in the Eſſay on Criticiſm.

† Whatever might have been his defects, he could not be ſaid to have many bad qualities, who never loſt a friend, and whom Arbuthnot, Gay, Bathurſt, Lyttelton, Forteſcue, and Murray, eſteemed and loved through life.

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POSTSCRIPT.

TO the names of thoſe to whom I am indebted for any communications, I ought to have added that of the Rev. Mr. Banniſter. His Notes, in the fifth and ſixth volumes, are marked with his name, as are the reſpective communications of all thoſe who have been before mentioned. The account given me of Mrs. Thomas, in Vol. vii. as copied from a MS. by my friend D. P. Okeden, I have ſince found in print: but the book is obſcure; and as I can trace no *authentic* ſource from which this part is derived, I think it probable that the ſame MS. furniſhed the information to the publiſher.

Mr. Rogers lent me his copy of Warton's edition of Pope, with *manuſcript* remarks in *pencil* by Steevens. Theſe are conſtantly marked by his name.

For all obſervations without ſignature, I rely on the reader's candour.

In the Life, I have been led into a miſtake, from following a *date* of Johnſon, though I have been in general attentive to this material part of biography. The firſt Imitation of Horace I have dated 1731, inſtead of 1733, when it was publiſhed. The Imitation addreſſed to Bolingbroke ("Prima dicte mihi") was written

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written in 1737, ſoon *after* Bolingbroke left England, not *before*. The additional letters were neither procured nor arranged by me, except the letter of Pope to Mrs. Price, that of Martha Blount, and that of Pope, in the Life, to Chriſtopher Smart.

If it ſhould be thought I have in ſome places ſpoken too harſhly of Pope's conduct, I can only ſay, I ſhould not have conſidered myſelf an *honeſt man* if I had ſpoken otherwiſe.

WM. LISLE BOWLES.

BREMHILL,
Jan. 25, 1807.

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ERRATA, ET CORRIGENDA.

VOL. I.

Page 36, line *ult.* Note, *for* "Virgil's ſpeech had formed the concluſion," *read* "Virgil's ſpeech, which formed the concluſion, had been compreſſed."

—— 48, line 16, Note, *for* "in cenſum," *read* "in numerum."

—— 312, line 15, Note, "The accents on "Sinĕ," and "Arăbia," are as they *ought* to be placed, not as the ſtreſs is laid by Parnell."

—— 319, line 8, Note, *dele* "but."

VOL. II.

Page 29, line 16, Note, *dele* comma at "guiding," *and inſert it* at "veſſel."

—— 57, line 8, Note, *for* "perſonage," *read* "paſſage."

VOL. III.

Page 17, line 15, Note, *for* "attended," *read* "intended."

—— 47, line 32, Note, *after* "ſky," *add* "I fear, I muſt be thought very arrogant in preſuming to ſuggeſt a word, but "ruſh" for "run" was originally uſed by Pope."

VOL. IV.

Page 13, line 9, Note, *for* "Charbonner les murailes," *read* "Charbonner les mures."

—— 28, line 1, Note, *for* "Eſſay on Man," *read* "Eſſay on Criticiſm."

—— 33, line 1, Note, *for* "Milton," *read* "Bentley."

—— 44, line 17, Note, *for* "revelli," *read* "repelli."

—— 55, line *antepen.* Note, *for* "Pope had the name" *read* "Pope had given him the name"

—— 162, line *ult. at the end of the Note, add* "Warton."

VOL. V.

Page 258, line 24, Note, *for* "Theobald," *read* "Cibber."

VOL. VI.

Page 12, line 2, *for* "Terentum," *read* "Tarentum."

—— 21, line 1, Note, *for* "Swift's diſappointment," *read* "Swift's ſubſequent diſappointment."

—— 313, line 1, Note, *for* "Corgate," *read* "Coryate."

—— 328, line 7, Note, *for* "gonſalo, Continho," *read* "Over his grave Gonſalo, Continho."

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THE

*AUTHOR's PREFACE**.

I AM inclined to think that both the writers of books, and the readers of them, are generally not a little unreaſonable in their expectations. The firſt ſeem to fancy the world muſt approve whatever they produce, and the latter to imagine that authors are obliged to pleaſe them at any rate. Methinks, as on the one hand, no ſingle man is born with a right of controuling the opinions of all the reſt; ſo on the other, the world has no title to demand, that the whole care and time of any particular perſon ſhould be ſacrificed to its entertainment. Therefore I cannot

* The clearneſs, the cloſeneſs, and the elegance of ſtyle with which this preface is written, render it one of the beſt pieces of proſe in our language. It abounds in ſtrong good ſenſe, and profound knowledge of life. It is written with ſuch ſimplicity that ſcarcely a ſingle metaphor is to be found in it. Atterbury was ſo delighted with it, that he tells our Author he had read it over twice with pleaſure, and deſired him not to balance a moment about printing it; "always provided there is nothing ſaid there that you may have occaſion to unſay hereafter." Theſe words are remarkable. This preface far excels thoſe of Peliſſon, Vaugelas, and D'Ablancourt, of which the French boaſt ſo highly. May I be allowed juſt to add, that the fineſt prefaces ever written, were, perhaps, that of Thuanus to his Hiſtory, of Calvin to his Inſtitutes, and of Cauſabon to his Polybius. J. WARTON.

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but believe that writers and readers are under equal obligations for as much fame, or pleaſure, as each affords the other.

Every one acknowledges, it would be a wild notion to expect perfection in any work of man: and yet one would think the contrary was taken for granted, by the judgment commonly paſt upon Poems. A Critic ſuppoſes he has done his part, if he proves a writer to have failed in an expreſſion, or erred in any particular point: and can it then be wondered at, if the Poets in general ſeem reſolved not to own themſelves in any error? For as long as one ſide will make no allowances, the other will be brought to no acknowledgments *.

I am afraid this extreme zeal on both ſides is ill-placed; Poetry and Criticiſm being by no means the univerſal concern of the world, but only the affair of idle men who write in their cloſets, and of idle men who read there.

Yet ſure, upon the whole, a bad Author deſerves better uſage than a bad Critic: for a Writer's endeavour, for the moſt part, is to pleaſe his Readers, and he fails merely through the misfortune of an ill judgment; but ſuch a Critic's is to put them out of

* In the former editions it was thus—*For as long as one ſide deſpiſes a well-meant endeavour, the other will not be ſatisfied with a moderate approbation.*—But the Author altered it, as theſe words were rather a conſequence from the concluſion he would draw, than the concluſion itſelf, which he has now inſerted. WARBURTON.

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humour; a deſign he could never go upon without both that and an ill temper.

I think a good deal may be ſaid to extenuate the fault of bad Poets. What we call a Genius, is hard to be diſtinguiſhed by a man himſelf, from a ſtrong inclination: and if his genius be ever ſo great, he cannot at firſt diſcover it any other way, than by giving way to that prevalent propenſity which renders him the more liable to be miſtaken. The only method he has is to make the experiment by writing, and appealing to the judgment of others: now if he happens to write ill, (which is certainly no ſin in itſelf,) he is immediately made an object of ridicule. I wiſh we had the humanity to reflect that even the worſt authors might, in their endeavour to pleaſe us, deſerve ſomething at our hands. We have no cauſe to quarrel with them but for their obſtinacy in perſiſting to write; and this too may admit of alleviating circumſtances. Their particular friends may be either ignorant, or inſincere; and the reſt of the world in general is too well-bred to ſhock them with a truth, which generally their Bookſellers are the firſt that inform them of. This happens not till they have ſpent too much of their time to apply to any profeſſion which might better fit their talents; and till ſuch talents as they have are ſo far diſcredited as to be but of ſmall ſervice to them. For (what is the hardeſt caſe imaginable) the reputation of a man generally depends upon the firſt ſteps he makes in the

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world; and people will eſtabliſh their opinion of us, from what we do at that ſeaſon when we have leaſt judgment to direct us.

On the other hand, a good Poet no ſooner communicates his works with the ſame deſire of information, but it is imagined he is a vain young creature given up to the ambition of fame; when perhaps the poor man is all the while trembling with the fear of being ridiculous. If he is made to hope he may pleaſe the world, he falls under very unlucky circumſtances: for, from the moment he prints, he muſt expect to hear no more truth, than if he were a Prince or a Beauty. If he has not very good ſenſe (and indeed there are twenty men of wit, for one man of ſenſe) his living thus in a courſe of flattery may put him in no ſmall danger of becoming a Coxcomb: if he has, he will conſequently have ſo much diffidence as not to reap any great ſatisfaction from his praiſe; ſince, if it be given to his face, it can ſcarce be diſtinguiſhed from flattery, and if in his abſence, it is hard to be certain of it. Were he ſure to be commended by the beſt and moſt knowing, he is as ſure of being envied by the worſt and moſt ignorant, which are the majority; for it is with a fine Genius as with a fine faſhion, all thoſe are diſpleaſed at it who are not able to follow it: and it is to be feared that eſteem will ſeldom do any man ſo much good, as ill-will does him harm. Then there is a third claſs of people, who make the largeſt

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part of mankind, thoſe of ordinary or indifferent capacities; and theſe (to a man) will hate, or ſuſpect him: a hundred honeſt gentlemen will dread him as a Wit, and a hundred innocent women as a Satiriſt. In a word, whatever be his fate in Poetry, it is ten to one but he muſt give up all the reaſonable aims of life for it. There are indeed ſome advantages accruing from a Genius to Poetry, and they are all I can think of: the agreeable power of ſelf-amuſement when a man is idle or alone; the privilege of being admitted into the beſt company*; and the freedom of ſaying as many careleſs things as other people, without being ſo ſeverely remarked upon.

* What is here ſaid of the privileges of the Poetic Character, will not, I believe, bear the teſt of truth and experience. Surely a Poet is not particularly allowed the "freedom of ſaying careleſs things," and his moral character and manners are to be eſtimated, as well as his talents, before he is entitled to a certain ſtation in ſociety. Let me however take this opportunity, and I do it with pride, of vindicating a reſpectable, and ſuperior claſs of men, the Engliſh Poets. A few eccentric characters among them, who have diſgraced their Genius, have been conſidered ſufficient to throw a ſhade upon the whole claſs.

But let us eſtimate their character fairly, and we ſhall find the ſons of true and original genius, in general, as highly elevated by their perſonal character, as by their talents. Need I mention the names of the "princely" and elegant Surrey, the amiable Spenſer, the great, and, bating his political prejudices, the ſeverely-moral, Milton, Pope, Addiſon, Thomſon, Young, Gray, Littelton, and many others, all of them as conſpicuous for their ſuperior virtues, moral character, and correct underſtanding, as for their high poetical endowments.

Hoc tribuiſſe, parum, non *tribuiſſe, ſcelus!*

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I believe, if any one, early in his life, ſhould contemplate the dangerous fate of authors *, he would ſcarce be of their number on any conſideration. The life of a Wit is a warfare upon earth; and the preſent ſpirit of the learned world is ſuch, that to attempt to ſerve it (any way) one muſt have the conſtancy of a martyr, and a reſolution to ſuffer for its ſake. I could wiſh people would believe, what I am pretty certain they will not, that I have been much leſs concerned about Fame than I durſt declare till this occaſion, when methinks I ſhould find more credit than I could heretofore: ſince my writings have had their fate already, and it is too late to think of prepoſſeſſing the reader in their favour. I would plead it as ſome merit in me, that the world has never been prepared for theſe Trifles by Prefaces †, biaſſed by recommendation, dazzled with the names of great patrons, wheedled with fine reaſons and pretences, or troubled with excuſes. I confeſs it was want of conſideration that made me an author; I writ becauſe it amuſed me; I corrected becauſe it was

* This fate and theſe dangers have been the ſubject of an ingenious epiſtle by the amiable Mr. Whitehead, The danger of writing Verſe; one of the happieſt imitations of our Author's didactic manner; in which are many particulars ſuggeſted or borrowed from this preface. J. WARTON.

† As was the practice of his maſter Dryden, who is ſeverely laſhed for this in the Tale of a Tub; and of as great a Genius P. Corneille, whoſe pieces of baſe adulation are a diſgrace to Poetry and Literature. Our Author was accuſtomed to mention Locke's dedication to Lord Pembroke with ſtrong marks of diſapprobation. J. WARTON.

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as pleaſant to me to correct as to write; and I publiſhed becauſe I was told, I might pleaſe ſuch as it was a credit to pleaſe. To what degree I have done this, I am really ignorant; I had too much fondneſs for my productions to judge of them at firſt, and too much judgment to be pleaſed with them at laſt. But I have reaſon to think they can have no reputation which will continue long, or which deſerves to do ſo: for they have always fallen ſhort * not only of what I read of others, but even of my own ideas of Poetry.

If any one ſhould imagine I am not in earneſt, I deſire him to reflect, that the Ancients (to ſay the leaſt of them) had as much Genius as we; and that to take more pains, and employ more time, cannot fail to produce more complete pieces. They conſtantly applied themſelves not only to that art, but to that ſingle branch of an art, to which their talent was moſt powerfully bent; and it was the buſineſs of their lives to correct and finiſh their works for poſterity. If we can pretend to have uſed the ſame induſtry, let us expect the ſame immortality: Tho' if we took the ſame care, we ſhould ſtill lie under a further misfortune: they writ in languages that be-

* Il n'y a preſque aucun de mes ouvrages dont je ſois content, & il y en a quelques uns que je voudrais n'avoir jamais faits, ſays Voltaire. J. WARTON.

If this ſentiment be real, and not affected, what a contraſt does it form to the dignified and lofty confidence of Milton;

Si quid meremur ſana poſteritas judicabit!

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came univerſal and everlaſting, while ours are extremely limited both in extent and in duration. A mighty foundation for our pride! when the utmoſt we can hope, is but to be read in one Iſland, and to be thrown aſide at the end of one Age.

All that is left us * is to recommend our productions by the imitation of the Ancients: and it will be found true,

* I have frequently heard Dr. Young ſpeak with great diſapprobation of the doctrine contained in this paſſage; with a view to which he wrote his diſcourſe on *Original Compoſition*; in which he ſays, "Would not Pope have ſucceeded better in an *original* attempt? Talents untried are talents unknown. All that I know is, that, contrary to theſe ſentiments, he was not only an avowed profeſſor of imitation, but a zealous recommender of it alſo. Nor could he recommend any thing better, except emulation, to thoſe who write. One of theſe, all writers muſt call to their aid; but aids they are of unequal repute. Imitation is inferiority confeſſed; emulation is ſuperiority conteſted or denied; imitation is ſervile, emulation generous; that fetters, this fires; that may give a name; this, a name immortal. This made Athens to ſucceeding ages the rule of taſte, and the ſtandard of perfection. Her men of genius ſtruck fire againſt each other; and kindled, by conflict, into glories, which no time ſhall extinguiſh. We thank Eſchylus for Sophocles, and Parrhaſius for Zeuxis; *Emulation* for both. That bids us fly the general fault of *imitators*; bids us not be ſtruck with the loud report of former fame, as with a knell, which damps the ſpirits; but, as with a trumpet, which inſpires ardour to rival the renowned, Emulation exhorts us, inſtead of learning our diſcipline for ever like raw troops, under ancient leaders in compoſition, to put thoſe laurelled veterans in ſome hazard of loſing their ſuperior poſts in glory. Such is Emulation's high-ſpirited advice, ſuch her immortalizing call. Pope would not hear, pre-engaged with imitation, which bleſſed him with all her charms. He choſe rather, with his nameſake of Greece, to triumph in the old world, than

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true, that in every age, the higheſt character for ſenſe and learning has been obtained by thoſe who have been moſt indebted to them. For, to ſay truth, whatever is very good ſenſe, muſt have been common ſenſe in all times; and what we call learning, is but the knowledge of the ſenſe of our predeceſſors. Therefore they who ſay our thoughts are not our own, becauſe they reſemble the Ancients, may as well ſay our faces are not our own, becauſe they are like our Fathers: And indeed it is very unreaſonable, that people ſhould expect us to be Scholars, and yet be angry to find us ſo.

I fairly confeſs that I have ſerved myſelf all I could by reading; that I made uſe of the judgment of authors dead and living; that I omitted no means in my power to be informed of my errors, both by my friends and enemies: But the true reaſon theſe pieces are not more correct, is owing to the conſideration how ſhort a time they, and I, have to

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than to look out for a new. His taſte partook the error of his religion; it denied not worſhip to ſaints and angels; that is, to writers, who, canonized for ages, have received their apotheoſis from eſtabliſhed and univerſal fame." It might, perhaps, have been replied to Young; you, indeed, have given us a conſiderable number of original thoughts in your works, but they would have been more chaſte and correct if you had imitated the ancients more. There are entertaining diſſertations on plagiariſms and borrowing in Le Motthe le Vayer, tom. ii. 344.

The opinion of Longinus deſerves our attention. Ἐςὶ δ' οὐ κλοπὴ το πραγμα. ἀλλ', ὡς ἀπὸ καλῶν ἠθῶν, ἢ πλασμάτων, ἢ δημιουργημάτων ἀπεθύπωσις. Sect. 13. p. 88. edit. Pearce. Of this opinion alſo were Addiſon and Boileau. J. WARTON.

live:

live: One may be ashamed to consume half one's days in bringing sense and rhyme together: and what Critic can be so unreasonable, as not to leave a man time enough for any more serious employment, or more agreeable amusement?

The only plea I shall use for the favour of the public, is, that I have as great a respect for it, as most authors have for themselves; and that I have sacrificed much of my own self-love for its sake, in preventing not only many mean things from seeing the light, but many which I thought tolerable. I would not be like those Authors, who forgive themselves some particular lines for the sake of a whole Poem, and vice versa a whole Poem for the sake of some particular lines. I believe no one qualification is so likely to make a good writer, as the power of rejecting his own thoughts; and it must be this (if any thing) that can give me a chance to be one. For what I have published, I can only hope to be pardoned; but for what I have burned, I deserve to be praised. On this account the world is under some obligation to me, and owes me the justice in return, to look upon no verses as mine that are not inserted in this collection*. And perhaps nothing could make it worth my while to own what are really so, but to avoid the imputation of so many

* This fair and honest statement should surely have prevented the admission of many things, which have been inserted, in Pope's Works, contrary to his own intentions.

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dull and immoral things, as partly by malice, and partly by ignorance, have been aſcribed to me. I muſt further acquit myſelf of the preſumption of having lent my name to recommend any Miſcellanies, or Works of other men; a thing I never thought becoming a Perſon who has hardly credit enough to anſwer for his own.

In this office of collecting my pieces, I am altogether uncertain, whether to look upon myſelf as a man building a monument, or burying the dead.

If Time ſhall make it the former, may theſe Poems (as long as they laſt) remain as a teſtimony, that their Author never made his talents ſubſervient to the mean and unworthy ends of Party or Self-intereſt; the gratification of public prejudices, or private paſſions; the flattery of the undeſerving, or the inſult of the unfortunate. If I have written well, let it be conſidered that 'tis what no man can do without good ſenſe, a quality that not only renders one capable of being a good writer, but a good man. And if I have made any acquiſition in the opinion of any one under the notion of the former, let it be continued to me under no other title than that of the latter.

But if this publication be only a more ſolemn funeral of my remains, I deſire it may be known that I die in charity, and in my ſenſes; without any murmurs againſt the juſtice of this age, or any mad appeals

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appeals to poſterity. I declare I ſhall think the world in the right, and quietly ſubmit to every truth which time ſhall diſcover to the prejudice of theſe writings; not ſo much as wiſhing ſo irrational a thing, as that every body ſhould be deceived merely for my credit. However, I deſire it may then be conſidered, That there are very few things in this collection which were not written under the age of five-and-twenty: ſo that my youth may be made (as it never fails to be in Executions) a caſe of compaſſion. That I was never ſo concerned about my works as to vindicate them in print, believing, if any thing was good, it would defend itſelf, and what was bad could never be defended. That I uſed no artifice to raiſe or continue a reputation, depreciated no dead author I was obliged to, bribed no living one with unjuſt praiſe, inſulted no adverſary * with ill language; or, when I could not attack

* Dr. Warton ſays "this was written in 1716; did our author recollect it in 1729?" Who can help grieving, indeed, for the weakneſs of our beſt reſolutions, when we reflect that the heart and hand which dictated and wrote theſe manly ſentiments, ſhould be capable of nouriſhing reſentment, and directing the ſhafts of increaſing hoſtility, againſt a female, once the object of tenderneſs and reſpect. I allude to the lines on lady M. W. Montagu, which no provocation could juſtify. Nothing, however, can be more juſt and beautiful, than the ſentiments and language of the author conveyed in this paſſage. If he departed from them in his more advanced age, let us attribute ſomething to the irritation of ſickneſs and bodily infirmity, to the diſappointments which increaſing years neceſſarily bring; to warmth of feelings unreturned, and to ideas of unkind treatment exaggerated, by a mind too refined in its ſenſations of wrong.

a Rival's

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a Rival's works, encouraged reports againſt his Morals. To conclude, if this volume periſh, let it ſerve as a warning to the Critics, not to take too much pains for the future to deſtroy ſuch things as will die of themſelves; and a Memento mori to ſome of my vain contemporaries the Poets, to teach them that, when real merit is wanting, it avails nothing to have been encouraged by the great, commended by the eminent, and favoured by the public in general *.

Nov. 10, 1716.

* I cannot forbear adding how excellently well written is Cowley's preface to his works, folio, 1659; and how much ſuperior it is to Sprat's Life of that amiable Author. Both Cowley and Spenſer wrote proſe excellently. J. WARTON.

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VARIATIONS

IN THE

AUTHOR'S MANUSCRIPT PREFACE.

AFTER p. 5. l. 13. it followed thus—For my part, I confeſs, had I ſeen things in this view at firſt, the public had never been troubled either with my writings, or with this apology for them. I am ſenſible how difficult it is to ſpeak of one's ſelf with decency: but when a man muſt ſpeak of himſelf, the beſt way is to ſpeak truth of himſelf, or, he may depend upon it, others will do it for him. I'll therefore make this Preface a general confeſſion of all my thoughts of my own Poetry, reſolving with the ſame freedom to expoſe myſelf, as it is in the power of any other to expoſe them. In the firſt place, I thank God and nature, that I was born with a love to poetry*; for nothing more conduces to fill up all the intervals of our time, or, if rightly uſed, to make the whole courſe of life entertaining: Cantantes licet uſque (minus via lædet). 'Tis a vaſt happineſs to poſſeſs the plea-

* But at the concluſion of his tranſlation of the Iliad, he contradicts this ſentiment, by applying to himſelf a paſſage of M. Antoninus. J. WARTON.

ſures

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ſures of the head, the only pleaſures in which a man is ſufficient to himſelf, and the only part of him which, to his ſatisfaction, he can employ all day long. The Muſes are amicæ omnium horarum; and, like our gay acquaintance, the beſt company in the world as long as one expects no real ſervice from them. I confeſs there was a time when I was in love with myſelf, and my firſt productions were the children of ſelf-love upon innocence. I had made an Epic Poem, and Panegyrics on all the Princes in Europe, and thought myſelf the greateſt genius that ever was. I can't but regret thoſe delightful viſions of my childhood, which, like the fine colours we ſee when our eyes are ſhut, are vaniſhed for ever. Many trials and ſad experience have ſo undeceived me by degrees, that I am utterly at a loſs at what rate to value myſelf. As for fame, I ſhall be glad of any I can get, and not repine at any I miſs; and as for vanity, I have enough to keep me from hanging myſelf, or even from wiſhing thoſe hanged who would take it away. It was this that made me write. The ſenſe of my faults made me correct: beſides that it was as pleaſant to me to correct as to write.

At p. 9. l. 12.—In the firſt place I own that I have uſed my beſt endeavours to the finiſhing theſe pieces. That I made what advantage I could of the judgment of authors dead and living; and that I omitted no means in my power to be informed of my

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my errors by my friends and my enemies: And that I expect no favour on account of my youth, buſineſs, want of health, or any ſuch idle excuſes. But the true reaſon they are not yet more correct is owing to the conſideration how ſhort a time they, and I, have to live. A man that can expect but ſixty years may be aſhamed to employ thirty in meaſuring ſyllables and bringing ſenſe and rhyme together. We ſpend our youth in purſuit of riches or fame, in hopes to enjoy them when we are old, and when we are old, we find it is too late to enjoy any thing. I therefore hope the Wits will pardon me, if I reſerve ſome of my time to ſave my ſoul; and that ſome wiſe men will be of my opinion, even if I ſhould think a part of it better ſpent in the enjoyments of life than in pleaſing the critics.

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ON MR. POPE AND HIS POEMS,

BY HIS GRACE

JOHN SHEFFIELD,

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

WITH Age decay'd, with Courts and bus'neſs tir'd,
Caring for nothing but what Eaſe requir'd;
Too dully ſerious for the Muſe's ſport,
And from the Critics ſafe arriv'd in Port;
I little thought of launching forth agen,
Amidſt advent'rous Rovers of the Pen:
And after ſo much undeſerv'd ſucceſs,
Thus hazarding at laſt to make it leſs.
Encomiums ſuit not this cenſorious time,
Itſelf a ſubject for ſatiric rhyme;
Ignorance honour'd, Wit and Worth defam'd,
Folly triumphant, and ev'n Homer blam'd!
But to this Genius, join'd with ſo much Art,
Such various Learning mix'd in ev'ry part,
Poets are bound a loud applauſe to pay;
Apollo bids it, and they muſt obey.
And yet ſo wonderful, ſublime a thing
As the great ILIAD, ſcarce could make me ſing;
Except I juſtly could at once commend
A good Companion, and as firm a Friend.
One moral, or a mere well-natur'd deed
Can all deſert in Sciences exceed.

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'Tis great delight to laugh at ſome men's ways,
But a much greater to give Merit praiſe.

TO MR. POPE,

ON HIS PASTORALS.

In theſe more dull, as more cenſorious days,
When few dare give, and fewer merit praiſe,
A Muſe ſincere, that never Flatt'ry knew,
Pays what to friendſhip and deſert is due.
Young, yet judicious; in your verſe are found
Art ſtrength'ning Nature, Senſe improv'd by Sound.
Unlike thoſe Wits, whoſe numbers glide along
So ſmooth, no thought e'er interrupts the ſong:
Laborioufly enervate they appear,
And write not to the head, but to the ear:
Our minds unmov'd and unconcern'd they lull,
And are at beſt moſt muſically dull:
So purling ſtreams with even murmurs creep,
And huſh the heavy hearers into ſleep.
As ſmootheſt ſpeech is moſt deceitful found,
The ſmootheſt numbers oft are empty ſound.
But Wit and Judgment join at once in you,
Sprightly as Youth, as Age conſummate too:
Your ſtrains are regularly bold, and pleaſe
With unforc'd care, and unaffected eaſe,
With proper thoughts, and lively images:

Such

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Such as by Nature to the Ancients ſhewn,
Fancy improves, and judgment makes your own:
For great men's faſhions to be follow'd are,
Altho' diſgraceful 'tis their clothes to wear.
Some in a poliſh'd ſtyle write Paſtoral,
Arcadia ſpeaks the language of the Mall;
Like ſome fair Shepherdeſs, the Sylvan Muſe
Should wear thoſe flow'rs her native fields produce;
And the true meaſure of the Shepherd's wit
Should, like his garb, be for the Country fit:
Yet muſt his pure and unaffected thought
More nicely than the common ſwains be wrought.
So, with becoming art, the Players dreſs,
In ſilks the ſhepherd, and the ſhepherdeſs;
Yet ſtill unchang'd the form and mode remain,
Shap'd like the homely ruſſet of the ſwain.
Your rural Muſe appears to juſtify
The long loſt graces of Simplicity:
So rural beauties captivate our ſenſe
With virgin charms, and native excellence.
Yet long her Modeſty thoſe charms conceal'd,
'Till by men's Envy to the world reveal'd;
For Wits induſtrious to their trouble ſeem,
And needs will envy what they muſt eſteem.
Live and enjoy their ſpite! nor mourn that fate,
Which would, if Virgil liv'd, on Virgil wait;

VER. 28. *Sylvan Muſe*] From Boileau's Art of Poetry, Chant. 2. l. 1.

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Whoſe Muſe did once, like thine, in plains delight;
Thine ſhall, like his, ſoon take a higher flight;
So Larks, which firſt from lowly fields ariſe,
Mount by degrees, and reach at laſt the ſkies.

W. WYCHERLEY.

TO MR. POPE,

ON HIS WINDSOR-FOREST.

HAIL, ſacred Bard! a Muſe unknown before
Salutes thee from the bleak Atlantic ſhore.
To our dark world thy ſhining page is ſhown,
And Windſor's gay retreat becomes our own.
The Eaſtern pomp had juſt beſpoke our care,
And India pour'd her gaudy treaſures here:
A various ſpoil adorn'd our naked land,
The pride of Perſia glitter'd on our ſtrand,
And China's Earth was caſt on common ſand:
Toſs'd up and down the gloſſy fragments lay,
And dreſs'd the rocky ſhelves, and pav'd the painted bay.
Thy treaſures next arriv'd: and now we boaſt
A nobler cargo on our barren coaſt:
From thy luxuriant Foreſt we receive
More laſting glories than the Eaſt can give.
Where-e'er we dip in thy delightful page,
What pompous ſcenes our buſy thoughts engage!
The pompous ſcenes in all their pride appear,
Freſh in the page, as in the grove they were.

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Nor half ſo true the fair Lodona ſhows
The ſylvan ſtate that on her border grows,
While ſhe the wand'ring ſhepherd entertains
With a new Windſor in her wat'ry plains;
Thy juſter lays the lucid wave ſurpaſs,
The living ſcene is in the Muſe's glaſs.
Nor ſweeter notes the echoing foreſts cheer,
When Philomela ſits and warbles there,
Than when you ſing the greens and op'ning glades,
And give us Harmony as well as Shades:
A *Titian*'s hand might draw the grove, but you
Can paint the grove, and add the Muſic too.
With vaſt variety thy pages ſhine;
A new creation ſtarts in ev'ry line.
How ſudden trees riſe to the reader's ſight,
And make a doubtful ſcene of ſhade and light,
And give at once the day, at once the night!
And here again what ſweet confuſion reigns,
In dreary deſerts mix'd with painted plains!
And ſee! the deſerts caſt a pleaſing gloom,
And ſhrubby heaths rejoice in purple bloom:
Whilſt fruitful crops riſe by their barren ſide,
And bearded groves diſplay their annual pride.
Happy the man, who ſtrings his tuneful lyre,
Where woods, and brooks, and breathing fields inſpire!
Thrice happy thou! and worthy beſt to dwell
Amidſt the rural joys you ſing ſo well.

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I in a cold, and in a barren clime,
Cold as my thought, and barren as my rhime,
Here on the Weſtern beach attempt to chime.
O joyleſs flood! O rough tempeſtuous main!
Border'd with weeds, and ſolitudes obſcene!
Snatch me, ye Gods! from theſe *Atlantic* ſhores,
And ſhelter me in *Windſor*'s fragrant bow'rs;
Or to my much lov'd *Iſis*' walks convey,
And on her flow'ry banks for ever lay.
Thence let me view the venerable ſcene,
The awful dome, the groves eternal green:
Where ſacred *Hough* long found his fam'd retreat,
And brought the Muſes to the ſylvan ſeat,
Reform'd the wits, unlock'd the Claſſic ſtore,
And made that Muſic which was noiſe before.
There with illuſtrious Bards I ſpent my days,
Nor free from cenſure, nor unknown to praiſe,
Enjoy'd the bleſſings that his reign beſtow'd,
Nor envy'd *Windſor* in the ſoft abode.
The golden minutes ſmoothly danc'd away,
And tuneful Bards beguil'd the tedious day:
They ſung, nor ſung in vain, with numbers fir'd
That *Maro* taught, or *Addiſon* inſpir'd.
Ev'n I eſſay'd to touch the trembling ſtring:
Who could hear them, and not attempt to ſing?
Rouz'd from theſe dreams by thy commanding ſtrain,
I riſe and wander through the field or plain;

Led

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Led by thy Muſe from ſport to ſport I run,
Mark the ſtretch'd line, or hear the thund'ring gun.
Ah! how I melt with pity, when I ſpy
On the cold earth the flutt'ring Pheaſant lie;
His gaudy robes in dazzling lines appear,
And every feather ſhines and varies there.
Nor can I paſs the gen'rous courſer by,
But while the prancing ſteed allures my eye,
He ſtarts, he's gone! and now I ſee him fly
O'er hills and dales, and now I loſe the courſe,
Nor can the rapid ſight purſue the flying horſe.
Oh could thy *Virgil* from his orb look down,
He'd view a courſer that might match his own!
Fir'd with the ſport, and eager for the chace,
Lodona's murmurs ſtop me in the race.
Who can refuſe *Lodona*'s melting tale?
The ſoft complaint ſhall over time prevail;
The Tale be told, when ſhades forſake her ſhore,
The Nymph be ſung, when ſhe can flow no more.
Nor ſhall thy ſong, old *Thames!* forbear to ſhine,
At once the ſubject and the ſong divine.
Peace, ſung by thee, ſhall pleaſe ev'n *Britons* more
Than all their ſhouts for Victory before.
Oh! could *Britannia* imitate thy ſtream,
The World ſhould tremble at her awful name:
From various ſprings divided waters glide,
In diff'rent colours roll a diff'rent tide,
Murmur along their crooked banks a while,
At once they murmur and enrich the Iſle;

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A while distinct through many channels run,
But meet at last, and sweetly flow in one;
There joy to lose their long-distinguish'd names,
And make one glorious, and immortal *Thames*.

FR. KNAPP.

TO MR. POPE,

IN IMITATION OF A GREEK EPIGRAM ON HOMER.

WHEN *Phoebus*, and the nine harmonious maids,
Of old assembled in the *Thespian* shades;
What theme, they cry'd, what high immortal air,
Befit these harps to sound, and thee to hear?
Reply'd the God; "Your loftiest notes employ,
"To sing young *Peleus*, and the fall of *Troy*."
The wond'rous song with rapture they rehearse;
Then ask who wrought that miracle of verse?
He answer'd with a frown; "I now reveal
"A truth, that envy bids me not conceal:
"Retiring frequent to this Laureat vale,
"I warbled to the Lyre that fav'rite tale,

VER. 1. *When Phoebus,*] By far the most elegant and best turned compliment of all addressed to our Author; happily borrowed from that fine Greek epigram in the Anthologia, p. 30, and most gracefully applied;

Ἡσιοδον μὲν Ἐγὼν ἐχάρασσε δὲ θεῖος Ὅμηρος.

Fenton was the best Greek scholar of all our Author's poetical friends. Boileau also imitated this epigram. WARTON.

"Which,

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" Which, unobſerv'd, a wand'ring *Greek* and blind,
" Heard me repeat, and treaſur'd in his mind;
" And fir'd with thirſt of more than mortal praiſe,
" From me, the God of Wit, uſurp'd the bays.
" But let vain *Greece* indulge her growing fame,
" Proud with celeſtial ſpoils to grace her name;
" Yet when my Arts ſhall triumph in the Weſt,
" And the white Iſle with female pow'r is bleſt;
" Fame, I foreſee, will make repriſals there,
" And the Tranſlator's Palm to me transfer.
" With leſs regret my claim I now decline,
" The World will think his *Engliſh Iliad* mine."

E. FENTON.

TO MR. POPE.

TO praiſe, and ſtill with juſt reſpect to praiſe
A Bard triumphant in immortal bays,
The Learn'd to ſhow, the Senſible commend,
Yet ſtill preſerve the province of the Friend;
What life, what vigour muſt the lines require?
What Muſic tune them, what Affection fire?
O might thy Genius in my boſom ſhine;
Thou ſhould'ſt not fail of numbers worthy thine:
The brighteſt Ancients might at once agree
To ſing within my lays, and ſing of thee.
Horace himſelf would own thou doſt excel
In candid arts to play the Critic well.

Ovid

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Ovid himſelf might wiſh to ſing the Dame
Whom Windſor Foreſt ſees a gliding ſtream:
On ſilver feet, with annual Oſier crown'd,
She runs for ever through Poetic ground.
How flame the glories of Belinda's Hair,
Made by thy Muſe the envy of the Fair?
Leſs ſhone the treſſes Egypt's Princeſs wore,
Which ſweet Callimachus ſo ſung before.
Here courtly trifles ſet the world at odds;
Belles war with Beaus, and Whims deſcend for Gods.
The new Machines, in names of ridicule,
Mock the grave phrenzy of the Chemic fool.
But know, ye Fair, a point conceal'd with art,
The Sylphs and Gnomes are but a Woman's heart.
The Graces ſtand in ſight; a Satire-train
Peeps o'er their head, and laughs behind the ſcene.
In Fame's fair Temple, o'er the boldeſt wits
Inſhrin'd on high the ſacred Virgil ſits;
And ſits in meaſures ſuch as Virgil's Muſe
To place thee near him might be fond to chuſe.
How might he tune th' alternate reed with thee,
Perhaps a Strephon thou, a Daphnis he;
While ſome old Damon, o'er the vulgar wiſe,
Thinks he deſerves, and thou deſerv'ſt the Prize?
Rapt with the thought, my fancy ſeeks the plains,
And turns me ſhepherd while I hear the ſtrains.
Indulgent nurſe of ev'ry tender gale,
Parent of flowrets, old Arcadia, hail!

Here

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Here in the cool my limbs at eaſe I ſpread,
Here let thy poplars whiſper o'er my head:
Still ſlide thy waters, ſoft among the trees,
Thy aſpins quiver in a breathing breeze!
Smile, all ye valleys, in eternal ſpring,
Be huſh'd, ye winds, while Pope and Virgil ſing.
In Engliſh lays, and all ſublimely great,
Thy Homer warms with all his ancient heat;
He ſhines in Council, thunders in the Fight,
And flames with ev'ry ſenſe of great delight.
Long has that Poet reign'd, and long unknown,
Like Monarchs ſparkling on a diſtant throne;
In all the Majeſty of Greek retir'd;
Himſelf unknown, his mighty name admir'd;
His language failing, wrapt him round with night;
Thine, rais'd by thee, recalls the work to light.
So wealthy Mines, that ages long before
Fed the large realms around with golden Ore,
When choak'd by ſinking banks, no more appear,
And ſhepherds only ſay, *The mines were here:*
Should ſome rich youth (if nature warm his heart,
And all his projects ſtand inform'd with art)
Here clear the caves, there ope the leading vein;
The mines detected flame with gold again.
How vaſt, how copious, are thy new deſigns!
How ev'ry Muſic varies in thy lines!

VER. 50. *And flames*] A very poor unmeaning line, and unworthy the ſenſible and elegant Parnell! WARTON.

Still,

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Still, as I read, I feel my boſom beat,
And riſe in raptures by another's heat.
Thus in the wood, when ſummer dreſs'd the days,
While Windſor lent us tuneful hours of eaſe,
Our ears the lark, the thruſh, the turtle bleſt,
And Philomela ſweeteſt o'er the reſt:
The ſhades reſound with ſong—O ſoftly tread,
While a whole ſeaſon warbles round my head.
This to my Friend—and when a friend inſpires,
My ſilent harp its maſter's hand requires;
Shakes off the duſt, and makes theſe rocks reſound;
For fortune plac'd me in unfertile ground;
Far from the joys that with my ſoul agree,
From wit, from learning—very far from thee.
Here moſs-grown trees expand the ſmalleſt leaf;
Here half an acre's corn is half a ſheaf;
Here hills with naked heads the tempeſt meet,
Rocks at their ſides, and torrents at their feet;
Or lazy lakes unconſcious of a flood,
Whoſe dull brown Naiads ever ſleep in mud.
Yet here Content can dwell, and learned Eaſe,
A Friend delight me, and an Author pleaſe;
Ev'n here I ſing, when POPE ſupplies the theme,
Shew my own love, tho' not increaſe his fame.

T. PARNELL.

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TO MR. POPE.

LET vulgar ſouls triumphal arches raiſe,
Or ſpeaking marbles, to record their praiſe;
And picture (to the voice of Fame unknown)
The mimic Feature on the breathing ſtone;
Mere mortals; ſubject to death's total ſway,
Reptiles of earth, and beings of a day!
'Tis thine, on ev'ry heart to grave thy praiſe,
A monument which Worth alone can raiſe:
Sure to ſurvive, when time ſhall whelm in duſt
The arch, the marble, and the mimic buſt:
Nor till the volumes of th' expanded ſky
Blaze in one flame, ſhalt thou and Homer die:
Then ſink together in the world's laſt fires,
What heav'n created, and what heav'n inſpires.
If aught on earth, when once this breath is fled,
With human tranſport touch the mighty dead,
Shakeſpear, rejoice! his hand thy page refines;
Now ev'ry ſcene with native brightneſs ſhines;
Juſt to thy fame, he gives thy genuine thought;
So Tully publiſh'd what Lucretius wrote;
Prun'd by his care, thy laurels loftier grow,
And bloom afreſh on thy immortal brow.
Thus when thy draughts, O Raphael! time invades,
And the bold figure from the canvas fades,

VER. 17.—*thy page*] This was a compliment our author could not take much pleaſure in reading; for he could not value himſelf on his edition of Shakeſpear. WARTON.

A rival

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A rival hand recalls from ev'ry part
Some latent grace, and equals art with art;
Tranſported we ſurvey the dubious ſtrife,
While each fair image ſtarts again to life.

How long, untun'd, had Homer's ſacred lyre
Jarr'd grating diſcord, all extinct his fire?
This you beheld; and taught by heav'n to ſing,
Call'd the loud muſic from the ſounding ſtring.
Now wak'd from ſlumbers of three thouſand years,
Once more Achilles in dread pomp appears,
Tow'rs o'er the field of death; as fierce he turns,
Keen flaſh his arms, and all the Hero burns;
With martial ſtalk, and more than mortal might,
He ſtrides along, and meets the Gods in fight:
Then the pale Titans, chain'd on burning floors,
Start at the din that rends th' infernal ſhores,
Tremble the tow'rs of Heav'n, earth rocks her coaſts,
And gloomy Pluto ſhakes with all his ghoſts.
To ev'ry theme reſponds thy various lay;
Here rolls a torrent, there Meanders play;
Sonorous as the ſtorm thy numbers riſe,
Toſs the wild waves, and thunder in the ſkies;
Or ſofter than a yielding virgin's ſigh,
The gentle breezes breathe away and die.
Thus, like the radiant God who ſheds the day,
You paint the vale, or gild the azure way;
And while with ev'ry theme the verſe complies,
Sink without grov'ling, without raſhneſs riſe.

Proceed,

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Proceed, great Bard! awake th' harmonious ſtring,
Be ours all Homer! ſtill Ulyſſes ſing.
How long [a] that Hero, by unſkilful hands,
Stripp'd of his robes, a beggar trod our lands?
Such as he wander'd o'er his native coaſt,
Shrunk by the wand, and all the warrior loſt:
O'er his ſmooth ſkin a bark of wrinkles ſpread;
Old age diſgrac'd the honours of his head;
Nor longer in his heavy eye-ball ſhin'd
The glance divine, forth-beaming from the mind.
But you, like Pallas, ev'ry limb infold
With royal robes, and bid him ſhine in gold;
Touch'd by your hand his manly frame improves
With grace divine, and like a God he moves.
Ev'n I, the meaneſt of the Muſes' train,
Inflam'd by thee, attempt a nobler ſtrain;
Advent'rous waken the Mæonian lyre,
Tun'd by your hand, and ſing as you inſpire:
So arm'd by great Achilles for the fight,
Patroclus conquer'd in Achilles' right:
Like theirs, our Friendſhip! and I boaſt my name
To thine united—for thy Friendſhip's Fame.
This labour paſt, of heav'nly ſubjects ſing,
While hov'ring angels liſten on the wing,
To hear from earth ſuch heart-felt raptures riſe,
As, when they ſing, ſuſpended hold the Skies:
Or nobly riſing in fair Virtue's cauſe,
From thy own life tranſcribe th' unerring laws:

[a] Odyſſey, lib. xvi.

Teach

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Teach a bad world beneath her ſway to bend:
To verſe like thine fierce ſavages attend,
And men more fierce: when Orpheus tunes the lay
Ev'n fiends relenting hear their rage away.

W. BROOME.

TO MR. POPE,

ON THE PUBLISHING HIS WORKS.

HE comes, he comes! bid ev'ry Bard prepare
The ſong of triumph, and attend his Car.
Great Sheffield's Muſe the long proceſſion heads,
And throws a luſtre o'er the pomp ſhe leads,
Firſt gives the Palm ſhe fir'd him to obtain,
Crowns his gay brow, and ſhews him how to reign.
Thus young Alcides, by old Chiron taught,
Was form'd for all the miracles he wrought:
Thus Chiron did the youth he taught applaud,
Pleas'd to behold the earneſt of a God.
But hark, what ſhouts, what gath'ring crouds rejoice!
Unſtain'd their praiſe by any venal Voice.
Such as th' Ambitious vainly think their due,
When Proſtitutes, or needy Flatt'rers ſue.
And ſee the Chief! before him laurels born;
Trophies from undeſerving temples torn;
Here Rage enchain'd reluctant raves, and there
Pale Envy dumb, and ſick'ning with deſpair,

Prone

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Prone to the earth ſhe bends her loathing eye,
Weak to ſupport the blaze of majeſty.
But what are they that turn the ſacred page?
Three lovely Virgins, and of equal age;
Intent they read, and all enamour'd ſeem,
As he that met his likeneſs in the ſtream:
The GRACES theſe; and ſee how they contend,
Who moſt ſhall praiſe, who beſt ſhall recommend.
The Chariot now the painful ſteep aſcends,
The Pæans ceaſe; thy glorious labour ends.
Here fix'd, the bright eternal Temple ſtands,
Its proſpect an unbounded view commands:
Say, wond'rous youth, what Column wilt thou chuſe,
What laurell'd Arch for thy triumphant Muſe?
Tho' each great Ancient court thee to his ſhrine,
Tho' ev'ry Laurel through the dome be thine,
(From the proud Epic, down to thoſe that ſhade
The gentler brow of the ſoft Leſbian maid)
Go to the Good and Juſt, an awful train,
Thy ſoul's delight, and glory of the Fane:
While through the earth thy dear remembrance flies,
" Sweet to the World, and grateful to the ſkies."

SIMON HARCOURT.

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TO MR. POPE.

From Rome, 1730.

IMMORTAL Bard! for whom each Muſe has wove
The faireſt garlands of th' Aonian grove;
Preſerv'd, our drooping Genius to reſtore,
When Addiſon and Congreve are no more;
After ſo many ſtars extinct in night,
The darken'd age's laſt remaining light!
To thee from Latian realms this verſe is writ,
Inſpir'd by memory of ancient Wit:
For now no more theſe climes their influence boaſt,
Fall'n is their glory, and their virtue loſt:
From Tyrants, and from Prieſts, the Muſes fly,
Daughters of Reaſon and of Liberty.
Nor Baiæ now, nor Umbria's plain they love,
Nor on the banks of Nar, or Mincio rove;
To Thames's flow'ry borders they retire,
And kindle in thy breaſt the Roman fire.
So in the ſhades, where chear'd with ſummer rays
Melodious linnets warbled ſprightly lays,
Soon as the faded, falling leaves complain
Of gloomy winter's unauſpicious reign,
No tuneful voice is heard of joy or love,
But mournful ſilence ſaddens all the grove.
Unhappy Italy! whoſe alter'd ſtate
Has felt the worſt ſeverity of Fate:

Not

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Not that Barbarian hands her Faſces broke,
And bow'd her haughty neck beneath their yoke;
Nor that her palaces to earth are thrown,
Her Cities deſert, and her fields unſown;
But that her ancient Spirit is decay'd,
That ſacred Wiſdom from her bounds is fled,
That there the ſource of Science flows no more,
Whence its rich ſtreams ſupply'd the world before.

Illuſtrious Names! that once in Latium ſhin'd,
Born to inſtruct, and to command Mankind;
Chiefs, by whoſe Virtue mighty Rome was rais'd,
And Poets, who thoſe Chiefs ſublimely prais'd!
Oft I the traces you have left explore,
Your aſhes viſit, and your urns adore;
Oft kiſs, with lips devout, ſome mould'ring ſtone,
With ivy's venerable ſhade o'ergrown;
Thoſe hallow'd ruins better pleas'd to ſee
Than all the pomp of modern Luxury.

As late on Virgil's tomb freſh flow'rs I ſtrow'd,
While with th' inſpiring Muſe my boſom glow'd,
Crown'd with eternal bays my raviſh'd eyes
Beheld the Poet's awful Form ariſe:
Stranger, he ſaid, whoſe pious hand has paid
Theſe grateful rites to my attentive ſhade,
When thou ſhalt breathe thy happy native air,
To Pope this meſſage from his Maſter bear:

" Great Bard! whoſe numbers I myſelf inſpire,
To whom I gave my own harmonious lyre,

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If high exalted on the Throne of Wit,
Near Me and Homer thou aſpire to ſit,
No more let meaner Satire dim the rays
That flow majeſtic from thy nobler Bays;
In all the flow'ry paths of Pindus ſtray,
But ſhun that thorny, that unpleaſing way;
Nor, when each ſoft engaging Muſe is thine,
Addreſs the leaſt attractive of the Nine.

Of thee more worthy were the taſk to raiſe
A laſting Column to thy Country's Praiſe,
To ſing the Land, which yet alone can boaſt
That Liberty corrupted Rome has loſt;
Where Science in the arms of Peace is laid;
And plants her Palm beneath the Olive's ſhade.
Such was the Theme for which my lyre I ſtrung,
Such was the People whoſe exploits I ſung;
Brave, yet refin'd, for Arms and Arts renown'd,
With diff'rent bays by Mars and Phœbus crown'd,
Dauntleſs oppoſers of Tyrannic Sway,
But pleas'd, a mild AUGUSTUS to obey.

If theſe commands ſubmiſſive thou receive,
Immortal and unblam'd thy name ſhall live;
Envy to black Cocytus ſhall retire,
And howl with Furies in tormenting fire;

VER. 60. Warton prefers Fenton's verſes, but in my opinion, theſe lines of Lord Lyttelton are much ſuperior to all the other recommendatory verſes, as elegant, and correct in themſelves, as the ſentiments they convey appear ſincere, and worthy an ingenuous, cultivated, and liberal mind. There is a ſmall inaccuracy in one or two expreſſions, and perhaps it would have been better if Virgil's ſpeech had formed the concluſion.

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Approving Time ſhall conſecrate thy Lays,
And join the Patriot's with the Poet's Praiſe."

GEORGE LYTTELTON.

TO MR. POPE,

ON HIS TRANSLATION OF HOMER's ILIAD.

'TIS true, what fam'd Pythagoras maintain'd,
That ſouls departed in new bodies reign'd:
We muſt approve the doctrine, ſince we ſee
The ſoul of god-like Homer breathe in thee.
Old Ennius firſt, then Virgil felt her fires;
But now a Britiſh Poet ſhe inſpires.
To you, O Pope! the lineal right extends,
To you th' hereditary muſe deſcends.
At a vaſt diſtance we of Homer heard,
Till you brought in, and nat'raliz'd the Bard;
Bade him our Engliſh rights and freedom claim,
His voice, his habit, and his air the ſame.
Now in the mighty Stranger we rejoice,
And Britain thanks thee, with a public voice.
See! too, the Poet, a majeſtic ſhade,
Lifts up in awful pomp his laurel'd head,
To thank his Succeſſor, who ſets him free
From the vile hands of Hobbs and Ogilby;
Who vext his venerable Aſhes more,
Than his ungrateful Greece, the living Bard before.

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While Homer's thoughts in thy bold lines are
shown,
Tho' worlds contend, we claim him for our own;
Our blooming boys proud Ilion's fate bewail;
Our lifping babes repeat the dreadful tale,
Ev'n in their ſlumbers they purſue the theme,
Start, and enjoy a fight in ev'ry dream.
By turns the Chief and Bard their ſouls inflame,
And ev'ry little boſom beats for fame.
Thus ſhall they learn (as future times will ſee)
From Him to conquer, or to write from Thee.
In ev'ry hand we ſee the glorious ſong,
And Homer is the Theme of every tongue.
Parties in State poetic ſchemes employ,
And Whig and Tory ſide with Greece and Troy;
Neglect their feuds; and ſeem more zealous grown
To puſh thoſe countries Intereſts, than their own.
Our buſieſt Politicians have forgot
How Sommers counſel'd, and how Marlbro' fought;
But o'er their ſettling coffee gravely tell,
What Neſtor ſpoke, and how brave Hector fell.
Our ſofteſt Beaux and Coxcombs you inſpire,
With Glaucus' courage, and Achilles' fire.
Now they reſent affronts which once they bore,
And draw thoſe ſwords that ne'er were drawn before;
Nay, ev'n our Belles inform'd how Homer writ,
Learn thence to criticize on modern Wit.
Let the mad Critics to their ſide engage
The envy, pride, and dulneſs of the age;

In

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In vain they curſe, in vain they pine and mourn,
Back on themſelves their arrows will return:
Whoe'er would thy eſtabliſh'd fame deface,
Are but immortaliz'd to their diſgrace;
Live, and enjoy their ſpite, and ſhare that fate,
Which would, if Homer liv'd, on Homer wait.

And lo! his ſecond labour claims thy care,
Ulyſſes' toils, ſucceed Achilles' war.
Haſte to the work; the ladies long to ſee
The pious frauds of chaſte Penelope.
Helen they long have ſeen, whoſe guilty charms
For ten whole years engag'd the world in arms.
Then, as thy Fame ſhall ſee a length of days,
Some future Bard ſhall thus record thy Praiſe:
" In thoſe bleſt times, when ſmiling Heav'n and Fate
Had rais'd Britannia to her happieſt ſtate,
When wide around ſhe ſaw the World ſubmit,
And own her Sons ſupreme in Arts and Wit;
Then Pope and Dryden brought in triumph home,
The Pride of Greece, and Ornament of Rome;
To the great taſk each bold Tranſlator came,
With Virgil's Judgment, and with Homer's Flame.
Here the pleas'd Mantuan ſwan was taught to ſoar,
Where ſcarce the Roman eagles towr'd before:
And Greece no more was Homer's native earth,
Tho' her ſev'n rival cities claim'd his birth;
On her ſev'n cities, he look'd down with ſcorn,
And own'd with pride, he was in Britain born."

CHRISTOPHER PITT.

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VOLTAIRE AU ROI DE PRUSSE.

——Horace avec Boileau :
Vous y cherchiez le vrai, vous y goutez le beau ;
Quelques traits échappés d'une utile morale,
Dans leurs piquans ecrits brillent par intervalle ;
Mais Pope approfondit ce qu'ils ont effleuré ;
D'un eſprit plus hardi, d'un pas plus aſſuré,
Il porta le flambeau dans l'abime de l'etre,
Et l'homme avec lui ſeul apprit à ſe connoitre.
L'Art quelquefois frivole, et quelquefois divin,
L'Art des vers eſt dans Pope utile au genre humain.

At Stowe in Buckinghamſhire, the ſeat of Earl Temple, is a building called The Temple of Britiſh Worthies, deſigned by Kent. One of the niches has a buſt of Pope, with the following inſcription ;

ALEXANDER POPE,
Who uniting the correctneſs of Judgment to the fire of Genius,
by the melody and power of his numbers,
gave ſweetneſs to Senſe, and grace to Philoſophy.
He employed the pointed brilliancy of Wit to chaſtiſe the vices,
and the eloquence of Poetry to exalt the virtues of human nature ;
and being without a rival in his own age,
imitated and tranſlated, with a ſpirit equal to the originals,
the beſt Poets of Antiquity.

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TO MR. POPE.

To move the ſprings of nature as we pleaſe,
To think with ſpirit, but to write with eaſe:
With living words to warm the conſcious heart,
Or pleaſe the ſoul with nicer charms of art,
For this the Grecian ſoar'd in Epic ſtrains,
And ſofter Maro left the Mantuan plains;
Melodious Spenſer felt the lover's fire,
And awful Milton ſtrung his heav'nly lyre.
'Tis yours, like theſe, with curious toil to trace
The pow'rs of language, harmony, and grace,
How Nature's ſelf with living luſtre ſhines;
How Judgment ſtrengthens, and how Art refines:
How to grow bold with conſcious ſenſe of fame,
And force a pleaſure which we dare not blame,
To charm us more thro' negligence than pains,
And give ev'n life and action to the ſtrains:
Led by ſome law, whoſe pow'rful impulſe guides
Each happy ſtroke, and in the ſoul preſides;
Some fairer image of perfection, giv'n
T' inſpire mankind, itſelf deriv'd from heav'n.
O ever worthy, ever crown'd with praiſe;
Bleſt in thy life, and bleſt in all thy lays!
Add that the Siſters ev'ry thought refine:
Or ev'n thy life be faultleſs as thy line;
Yet envy ſtill with fiercer rage purſues,
Obſcures the virtue, and defames the muſe,

A ſoul

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A ſoul like thine, in pains, in grief reſign'd,
Views with vain ſcorn the malice of mankind:
Not critics, but their planets prove unjuſt:
And are they blam'd who ſin becauſe they muſt?

Yet ſure not ſo muſt all peruſe thy lays;
I cannot rival——and yet dare to praiſe.
A thouſand charms at once my thoughts engage,
Sappho's ſoft ſweetneſs, Pindar's warmer rage,
Statius' free vigour, Virgil's ſtudious care,
And Homer's force, and Ovid's eaſier air.

So ſeems ſome Picture, where exact deſign,
And curious pains, and ſtrength and ſweetneſs join:
Where the free thought its pleaſing grace beſtows,
And each warm ſtroke with living colour glows:
Soft without weakneſs, without labour fair;
Wrought up at once with happineſs and care!

How bleſt the man that from the world removes
To joys that MORDAUNT, or his POPE approves;
Whoſe taſte exact each author can explore,
And live the preſent and paſt ages o'er:
Who free from pride, from penitence, or ſtrife,
Move calmly forward to the verge of life:
Such be my days, and ſuch my fortunes be,
To live by reaſon, and to write by thee!

Nor deem this verſe, tho' humble, thy diſgrace;
All are not born the glory of their race:
Yet all are born t' adore the great man's name,
And trace his footſteps in the paths to fame.

The

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The Muſe who now this early homage pays,
Firſt learn'd from thee to animate her lays:
A Muſe as yet unhonour'd, but unſtain'd,
Who prais'd no vices, no preferment gain'd:
Unbias'd, or to cenſure or commend,
Who knows no envy, and who grieves no friend;
Perhaps too fond to make thoſe virtues known,
And fix her fame immortal on thy own *.

WALTER HARTE.

* Pope's turn of verſification, formularies of expreſſion, &c. are well preſerved in theſe verſes, which appear ſincere, although the praiſe is exceſſive and exaggerated. Upon reading theſe encomiums, it may be remarked, that Pope was uſhered into the world with all the conſideration which the patronage of the Great, and the efforts of friendſhip, could beſtow; while Milton, who publiſhed his great work in obſcurity and indigence, had no patron to protect, and few friends to encourage him: but the true merit of each as a *poet*, is better tried by the effect of their reſpective works, when the authors themſelves, their patrons and friends, are no more. Pope, whoſe works will be always intereſting to the reader of taſte, does not claim that ſuperior adoration paid to the great maſter of Engliſh poetry; while Milton now, I had almoſt ſaid, "looks from his ſole dominion" like that Luminary he has himſelf ſo finely deſcribed.

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PASTORALS,

WITH

A DISCOURSE ON PASTORAL.

Written in the Year MDCCIV.

Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,
Flumina amem, ſylvaſque, inglorius! VIRG.

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A DISCOURSE ON PASTORAL POETRY.[a]

THERE are not, I believe, a greater number of any ſort of verſes than of thoſe which are called Paſtorals; nor a ſmaller than of thoſe which are truly ſo. It therefore ſeems neceſſary to give ſome account of this kind of Poem, and it is my deſign to comprize in this ſhort paper the ſubſtance of thoſe numerous diſſertations that Critics have made on the ſubject, without omitting any of their rules in my

[a] Written at ſixteen years of age. POPE.

This ſenſible and judicious Diſcourſe, written at ſo early an age, is a more extraordinary production, than the Paſtorals that follow it: in which, I hope, it will not be deemed an injurious criticiſm to ſay, there is ſcarcely a ſingle rural image to be found that is new. The ideas of Theocritus, Virgil, and Spenſer, are indeed here exhibited in language equally mellifluous and pure; but the deſcriptions and ſentiments are trite and common. To this aſſertion, formerly made, Dr. Johnſon anſwered; "That no invention was intended:" he therefore allows the fact, and the charge. Our author has chiefly drawn his obſervations from Rapin, Fontenelle, and the preface to Dryden's Virgil. A tranſlation of Rapin's Diſcourſe had been ſome years before prefixed to Creech's Tranſlation of Theocritus, and is no extraordinary piece of criticiſm. And though Hume highly praiſes the Diſcourſe of Fontenelle, yet Dr. Hurd thinks it only rather more tolerable than his

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my own favour. You will alſo find ſome points reconciled, about which they ſeem to differ, and a few remarks, which, I think, have eſcaped their obſervation.

The original of Poetry is aſcribed to that Age which ſucceeded the creation of the world: and as the keeping of flocks ſeems to have been the firſt employment of mankind, the moſt ancient ſort of poetry was probably *paſtoral* [b]. It is natural to imagine, that the leiſure of thoſe ancient ſhepherds admitting and inviting ſome diverſion, none was ſo

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his Paſtorals I much wonder our Author did not allude to the elegant lines on Paſtoral Poetry at the beginning of the ſecond canto of Boileau's Art of Poetry. The beſt diſſertations on this ſubject, ſeem to be thoſe in the IId and Vth volumes of the Memoirs of the French Academy, that which is prefixed to Heyne's excellent edition of Virgil's Eclogues, and that which is prefixed to the * Oxford edition of Theocritus, in two volumes 4to, 1776; in which the reader will find a particular account of the three diſtinct characters and perſonages introduced by Theocritus, namely, the Keepers of Oxen, the Keepers of Sheep, and of Goats; to which diſtinction even Virgil did not attend: and in which he alſo will find ſuch reaſons for preferring the paſtorals of Theocritus to thoſe of Virgil, as will ſerve for a complete confutation of Dr. Johnſon's opinion on this ſubject.

The truly learned Heyne goes ſo far as to ſay, that if Virgil had written only his Bucolics, vix eum in cenſum principum poetarum venturum fuiſſe arbitror. So competent and able a judge as the ſweet and pathetic Racine, aſſured M. de Longepierre, that he thought the ſecond Idyllium of Theocritus was one of the moſt exquiſite pieces that antiquity had left us, and that it contained the moſt ſtriking and forcible deſcriptions of the paſſion of love he had ever ſeen. WARTON.

[b] Fontenelle's Diſc. on Paſtorals. POPE.

* Edition of Theocritus by Th. Warton.

proper

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proper to that ſolitary and ſedentary life as ſinging; and that in their ſongs they took occaſion to celebrate their own felicity. From hence a Poem was invented, and afterwards improved to a perfect image of that happy time; which, by giving us an eſteem for the virtues of a former age, might recommend them to the preſent. And ſince the life of ſhepherds was attended with more tranquillity than any other rural employment, the Poets choſe to introduce their Perſons, from whom it received the name of Paſtoral.

A Paſtoral is an imitation of the action of a ſhepherd, or one conſidered under that Character. The form of this imitation is dramatic, or narrative, or mixed of both[c]; the fable ſimple, the manners not too polite nor too ruſtic: the thoughts are plain, yet admit a little quickneſs and paſſion, but that ſhort and flowing: the expreſſion humble, yet as pure as the language will afford; neat, but not florid; eaſy, and yet lively. In ſhort, the fable, manners, thoughts, and expreſſions are full of the greateſt ſimplicity in nature.

The complete character of this poem conſiſts in ſimplicity[d], brevity, and delicacy; the two firſt of which render an eclogue natural, and the laſt delightful.

[c] Heinſius in Theocr. POPE.

[d] Rapin de Carm. Paſt. p 2. POPE.

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If we would copy Nature, it may be useful to take this Idea along with us, that Pastoral is an image of what they call the golden age *. So that we are not to describe our shepherds as shepherds at this day really are, but as they may be conceived then to have been; when the best of men followed the employment. To carry this resemblance yet further, it would not be amiss to give these shepherds some skill in astronomy, as far as it may be useful to that sort of life. And an air of piety to the Gods should shine through the poem, which so visibly appears in all the works of antiquity: and it ought to preserve some relish of the old way of writing; the connection should be loose, the narrations and descriptions short [e], and the periods concise. Yet it is not sufficient, that the sentences only be brief, the whole Eclogue should be so too. For we cannot suppose Poetry in those days to have been the business of men, but their recreation at vacant hours.

But with a respect to the present age, nothing more conduces to make these compositures natural, than when some Knowledge in rural affairs is discovered [f]. This may be made to appear rather done by chance than on design, and sometimes is best shewn by inference; lest by too much study to seem natural, we destroy

* Avoiding, what a sensible writer calls, les sentimens quintessencies, les douceurs metaphysiques. Gesner's Pastorals are exquisite; and abound in new situations, images, and sentiments. WARTON.

[e] Rapin, Reflex. sur l'Art Poet. d'Arist. p. 2. Refl. xxvii. POPE.

[f] Pref. to Virg. Past. in Dryd. Virg. POPE.

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deſtroy that eaſy ſimplicity from whence ariſes the delight. For what is inviting in this ſort of poetry proceeds not ſo much from the Idea of that buſineſs, as of the tranquillity of a country life.

We muſt therefore uſe ſome illuſion to render a Paſtoral delightful; and this conſiſts in expoſing the beſt ſide only of a ſhepherd's life, and in concealing its miſeries [g]. Nor is it enough to introduce ſhepherds diſcourſing together in a natural way; but a regard muſt be had to the ſubject; that it contain ſome particular beauty in itſelf, and that it be different in every Eclogue. Beſides, in each of them a deſign'd ſcene or proſpect is to be preſented to our view, which ſhould likewiſe have its variety [h]. This variety is obtained in a great degree by frequent compariſons, drawn from the moſt agreeable objects of the country; by interrogations to things inanimate; by beautiful digreſſions, but thoſe ſhort; ſometimes by inſiſting a little on circumſtances; and laſtly, by elegant turns on the words, which render the numbers extremely ſweet and pleaſing. As for the numbers themſelves, though they are properly of the heroic meaſure, they ſhould be the ſmootheſt, the moſt eaſy and flowing imaginable.

It is by rules like theſe that we ought to judge of paſtoral. And ſince the inſtructions given for any art are to be delivered as that art is in perfection,

[g] Fontenelle's Diſc. of Paſtorals. POPE.
[h] See the forementioned Preface. POPE.

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they must of necessity be derived from those in whom it is acknowledged so to be. It is therefore from the practice of Theocritus and Virgil (the only undisputed authors of Pastoral) that the Critics have drawn the foregoing notions concerning it.

Theocritus * excels all others in nature and simplicity. The subjects of his Idyllia are purely pastoral; but he is not so exact in his persons, having introduced reapers [1] and fishermen as well as shepherds †. He is apt to be too long in his descriptions, of which that of the Cup in the first pastoral is a remarkable instance. In the manners he seems a little defective, for his swains are sometimes abusive and immodest, and perhaps too much inclining to rusticity; for instance, in his fourth and fifth Idyllia. But 'tis enough that all others learnt their excellencies from him, and that his Dialect alone has a secret charm in it, which no other could ever attain.

Virgil ‡, who copies Theocritus, refines upon his original: and in all points, where judgment is principally

* Stesichorus, it is said, wrote pastorals also. WARTON.

[1] ΘΕΡΙΣΤΑΙ, Idyl. x. and ΑΛΙΕΙΣ, Idyl. xxi. POPE.

† The 10th and 21st Idyll. here alluded to, contain some of the most exquisite strokes of nature and true poetry any where to be met with, as does the beautiful description of the carving on the cup; which, indeed, is not a cup, but a very large pastoral vessel or cauldron. Vas pastoritium amplissimum. WARTON.

Dr Warton might have mentioned the 7th and 22d Idyll, as most highly picturesque, romantic, and beautiful.

‡ He refines indeed so much as to make him, on this very account, much inferior to the beautiful simplicity of his original. WARTON.

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pally concerned, he is much ſuperior to his maſter. Though ſome of his ſubjects are not paſtoral in themſelves, but only ſeem to be ſuch; they have a wonderful variety in them*, which the Greek was a ſtranger to[k]. He exceeds him in regularity and brevity, and falls ſhort of him in nothing but ſimplicity and propriety of ſtyle; the firſt of which perhaps was the fault of his age, and the laſt of his language.

Among the moderns, their ſucceſs has been greateſt who have moſt endeavoured to make theſe ancients their pattern. The moſt conſiderable Genius appears in the famous Taſſo, and our Spenſer. Taſſo † in

* It is difficult to conceive where is the "wonderful variety" in Virgil's Eclogues, which the "Greek was a ſtranger to." Many of the more poetical parts of Virgil are copied literally from Theocritus, but are weakened by being made more *general*, and often loſe much of their picturesque and poetical effect from that circumſtance. Every thing in Theocritus is painted with the hand of a Pouſſin, a Salvator, or a Rubens. Witneſs the pines and broken waterfalls, the Bebrycian mountains, and the ſavage Amycus, near the clear fount, and the rich glowing ſummer ſcene in the 7th Idyll. It is indeed the variety, the wildneſs, and the nature, which give ſuch a charm to Theocritus.

[k] Rapin, Reſl. on Ariſt. part ii. reſl. xxvii.—Pref. to the Ecl. in Dryden's Virg. POPE.

† The Aminta of Taſſo is here erroneouſly mentioned by Pope as the very firſt paſtoral comedy that appeared in Italy: and Dr. Hurd alſo fell into the ſame miſtake. But it is certain that Il Sacrificio of Agoſtino Beccari was the firſt, who boaſts of it in his prologue, and who died very old in 1590; which drama was acted in the Palace of Franceſco of Eſte. Such a miſtake is very pardonable in ſo young an author, and very different from

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in his Aminta has as far excelled all the Paſtoral writers, in his Gieruſalemme he has out-done the Epic poets of his country. But as this piece ſeems to have been the original of a new ſort of poem, the Paſtoral Comedy, in Italy, it cannot ſo well be conſidered as a copy of the ancients. Spenſer's Calendar, in Mr. Dryden's opinion, is the moſt complete work of this kind which any nation has produced ever ſince the time of Virgil [1]. Not but that he may be thought imperfect in ſome few points. His Eclogues are ſomewhat too long, if we compare them with the ancients. He is ſometimes too allegorical, and treats of matters of religion in a paſtoral ſtyle, as the Mantuan had done before him. He has employed the Lyric meaſure, which is contrary to the practice of the old Poets. His ſtanza is not ſtill the ſame, nor always well choſen. This laſt may be the reaſon his expreſſion is ſometimes not conciſe enough: for the Tetraſtic has obliged him to extend his ſenſe to the length

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the groſs and unſcholar-like blunder of Trapp, who tells us in his fourteenth Lecture, that all the Eclogues of Calphurnius and Nemeſian, who flouriſhed under Diocletian, were entirely loſt.

I will juſt add, that the famous Critic, Jaſon de Nores, who wrote ſo well on Horace's Art of Poetry, condemned the Paſtoral Drama. And that the above-mentioned Il Sacrificio was acted at Ferrara 1550, and the Aminta 1573, and the Paſtor Fido before Cardinal Borgheſe 1590. It is obſervable, that Pope does not mention the Comus of Milton, the moſt exquiſite of all paſtoral dramas. WARTON.

[1] Dedication to Virg. Ecl. POPE.

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length of four lines, which would have been more closely confined in the Couplet.

In the manners, thoughts, and characters, he comes near to Theocritus himself; though, notwithstanding all the care he has taken, he is certainly inferior in his Dialect: For the Doric had its beauty and propriety in the time of Theocritus; it was used in part of Greece, and frequent in the mouths of many of the greatest persons: whereas the old English and country phrases of Spenser were either entirely obsolete, or spoken only by people of the lowest condition. As there is a difference betwixt simplicity and rusticity, so the expression of simple thoughts should be plain, but not clownish. The addition he has made of a Calendar to his Eclogues, is very beautiful; since by this, besides the general moral of innocence and simplicity, which is common to other authors of Pastoral, he has one peculiar to himself; he compares human Life to the several Seasons, and at once exposes to his readers a view of the great and little worlds, in their various changes and aspects. Yet the scrupulous division of his Pastorals into Months, has obliged him either to repeat the same description, in other words, for three months together; or, when it was exhausted before, entirely to omit it: whence it comes to pass that some of his Eclogues (as the sixth, eighth, and tenth, for example) have nothing but their Titles to distinguish them. The reason is evident, because the year has not that variety in it to

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furniſh every month with a particular deſcription, as it may every ſeaſon.

* Of the following Eclogues I ſhall only ſay, that theſe four comprehend all the ſubjects which the Critics

* The ſuperiority of Milton's Lycidas to all paſtoral poems in our language is, I ſhould hope, acknowledged by every man of true claſſical judgment; and Dr. Johnſon's ſtrange animadverſions on it have been thus effectually anſwered. "Lycidas, (ſays he,) is filled with the heathen deities; and a long train of mythological imagery, ſuch as a College eaſily ſupplies.—But it is alſo ſuch as even the Court itſelf could now have eaſily ſupplied. The public diverſions, and books of all ſorts, and from all ſorts of writers, more eſpecially compoſitions in poetry, were at this time over-run with claſſical pedantries. But what writer, of the ſame period, has made theſe obſolete fictions the vehicle of ſo much fancy and poetical deſcription? How beautifully has he applied this ſort of alluſion to the Druidical rocks of Denbighſhire, to Mona, and the fabulous banks of Deva! It is objected, that its paſtoral form is diſguſting. But this was the age of paſtoral; and yet Lycidas has but little of the bucolic cant, now ſo faſhionable. The ſatyrs and fauns are but juſt mentioned. If any trite rural topics occur, how are they heightened!

"Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd
Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,
We drove afield, and both together heard
What time the gray fly winds her ſultry horn,
Batt'ning our flocks with the freſh dews of night.

"Here the day-break is deſcribed by the faint appearance of the upland lawns under the firſt gleams of light: the ſun-ſet, by the buzzing of the chaffer: and the night ſheds her freſh dews on their flocks. We cannot blame paſtoral imagery and paſtoral allegory, which carry with them ſo much natural painting. In this piece there is perhaps more poetry than ſorrow. But let us read it for its poetry. It is true, that paſſion plucks no berries from the myrtle and ivy, no calls upon Arethuſe and Mincius, nor tells of rough ſatyrs with cloven heel. But poetry does this; and

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Critics upon Theocritus and Virgil will allow to be fit for paſtoral: That they have as much variety of deſcription, in reſpect of the ſeveral ſeaſons, as Spenſer's: that in order to add to this variety, the ſeveral times of the day are obſerv'd, the rural employments in

and in the hands of Milton, does it with a peculiar and irreſiſtible charm. Subordinate poets exerciſe no invention, when they tell how a ſhepherd has loſt his companion, and muſt feed his flocks alone without any judge of his ſkill in piping: but Milton dignifies and adorns theſe common artificial incidents with unexpected touches of pictureſque beauty, with the graces of ſentiment, and with the novelties of original genius. It is ſaid, "here is no art, for there is nothing new." But this objection will vaniſh, if we conſider the imagery which Milton has raiſed from local circumſtances. Not to repeat the uſe he has made of the mountains of Wales, the Iſle of Man, and the river Dee, near which Lycidas was ſhip-wrecked; let us recollect the introduction of the romantic ſuperſtition of Saint Michael's Mount in Cornwall, which overlooks the Iriſh ſeas, the fatal ſcene of his friend's diſaſter.

"But the poetry is not always unconnected with paſſion. The poet laviſhly deſcribes an ancient ſepulchral rite, but it is made preparatory to a ſtroke of tenderneſs. He calls for a variety of flowers to decorate his friend's hearſe, ſuppoſing that his body was preſent, and forgetting for a while he was drowned: it was ſome conſolation that he was to receive the decencies of burial. This is a pleaſing deception: it is natural and pathetic. But the real cataſtrophe recurs. And this circumſtance again opens a new vein of imagination."——Poems of Milton, ſecond edition, Robinſon, 1791, p. 35. T. WARTON.

REMARKS.

The Diſcourſe on Paſtoral Poetry is certainly, as Dr. Warton obſerves, a ſenſible and judicious performance. But Pope's definition of Paſtoral is too confined. In fact, his Paſtoral Diſcourſe ſeems made to fit (if I may ſay ſo) his Paſtorals. For the ſame reaſon he would not claſs as a true * Paſtoral, the moſt intereſting of all Virgil's Eclogues:—I mean the firſt; which is

* See his account of Paſtoral in the Guardian.

founded

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in each ſeaſon or time of day, and the rural ſcenes or places proper to ſuch employments; not without ſome regard to the ſeveral ages of man, and the different paſſions proper to each age.

But

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founded on fact, which has the moſt tender and touching ſtrokes of nature, and the plot of which is entirely paſtoral, being the complaint of a *Shepherd* obliged to leave the *fields* of his infancy, and yield the poſſeſſion to ſoldiers and ſtrangers. The characters, and every image, are taken from rural life, the landſcape part is pictureſque, and the ſtory intereſting and affecting.

Pope ſays, becauſe it relates to ſoldiers, it is not paſtoral: but how little of a military caſt is ſeen in it:—the ſoldier is mentioned, but only as far as was abſolutely neceſſary, and always in connection with the rural imagery, from whence the moſt exquiſite touches are derived.

En *queis conſevimus agros!*
Barbarus hæc tam CULTA NOVALIA miles habebit?
Barbarus HAS SEGETES?

Pope's paſtoral ideas, however, with the exception of the Meſſiah, ſeem to have been taken from the leaſt *intereſting* and *poetic* ſcenes of the ancient Eclogue: the Wager, the Conteſt, the Riddle, the alternate praiſes of Daphne or Delia, the common-place complaint of the lover, &c. The more intereſting and pictureſque ſubjects, therefore, were excluded, as not being properly paſtoral according to his confined definition.

We cannot help making an obſervation here, that in defining paſtoral, critics in general ſhould not have taken notice of *one* I think the moſt eſſential adjunct to this ſpecies of poetry; that is, the PICTURESQUE. Paſtoral ſcenery is indeed required by all: we have a ſhepherd, a grove, and a river; but what is more ſtrikingly *pictureſque* is ſcarcely ever conſidered as *eſſential*.

Let us look at the great Father of the Paſtoral: in what does he excel all others? "In ſimplicity and nature," I admit with Pope; but more particularly in one circumſtance, which ſeems to have eſcaped general attention, and that circumſtance is the PICTURESQUE.

Pope ſays, he is too long in his deſcriptions, particularly of the Paſtoral Cup, Idyl. 1. Was not Pope a profeſſed admirer of painting,

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But after all, if they have any merit, it is to be attributed to ſome good old Authors, whoſe works as I had leiſure to ſtudy, ſo I hope I have not wanted care to imitate.

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ing, aware that the deſcription of that Cup contains touches of the moſt delightful and highly finiſhed landſcape? The old fiſherman, and the broken rock, in one ſcene; in another, the beautiful contraſt of the little boy weaving his ruſh-work, and ſo intent on it, that he forgets the vineyard he was ſet to guard; we ſee him in the fore-ground of the piece: then there is his ſcrip and the fox eyeing it aſkance; the ripe and purple vineyard, and the other fox treading down the grapes, whilſt he continues at his work: and, as is beautifully expreſs'd,

———μελεται δι ωτε τι πηρης
Ουτε φυτων τοσσηνον, οσον περι πλεγματι γαθει

Idyll. I. line 54.

Add to theſe circumſtances the wild and beautiful Sicilian ſcenery; and where can there be found more perfect landſcapes in the works, which theſe pictures peculiarly reſemble, of Vernet, or Gainſborough? Conſidered in this view, how rich, wild, and various, are the landſcapes of the old Sicilian! and we cannot but wonder that ſo many ſtriking and original traits ſhould be paſſed over by a "youthful bard," who profeſſed to ſelect from, and to copy, the ancients.

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SPRING:

THE FIRST PASTORAL,

OR

DAMON.

TO SIR WILLIAM TRUMBAL.

FIRST in theſe fields I try the ſylvan ſtrains,
Nor bluſh to ſport on Windſor's bliſsful plains:
Fair Thames, flow gently from thy ſacred ſpring,
While on thy banks Sicilian Muſes ſing;

Let

REMARKS.

Theſe Paſtorals were written at the age of ſixteen, and then paſſed through the hands of Mr. Walſh, Mr. Wycherley, G. Granville afterwards Lord Lanſdown, Sir William Trumbal, Dr. Garth, Lord Hallifax, Lord Somers, Mr. Mainwaring, and others. All theſe gave our Author the greateſt encouragement, and particularly Mr. Walſh, whom Mr. Dryden, in his Poſtſcript to Virgil, calls the beſt Critic of his age. "The Author (ſays he) ſeems to have a particular genius for this kind of Poetry, and a judgment that much exceeds his years. He has taken very freely from the Ancients. But what he has mixed of his own with theirs is no way inferior to what he has taken from them. It is not flattery at all to ſay that Virgil had written nothing ſo good at his Age. His Preface is very judicious and learned." Letter to Mr. Wycherley, Ap. 1705. The Lord Lanſdown, about the ſame time, mentioning the youth of our Poet, ſays (in a printed Letter of the Character of Mr. Wycherley), "that if he goes on as he hath begun in the Paſtoral way, as Virgil firſt tried his ſtrength, we

may

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Let vernal airs through trembling oſiers play, 5
And Albion's cliffs reſound the rural lay.

You,

REMARKS.

may hope to ſee Engliſh Poetry vie with the Roman," &c. Notwithſtanding the early time of their production, the Author eſteemed theſe as the moſt correct in the verſification, and muſical in the numbers, of all his works. The reaſon for his labouring them into ſo much ſoftneſs, was, doubtleſs, that this ſort of poetry derives almoſt its whole beauty from a natural eaſe of thought and ſmoothneſs of verſe; whereas that of moſt other kinds conſiſts in the ſtrength and fulneſs of both. In a letter of his to Mr. Walſh about this time, we find an enumeration of ſeveral niceties in Verſification, which perhaps have never been ſtrictly obſerved in any Engliſh poem, except in theſe Paſtorals. They were not printed till 1709. POPE.

Sir William Trumbal.] Our Author's friendſhip with this gentleman commenced at very unequal years; he was under ſixteen, but Sir William above ſixty, and had lately reſign'd his employment of Secretary of State to King William. POPE.

LINE 1. *Firſt in theſe fields, &c.*] It ſeems natural for a young Poet to initiate himſelf by Paſtorals, which, not profeſſing to imitate real life, require no experience, and exhibiting only the ſimple operation of unmingled paſſions, admit no ſubtle reaſoning or deep enquiry. Pope's Paſtorals, however, are not compoſed but with cloſe thought. JOHNSON.

In this ſentence, Dr. Johnſon does not appear ſufficiently attentive to the true character and nature of Paſtoral Poetry. No doubt it is natural for a young Poet to initiate himſelf by Paſtorals; for what youthful heart does not glow at the deſcriptions of rural nature, and ſcenes that accord with its own innocence and cheerfulneſs; but although Paſtorals do not, in the ſenſe of Dr. Johnſon, imitate real life, nor require any great inſight into human paſſions and characters, yet there are many things neceſſary in this ſpecies of compoſition, more than Dr. Johnſon ſeems to require. The chief thing is an eye for pictureſque and rural ſcenery, and an intimate acquaintance with thoſe minute objects and particular appearances of nature, which alone can give a lively and original colour to the painting of Paſtoral

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You, that too wiſe for pride, too good for pow'r,
Enjoy the glory to be great no more,
And carrying with you all the world can boaſt,
To all the world illuſtriouſly are loſt!
O let my Muſe her ſlender reed inſpire,
Till in your native ſhades you tune the lyre:

So

REMARKS.

Paſtoral Poetry. To copy the common deſcriptions of Spring or Summer, Morning or Evening, or to iterate from Virgil the ſame complaints of the ſame ſhepherds, is not ſurely to write Paſtoral Poetry. It is alſo difficult to conceive where is the "cloſe thought," with which Johnſon ſays Pope's Paſtorals are compoſed. They are pleaſing as copies of "the Poems of Antiquity," although they exhibit no ſtriking taſte in the "ſelection," and they certainly exhibit a ſeries of muſical verſification, which, till their appearance, had no precedent in Engliſh Poetry.

VER. 7. *You, that too wiſe*] This amiable old man, who had been a Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford, and Dr. of Civil Law, was ſent by Charles II. Judge Advocate to Tangier, and afterwards in a public character to Florence, to Turin, to Paris; and by James II. Ambaſſador to Conſtantinople; to which city he went through the continent on foot. He was afterwards a Lord of the Treaſury, and Secretary of State with the Duke of Shrewſbury, which office he reſigned 1697, and retiring to Eaſt Hampſtead, died there in December 1716, aged ſeventy-ſeven. Nothing of his writing remains but an elegant character of Archbiſhop Dolben. WARTON.

VER. 12. *in your native ſhades*] Sir W. Trumbal was born in Windſor-foreſt, to which he retreated, after he had reſigned the poſt of Secretary of State of King William III. POPE.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 1. "Prima Syracoſio dignata eſt ludere verſu,
Noſtra nec erubuit ſylvas habitare Thalia."

This is the general exordium and opening of the Paſtorals, in imitation of the ſixth of Virgil, which ſome have therefore not improbably

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So when the Nightingale to reſt removes,
The Thruſh may chant to the forſaken groves,
But charm'd to ſilence, liſtens while ſhe ſings,
And all th' aërial audience clap their wings.

Soon

REMARKS.

VER. 13. *So when the Nightingale*] Warton obſerves that the Nightingale does not ſing till the other birds are at reſt. This is a miſtake: the Nightingale ſings by day as well as at night; but there is an obſcurity, if not an inaccuracy, in the paſſage. The expreſſions, "to reſt removes" and "forſaken groves," give an idea of evening, in which caſe there would be certainly an error in making the Thruſh "chant to the forſaken groves" after the Nightingale. As to the *Thruſh* being charmed to *ſilence* at any time by the Nightingale, and the "aërial audience" applauding, it is allowable as a *fanciful* alluſion, perhaps, though the circumſtance is contrary to nature and fact.

IMITATIONS.

improbably thought to have been the firſt originally. In the beginnings of the other three Paſtorals, he imitates expreſsly thoſe which now ſtand firſt * of the three chief Poets in this kind, Spenſer, Virgil, Theocritus.

A Shepherd's Boy (he ſeeks no better name)—
Beneath the ſhade a ſpreading beach diſplays,—
Thyrſis, the Muſic of that murm'ring Spring,—

are manifeſtly imitations of

"—A Shepherd's Boy (no better do him call)"
"—Tityre, tu patulæ recubans ſub tegmine fagi."
"—Αδύ τι τὸ ψιθύρισμα καὶ ἁ πίτυς, αἰπόλε, τηνα." POPE.

VER. 9. *And carrying, &c.*]

Happy is he that from the world retires,
And carries with him what the world admires.
Waller. Maid's Tragedy altered.

* The learned and accurate Heyne, after much inveſtigation, is of opinion, that the following is the order in which the Eclogues of Virgil were written: what is now uſually called the ſecond was firſt; the third, ſecond; the fifth, third; the firſt, fourth; the ninth, fifth; the ſixth, as it was called, to be the ſixth ſtill;

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Soon as the flocks ſhook off the nightly dews,
Two Swains, whom Love kept wakeful, and the Muſe,
Pour'd o'er the whit'ning vale their fleecy care,
Freſh as the morn, and as the ſeaſon fair:
The dawn now bluſhing on the mountain's ſide,
Thus Daphnis ſpoke, and Strephon thus reply'd.

DAPHNIS.

Hear how the birds, on ev'ry blooming ſpray,
With joyous muſic wake the dawning day!
Why ſit we mute, when early linnets ſing,
When warbling Philomel ſalutes the ſpring?

REMARKS.

VER. 16. *And all th' aërial audience, &c.*] Pope was not perhaps aware of it, but the circumſtance of "audience" and "clapping" gives an air of burleſque to this paſſage. It is true, birds clap their wings, but the image and the expreſſions here, come too near artificial life, from which they ſhould be as remote as poſſible.

VER. 17, *&c.*] The Scene of this Paſtoral a Valley, the Time the Morning. It ſtood originally thus,

Daphnis and Strephon to the ſhades retir'd,
Both warm'd by love, and by the Muſe inſpir'd,
Freſh as the morn, and as the ſeaſon fair,
In flow'ry vales they fed their fleecy care;
And while Aurora gilds the mountain's ſide,
Thus Daphnis ſpoke, and Strephon thus reply'd.

WARTON.

IMITATIONS.

the fourth, ſeventh; the eighth, ſtill the eighth; the ſeventh, the ninth; the tenth and laſt, as it was called, ſtill the tenth. Vol. I. 205.

The collection of paſſages imitated from the Claſſics, marked in the margin with the letter P. was made by the accurate and learned Mr. Bowyer the Printer. WARTON.

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Why ſit we ſad, when Phoſphor ſhines ſo clear,
And laviſh Nature paints the purple year?

STREPHON.

Sing then, and Damon ſhall attend the ſtrain,
While yon' ſlow oxen turn the furrow'd plain.
Here the bright crocus and blue vi'let glow,
Here weſtern winds on breathing roſes blow.
I'll ſtake yon' lamb, that near the fountain plays,
And from the brink his dancing ſhade ſurveys.

DAPHNIS.

And I this bowl, where wanton ivy twines,
And ſwelling cluſters bend the curling vines:

REMARKS.

VER. 32. *Here weſtern winds, &c.*] The ſlow oxen, the bright crocus, and the blue violet, are images of Spring, the ſeaſon of this Paſtoral: the introduction of roſes at the ſame time is not ſo appropriate.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 28. Dr. Warton obſerves this verſe is from Spenſer's Muiopotmos. The words, "*laviſh nature*," are, but there is nothing of "painting the purple year."

Spenſer's words are,

There *laviſh nature*, in her beſt attire,
Pours forth ſweet odors, and alluring ſights.

VER. 28. *Purple year?*] Dryden has "purple ſpring."

Purple is uſed in the Latin ſenſe, of the brighteſt, moſt vivid colouring in general, not of that peculiar tint ſo called.

WARBURTON.

Gray has adopted the expreſſion of the *purple year*, in the firſt ſtanza of his exquiſite Ode on Spring. WARTON.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 34. The firſt reading was,

And his own image from the bank ſurveys. WARBURTON.

Four

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Four figures riſing from the work appear,
The various ſeaſons of the rolling year;
And what is that, which binds the radiant ſky,
Where twelve fair ſigns in beauteous order lie?

DAMON.

Then ſing by turns, by turns the Muſes ſing,
Now hawthorns bloſſom, now the daiſies ſpring,
Now leaves the trees, and flow'rs adorn the ground;
Begin, the vales ſhall ev'ry note rebound.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 36. And cluſters lurk beneath the curling vines. Pope.

This line was probably rejected from its reſembling too nearly Dryden. The "Grapes in *cluſters lurk* beneath the vines." Dryden's Tranſlation of Virgil's Eclogues.

REMARKS.

Ver. 38. *The various ſeaſons, &c.*] The ſubject of theſe Paſtorals engraven on the bowl is not without its propriety.

Warburton.

My friend Mr. William Collins, author of the Perſian Eclogues and Odes, aſſured me that Thomſon informed him, that he took the firſt hint and idea of writing his Seaſons, from the titles of Pope's four Paſtorals. So that theſe Paſtorals have not had only the merit of ſetting a pattern for correct and muſical verſification; but have given riſe to ſome of the trueſt poetry in our language.

Warton.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 35, 36.

"Lenta quibus torno facili ſuperaddita vitis,
Diffuſos edera veſtit pallente corymbos." Virg. Pope.

The Shepherd's heſitation at the name of the Zodiac imitates that in Virgil,

"Et quis fuit alter,
Deſcripſit radio totum qui gentibus orbem?" Pope.

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STREPHON.

Inſpire me, Phœbus, in my Delia's praiſe,
With Waller's ſtrains, or Granville's moving lays!
A milk-white Bull ſhall at your altars ſtand,
That threats a fight, and ſpurns the riſing ſand.

DAPHNIS.

O Love! for Sylvia let me gain the prize,
And make my tongue victorious as her eyes:
No lambs or ſheep for victims I'll impart,
Thy victim, Love, ſhall be the ſhepherd's heart.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 49. Originally thus in the MS.

Pan, let my numbers equal Strephon's lays,
Of Parian ſtone thy ſtatue will I raiſe;
But if I conquer and augment my fold,
Thy Parian ſtatue ſhall be chang'd to gold. WARBURTON.

REMARKS.

VER. 41. *ſing by turns,*] Amabæan verſes, and the cuſtom of vying in extempore verſes, by turns, was derived from the old Sicilian ſhepherds, and ſpread over all Italy; and is, as Mr. Spence obſerves, exactly like the practice of the Improviſatori at preſent in Italy. They are ſurprizingly ready in their anſwers, and go on, octave for octave, and ſpeech for ſpeech alternately, for a conſiderable time. At Florence they have even had Improviſo Comedies. It is remarkable that the celebrated Triſſino, Leonardi du Vinci, Bramante, and the charming dramatic poet Metaſtaſio, were all Improviſatori. WARTON.

VER. 46. *Granville*—] George Granville, afterwards Lord Lanſdown, known for his Poems, moſt of which he compos'd very young, and propos'd Waller as his model. POPE.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 41. *Then ſing by turns,*] Literally from Virgil,

"Alternis dicetis, amant alterna Camoenae:
Et nunc omnis ager, nunc omnis parturit arbos,
Nunc frondent ſylvae, nunc formoſiſſimus annus." POPE.

VER. 47. *A milk-white Bull.*] Virg.—"Paſcite taurum,
Qui cornu petat, et pedibus jam ſpargat arenam." POPE.

Me

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STREPHON.

Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain,
Then hid in ſhades, eludes her eager ſwain;
But feigns a laugh, to ſee me ſearch around,
And by that laugh the willing fair is found.

DAPHNIS.

The ſprightly Sylvia trips along the green,
She runs, but hopes ſhe does not run unſeen;
While a kind glance at her purſuer flies,
How much at variance are her feet and eyes!

STREPHON.

O'er golden ſands let rich Pactolus flow,
And trees weep amber on the banks of Po;

VARIATIONS.

VER. 61. It ſtood thus at firſt,
Let rich Iberia golden fleeces boaſt,
Her purple wool the proud Aſſyrian coaſt,
Bleſt Thames's ſhores, &c. POPE.

VER. 61. Originally thus in the MS.
Go, flow'ry wreath, and let my Sylvia know,
Compar'd to thine how bright her Beauties ſhow;
Then die; and dying teach the lovely Maid
How ſoon the brighteſt beauties are decay'd.

DAPHNIS.

Go, tuneful bird, that pleas'd the woods ſo long,
Of Amaryllis learn a ſweeter ſong;
To Heav'n ariſing then her notes convey,
For Heav'n alone is worthy ſuch a lay. WARBURTON.

REMARKS.

VER. 60. *How much at variance*] A very trifling and falſe conceit, and too witty for the occaſion. WARTON.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 58. *She runs, but hopes*] Imitation of Virgil,
"Malo me Galatea petit, laſciva puella,
Et fugit ad ſalices, ſed ſe cupit ante videri." POPE.

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Bright Thames's ſhores the brighteſt beauties yield,
Feed here my lambs, I'll ſeek no diſtant field.

DAPHNIS.

Celeſtial Venus haunts Idalia's groves;
Diana Cynthus, Ceres Hybla loves;
If Windſor-ſhades delight the matchleſs maid,
Cynthus and Hybla yield to Windſor-ſhade.

STREPHON.

All nature mourns, the ſkies relent in ſhow'rs,
Huſh'd are the birds, and clos'd the drooping flow'rs;
If Delia ſmile, the flow'rs begin to ſpring,
The ſkies to brighten, and the birds to ſing.

DAPHNIS.

All nature laughs, the groves are freſh and fair,
The Sun's mild luſtre warms the vital air;
If Sylvia ſmiles, new glories gild the ſhore,
And vanquiſh'd nature ſeems to charm no more.

STREPHON.

In ſpring the fields, in autumn hills I love,
At morn the plains, at noon the ſhady grove,
But Delia always; abſent from her ſight,
Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 69, &c. Theſe verſes were thus at firſt:

All nature mourns, the birds their ſongs deny,
Nor waſted brooks the thirſty flow'rs ſupply;
If Delia ſmile, the flow'rs begin to ſpring,
The brooks to murmur, and the birds to ſing. Pope.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 69. *All nature mourns,*]

"Aret ager, vitio moriens ſitit aëris herba," &c.
"Phyllidis adventu noſtræ nemus omne virebit." Virg. Pope.

Sylvia's

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DAPHNIS.

Sylvia's like autumn ripe, yet mild as May,
More bright than noon, yet freſh as early day;
Ev'n ſpring diſpleaſes, when ſhe ſhines not here;
But bleſt with her, 'tis ſpring throughout the year.

STREPHON.

Say, Daphnis, ſay, in what glad ſoil appears,
A wondrous Tree that ſacred Monarchs bears;
Tell me but this, and I'll diſclaim the prize,
And give the conqueſt to thy Sylvia's eyes.

DAPHNIS.

Nay tell me firſt, in what more happy fields
The Thiſtle ſprings, to which the Lily yields:
And then a nobler prize I will reſign;
For Sylvia, charming Sylvia ſhall be thine.

DAMON.

Ceaſe to contend, for, Daphnis, I decree,
The bowl to Strephon, and the lamb to thee:

REMARKS.

VER. 86. *A wondrous Tree that ſacred Monarchs bears;*] An alluſion to the Royal Oak, in which Charles II. had been hid from the purſuit after the battle at Worceſter. POPE.

This is one of the moſt trifling and puerile conceits in any of our author's works; except what follows of the Thiſtle and the Lily. WARTON.

VER. 93. *Ceaſe to contend,*] An author of ſtrong ſenſe, Dr. Johnſon, ſays, "That every intelligent reader ſickens at the mention

IMITATIONS.

VER. 90. *The Thiſtle ſprings, to which the Lily yields:*] Alludes to the device of the Scots Monarchs, the Thiſtle, worn by Queen Anne; and to the arms of France, the Fleur de lys. The two riddles are in imitation of thoſe in Virg. Ecl. iii.

"Dic quibus in terris inſcripti nomina *Regum*
Naſcantur *Flores*, et Phyllida ſolus habeto." POPE.

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Bleſt Swains, whoſe Nymphs in ev'ry grace excel;
Bleſt Nymphs, whoſe Swains thoſe graces ſing ſo well!
Now riſe, and haſte to yonder woodbine bow'rs,
A ſoft retreat from ſudden vernal ſhow'rs;
The turf with rural dainties ſhall be crown'd,
While op'ning blooms diffuſe their ſweets around.
For ſee! the gath'ring flocks to ſhelter tend,
And from the Pleiads fruitful ſhow'rs deſcend.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 99. was originally,

The turf with country dainties ſhall be ſpread,
And trees with twining branches ſhade your head. POPE.

REMARKS.

mention of the crook and the pipe, the ſheep and the kids." This appears to be an unjuſt and harſh condemnation of all Paſtoral Poetry. WARTON.

Surely Dr. Johnſon's decrying the affected introduction of the "crook and pipe," &c. into Engliſh Paſtorals, is not a condemnation of all Paſtoral Poetry. Dr. Johnſon certainly could not very highly reliſh this ſpecies of Poetry, witneſs his harſh criticiſms on Milton's exquiſite Lycidas, &c. but we almoſt forgive his ſeverity on ſeveral genuine pieces of poetic excellence, when we conſider that he has done a ſervice to truth and nature, in ſpeaking with a proper and dignified contempt of ſuch trite puerilities.

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SUMMER:

THE SECOND PASTORAL.

OR

ALEXIS.

TO DR. GARTH.

A Shepherd's Boy (he ſeeks no better name)
Led forth his flocks along the ſilver Thame,
Where dancing ſun-beams on the waters play'd,
And verdant alders form'd a quiv'ring ſhade.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 1, 2, 3, 4, were thus printed in the firſt edition:
A faithful ſwain, whom Love had taught to ſing,
Bewail'd his fate beſide a ſilver ſpring;
Where gentle Thames his winding waters leads
Thro' verdant foreſts, and thro' flow'ry meads. POPE.

VER. 3. Originally thus in the MS.
There to the winds he plain'd his hapleſs love,
And Amaryllis fill'd the vocal grove. WARBURTON.

REMARKS.

VER. 3. The Scene of this Paſtoral by the river ſide, ſuitable to the heat of the ſeaſon; the Time, noon. POPE.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 1. Spenſer's Shepherd's Calendar, January:
A *ſhepherd's boy, (no better do him call,)*
When Winter's waſteful ſpight was almoſt ſpent,
All in a ſun-ſhine day, as did befall,
Led *forth his flock*, that had been long ypent.

Soft

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Soft as he mourn'd, the ſtreams forgot to flow,
The flocks around a dumb compaſſion ſhow,
The Naïads wept in ev'ry wat'ry bow'r,
And Jove conſented in a ſilent ſhow'r.

Accept, O GARTH! the Muſe's early lays,
That adds this wreath of ivy to thy bays;
Hear what from Love unpractis'd hearts endure,
From Love, the ſole diſeaſe thou canſt not cure.

Ye ſhady beeches, and ye cooling ſtreams,
Defence from Phœbus', not from Cupid's beams,
To you I mourn, nor to the deaf I ſing,
The woods ſhall anſwer, and their echo ring.
The hills and rocks attend my doleful lay,
Why art thou prouder and more hard than they?

REMARKS.

VER. 9. Dr. Samuel Garth, Author of the Diſpenſary, was one of the firſt friends of our Poet, whoſe acquaintance with him began at fourteen or fifteen. Their friendſhip continued from the year 1703 to 1718, which was that of his death. POPE.

He was a man of the ſweeteſt diſpoſition, amiable manners, and univerſal benevolence. All parties, at a time when party violence was at a great height, joined in praiſing and loving him. One of the moſt exquiſite pieces of wit ever written by Addiſon, is a defence of Garth againſt the Examiner, 1710. WARTON.

VER. 14. *Defence from Phœbus', &c*] A harſh line, and a falſe and affected thought.

VER. 16. *The woods ſhall anſwer, and their echo ring.*] Is a line out of Spenſer's Epithalamion. POPE.

Ver. 18. *Why art thou prouder and more hard than they?*] A line unworthy our Author, containing a falſe and trivial thought; as is alſo the 22d line. WARTON.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 8. *And Jove conſented*]

"Jupiter et læto deſcendet plurimus imbri." Virg. POPE.

VER. 15. *nor to the deaf I ſing,*]

"Non canimus ſurdis, reſpondent omnia ſylvæ." Virg. POPE.

The

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The bleating ſheep with my complaints agree,
They parch'd with heat, and I inflam'd by thee.
The ſultry Sirius burns the thirſty plains,
While in thy heart eternal winter reigns.

Where ſtray ye, Muſes, in what lawn or grove,
While your Alexis pines in hopeleſs love?
In thoſe fair fields where ſacred Iſis glides,
Or elſe where Cam his winding vales divides?

REMARKS.

VER. 20. *They parch'd with heat, &c.*] Pope ſays, his merit in theſe Paſtorals is his copying from the Ancients. Can any thing like this and other conceits be found in the natural and unaffected language of Virgil? No ſuch thing. But what do we find in *Dryden's Imitation of Virgil:*

The *creaking* locuſts with my *voice conſpire,*
They *fry'd with heat,* and *I* with fierce deſire.

This is Virgil's:

Sole ſub ardenti reſonant arbuſta cicadis!

And Pope had this imitation in his eye, not the original.

I take this opportunity of ſaying, that there is a peculiar propriety in Virgil's "ARBUSTA cicadis reſonant," which is overlook'd by the Tranſlator.

In Italy, the cicada is known to fly from *tree* to *tree*; it is larger than in England, and its note is much more ſhrill.

VER. 23. How inferior is Virgil to Theocritus? See the original paſſage:

Πα ποκ' αϱ ποθ' οκα, &c. Idyll. 1. l. 66.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 23. *Where ſtray ye, Muſes, &c.*]

"Quæ nemora, aut qui vos ſaltus habuere, puellæ
Naïades, indigno cum Gallus amore periret?
Nam neque Parnaſſi vobis juga, nam neque Pindi
Ulla moram fecere, neque Aonia Aganippe."
Virg. out of Theocr. POPE.

As

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As in the cryſtal ſpring I view my face,
Freſh riſing bluſhes paint the wat'ry glaſs;
But ſince thoſe graces pleaſe thy eyes no more,
I ſhun the fountains which I ſought before.
Once I was ſkill'd in ev'ry herb that grew,
And ev'ry plant that drinks the morning dew;
Ah wretched ſhepherd, what avails thy art,
To cure thy lambs, but not to heal thy heart!
Let other ſwains attend the rural care,
Feed fairer flocks, or richer fleeces ſheer:

VARIATIONS.

VER. 27. Oft in the cryſtal ſpring I caſt a view,
And equal'd Hylas, if the glaſs be true;
But ſince thoſe graces meet my eyes no more,
I ſhun, &c. POPE.

REMARKS.

VER. 27. *As in the cryſtal ſpring*] This is one of thoſe paſſages in which Virgil, by too cloſely copying Theocritus, has violated propriety; and not attended to the different characters of Cyclops and Corydon. The ſea, which is a proper looking-glaſs for the gigantic ſon of Neptune, who alſo conſtantly dwelt on the ſhore, was certainly not equally adapted to the face of the little Land-ſhepherd. The ſame may be ſaid of the cheeſe and milk, and numerous herds of Polypheme, exactly ſuited to his Sicilian ſituation, and the rude and ſavage ſtate of the ſpeaker, whoſe character is admirably ſupported through the whole eleventh Idyllium of Theocritus. WARTON.

VER. 35, 36. *Care,*] The only faulty rhymes, *care* and *ſheer*, perhaps in theſe poems, where verſification is in general ſo exact and correct. WARTON.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 27. Virgil again, from the Cyclops of Theocritus,
"nuper me in littore vidi,
Cum placidum ventis ſtaret mare; non ego Daphnim,
Judice te, metuam, ſi nunquam fallat imago." POPE.

But

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But nigh yon' mountain let me tune my lays,
Embrace my Love, and bind my brows with bays.
That flute is mine which Colin's tuneful breath
Inſpir'd when living, and bequeath'd in death:
He ſaid; Alexis, take this pipe, the ſame
That taught the groves my Roſalinda's name:

REMARKS.

Ver. 38. *Embrace my Love, &c.*] It is not eaſy to conceive a more harſh and claſhing line than this. There is the ſame imagery in Theocritus, but it is made more ſtriking by the circumſtances, and picturesque accompaniments, as well as by the extraordinary effect of the lines adapted to the ſubject.

Αλλ υπο τα πετρα ταδε ασομαι, αγκας εχων τυ,
Συνομα μαλ ἐσορων ταν Σικελαν ες αλα!

Idyll. 8. l. 55,56.

Ver. 39. *Colin*] The name taken by Spenſer in his Eclogues, where his miſtreſs is celebrated under that of Roſalinda. Pope.

Ver. 42. *Roſalinda's*] This is the Lady with whom Spenſer fell violently in love, as ſoon as he left Cambridge and went into the North; it is uncertain into what family, and in what capacity. Her name is an Anagram, and the letters of which it is compoſed will make out her true name; for Spenſer (ſays the learned and ingenious Mr. Upton, his beſt Editor) is an Anagrammatiſt in many of his names: thus *Algrind* tranſpoſed is Archbiſhop *Grindal;* and *Morel* is Biſhop *Elmer*. He is ſuppoſed to hint at the cruelty and coquettry of his Roſalind in B. 6. of the Fairy Queen, in the character of Mirabella. Warton.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 40. *bequeath'd in death, &c.*] Virg. Ecl. ii.
"Eſt mihi diſparibus ſeptem compacta cicutis
Fiſtula, Damœtas dono mihi quam dedit olim,
Et dixit moriens, Te nunc habet iſta ſecundum" Pope.

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But now the reeds ſhall hang on yonder tree,
For ever ſilent, ſince deſpis'd by thee.
Oh! were I made by ſome transforming pow'r
The captive bird that ſings within thy bow'r!
Then might my voice thy liſt'ning ears employ,
And I thoſe kiſſes he receives enjoy.
And yet my numbers pleaſe the rural throng,
Rough Satyrs dance, and Pan applauds the ſong:
The Nymphs, forſaking ev'ry cave and ſpring,
Their early fruit, and milk-white turtles bring!
Each am'rous nymph prefers her gifts in vain,
On you their gifts are all beſtow'd again.
For you the ſwains their faireſt flow'rs deſign,
And in one garland all their beauties join;
Accept the wreath which you deſerve alone,
In whom all beauties are compriz'd in one.
See what delights in ſylvan ſcenes appear!
Deſcending Gods have found Elyſium here.
In woods bright Venus with Adonis ſtray'd,
And chaſte Diana haunts the foreſt-ſhade.
Come, lovely nymph, and bleſs the ſilent hours,
When ſwains from ſheering ſeek their nightly bow'rs;
When weary reapers quit the ſultry field,
And crown'd with corn their thanks to Ceres yield.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 60. *Deſcending Gods have found Elyſium here.*]
"Habitarunt Di quoque ſylvas"—Virg.
"Et formoſus oves ad flumina pavit Adonis." Idem. Pope.

This

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This harmleſs grove no lurking viper hides,
But in my breaſt the ſerpent Love abides.
Here bees from bloſſoms ſip the roſy dew,
But your Alexis knows no ſweets but you.
O deign to viſit our forſaken ſeats,
The moſſy fountains, and the green retreats!
Where'er you walk, cool gales ſhall fan the glade,
Trees, where you ſit, ſhall croud into a ſhade:
Where'er you tread, the bluſhing flow'rs ſhall riſe,
And all things flouriſh where you turn your eyes.
O! how I long with you to paſs my days,
Invoke the Muſes, and reſound your praiſe!
Your praiſe the birds ſhall chant in ev'ry grove,
And winds ſhall waft it to the pow'rs above.
But would you ſing, and rival Orpheus' ſtrain,
The wond'ring foreſts ſoon ſhould dance again,

VARIATIONS.

VER. 79, 80.

Your praiſe the tuneful birds to heav'n ſhall bear,
And liſt'ning wolves grow milder as they hear.

So the verſes were originally written. But the Author, young as he was, ſoon found the abſurdity which Spenſer himſelf overlooked, of introducing wolves into England. POPE.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 80. *And winds ſhall waft, &c.*]

"Partem aliquam, venti, divûm referatis ad aures?" Virg.
POPE.

REMARKS.

VER. 73. *Where'er you walk, &c.*] Very much like ſome lines in Hudibras, but certainly no reſemblance was intended:

Where'er you tread, your feet ſhall ſet
The primroſe and the violet;
Nature her charter ſhall renew,
And take all lives of things from you!

The

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The moving mountains hear the pow'rful call,
And headlong ſtreams hang liſt'ning in their fall!
But ſee, the ſhepherds ſhun the noon-day heat,
The lowing herds to murm'ring brooks retreat,
To cloſer ſhades the panting flocks remove;
Ye Gods! and is there no relief for Love?
But ſoon the ſun with milder rays deſcends
To the cool ocean, where his journey ends.

REMARKS.

VER. 84. *And headlong, &c.*] Pope has carried the idea into extravagance, when he makes the ſtream not only "liſtening," but "hang liſtening in its headlong fall." Mr. Steevens in his MS. notes, quotes Lucan, in a paſſage where the image is preciſely the ſame, though poſſibly Pope never ſaw it:

—"de rupe pependit
Abſciſsâ fixus torrens!"

But as it is here uſed, it is too hyperbolical, and only allowable in a very young writer. An idea of this ſort will only bear *juſt touching*, if I may ſay ſo; the mind then does not perceive its violence: if it be brought before the eyes too minutely, it becomes almoſt ridiculous. This is often the fault of Cowley. Oldham has a paſſage of the ſame ſtamp:

"For which the liſt'ning ſtreams forgot to run,
And *trees* lean'd their *attentive* branches down."

How much more judiciouſly and poetically has Milton given the ſame idea?

"Thirſis, whoſe artful ſtrains have oft delay'd
The huddling brook, to hear his madrigal,
And ſweeten'd, &c." COMUS.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 88. *Ye Gods, &c.*]

"Me tamen urit amor, quis enim modus adſit amori?"
Virg. POPE.

On

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On me love's fiercer flames for ever prey,
By night he ſcorches, as he burns by day.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 91. Me love inflames, nor will his fires allay. POPE.

REMARKS.

VER. 92. *By night, &c.*] This is certainly the pooreſt of Pope's Paſtorals; and it has many falſe thoughts and conceits, ſuch as,

" The bleating flocks with my complaints agree,
" They *parch'd* with THIRST, and I *inflam'd* by thee."

" This harmleſs grove no lurking viper hides,
" But in my breaſt the *ſerpent love abides*, &c."

" On me love's fiercer flames, &c."

But the ingenuous and candid critic will always bear in mind the early age in which they were written, and the falſe taſte of Cowley at that time prevalent.

Speaking of the " Headlong ſtream, that hangs liſt'ning in its fall," Ruffhead ſays, " Though it may be allowed that the *new* " images in theſe Paſtorals are not frequent, yet it is too much to " ſay they do not contain a *ſingle image that is new!* Let any " reader of *ſenſibility* attend to the following lines:

" But would you ſing, &c.
" The moving mountains hear your pow'rful call,
" And *headlong ſtreams hang liſt'ning in their fall!*"

" The laſt line," he adds, " ſurely preſents a *new* image, and *a* " *bold one too!*" bold indeed!

Virgil has,

Et mutata ſuos requierunt flumina curſus.

But this idea is certainly not ſo " bold!" and according to Mr. Ruffhead, Milton's image is *very tame* in compariſon of Pope's.

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AUTUMN:

THE THIRD PASTORAL,*

OR

HYLAS and *ÆGON.*

TO MR. WYCHERLEY.†

BENEATH the ſhade a ſpreading Beech diſplays,
Hylas and Ægon ſung their rural lays;
This mourn'd a faithleſs, that an abſent Love,
And Delia's name and Doris' fill'd the Grove.
Ye Mantuan nymphs, your ſacred ſuccour bring;
Hylas and Ægon's rural lays I ſing.

Thou,

REMARKS.

* This Paſtoral conſiſts of two parts, like the viiith of Virgil: The Scene, a Hill; the Time at Sun-ſet. POPE.

† His intrigues with the Dutcheſs of Cleveland, his marriage with the Counteſs of Drogheda, Charles the Second's diſpleaſure on this marriage, his debts and diſtreſſes, and other particulars of his life, are well related by Dennis in a Letter to Major Pack, 1720. In Dennis's collection of Letters, publiſhed in two volumes, 1721, to which Mr. Pope ſubſcribed, Lord Lanſdown has drawn his character, as a Writer, in an elegant manner; chiefly with a view of ſhewing the impropriety of an epithet given to him by Lord Rocheſter, who called him Slow Wycherley; for that, notwithſtanding his pointed wit, and forcible expreſſion, he compoſed with facility and haſte. WARTON.

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Thou, whom the Nine, with Plautus' wit inſpire,
The art of Terence, and Menander's fire;
Whoſe ſenſe inſtructs us, and whoſe humour charms,
Whoſe judgment ſways us, and whoſe ſpirit warms!
Oh, ſkill'd in Nature! ſee the hearts of Swains,
Their artleſs paſſions, and their tender pains.

Now

REMARKS.

VER. 7. *Thou, whom the Nine,*] Mr. Wycherley, a famous author of Comedies; of which the moſt celebrated were the *Plain-Dealer* and *Country-Wife*. He was a writer of infinite ſpirit, ſatire, and wit. The only objection made to him was, that he had too much. However, he was followed in the ſame way by Mr. Congreve, tho' with a little more correctneſs. POPE.

Surely with much more correctneſs, taſte, and judgment. WARTON.

VER. 8. *The art of Terence, and Menander's fire;*] This line alludes to that famous character given of Terence, by Cæſar:

"Tu quoque, tu in ſummis, *ô dimidiate Menander*,
Poneris, et merito, puri ſermonis amator:
Lenibus atque utinam ſcriptis adjuncta foret *vis Comica*."

So that the judicious critic ſees he ſhould have ſaid—*with Menander's fire*. For what the Poet meant, was, that his friend had joined to Terence's art, what Cæſar thought wanting in Terence, namely, the *vis comica* of Menander. Beſides,—*and Menander's fire*, is making that the Characteriſtic of Menander which was not. He was diſtinguiſhed for having art and *comic ſpirit* in conjunction, and Terence having only the firſt part, is called the *half of Menander*. WARBURTON.

VER. 9. *Whoſe ſenſe inſtructs us,*] He was always very careful in his encomiums not to fall into ridicule, the deſerved fate of weak and proſtitute flatterers, and which they rarely eſcape. For *ſenſe*, he would willingly have ſaid *moral*; propriety required it. But this dramatic Poet's moral was remarkably faulty. His plays are all ſhamefully profligate both in the Dialogue and Action. WARBURTON.

VER. 11. *Oh, ſkill'd*] Few writers have leſs nature in them than Wycherley. WARTON.

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Now ſetting Phœbus ſhone ſerenely bright,
And fleecy clouds were ſtreak'd with purple light;
When tuneful Hylas with melodious moan,
Taught rocks to weep, and made the mountains groan.
Go, gentle gales, and bear my ſighs away!
To Delia's ear the tender notes convey.
As ſome ſad turtle his loſt love deplores,
And with deep murmurs fills the ſounding ſhores;
Thus, far from Delia, to the winds I mourn,
Alike unheard, unpity'd, and forlorn.
Go, gentle gales, and bear my ſighs along!
For her, the feather'd quires neglect their ſong:
For her, the limes their pleaſing ſhades deny;
For her, the lilies hang their heads and die.
Ye flow'rs that droop, forſaken by the ſpring,
Ye birds that, left by ſummer, ceaſe to ſing,
Ye trees that fade when autumn-heats remove,
Say, is not abſence death to thoſe who love?
Go, gentle gales, and bear my ſighs away!
Curs'd be the fields that cauſe my Delia's ſtay;
Fade ev'ry bloſſom, wither ev'ry tree,
Die ev'ry flow'r, and periſh all, but ſhe.
What have I ſaid? where'er my Delia flies,
Let ſpring attend, and ſudden flow'rs ariſe;

Let

REMARKS.

Ver. 25.] This rich aſſemblage of very pleaſing paſtoral images, is yet excelled by Shenſtone's beautiful Paſtoral Ballad in four parts. WARTON.

Line 17, to 30. *Go, gentle gales, &c.*] Theſe lines are very beautiful, tender, and melodious.

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Let op'ning roſes knotted oaks adorn,
And liquid amber drop from ev'ry thorn.
Go, gentle gales, and bear my ſighs along!
The birds ſhall ceaſe to tune their ev'ning ſong,
The winds to breathe, the waving woods to move,
And ſtreams to murmur, ere I ceaſe to love.
Not bubbling fountains to the thirſty ſwain,
Not balmy ſleep to lab'rers faint with pain,

Not.

REMARKS.

VER. 43. *Not bubbling*] The turn of theſe four lines is evidently borrowed from Drummond of Hawthornden, a charming but neglected Poet. He was born 1585, and died 1649. His verſes are as ſmooth as Waller's, whom he preceded many years, having written a poem to King James, 1617; whereas Waller's firſt compoſition was to Charles I, 1625. His Sonnets are exquiſitely beautiful and correct. He was one of our firſt, and beſt imitators of the Italian Poets, and Milton had certainly read and admired him, as appears by many paſſages that might be quoted for that purpoſe. The four lines mentioned above follow:

To virgins flow'rs, to ſun-burnt earth the rain,
To mariners fair winds amid the main,
Cool ſhades to pilgrims, whom hot glances burn,
Are not ſo pleaſing as thy bleſt return.

And afterwards again our author borrows in Abelard;

The grief was common, common were the cries.

I will juſt add, that Drayton's Paſtorals, and his Nymphidia, do not ſeem to be attended to ſo much as they deſerve. WARTON.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 37. "Aurea duræ
Mala ferant quercus; narciſſo floreat alnus,
Pinguia corticibus ſudent electra myricæ."
Virg. Ecl. viii. P.

VER. 43, &c.
"Quale ſopor feſſis in gramine, quale per æſtum
Dulcis aquæ ſaliente ſitim reſtinguere rivo." Ecl. v. P.

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Not ſhow'rs to larks, nor ſun-ſhine to the bee,
Are half ſo charming as thy ſight to me.
Go, gentle gales, and bear my ſighs away!
Come, Delia, come; ah, why this long delay?
Thro' rocks and caves the name of Delia ſounds,
Delia, each cave and echoing rock rebounds.
Ye pow'rs, what pleaſing phrenzy ſooths my mind!
Do lovers dream, or is my Delia kind?
She comes, my Delia comes!—Now ceaſe my lay,
And ceaſe, ye gales, to bear my ſighs away!
Next Ægon ſung, while Windſor groves admir'd;
Rehearſe, ye Muſes, what yourſelves inſpir'd.
Reſound, ye hills, reſound my mournful ſtrain!
Of perjur'd Doris, dying I complain:
Here, where the mountains, leſs'ning as they riſe,
Loſe the low vales, and ſteal into the ſkies;

While

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 48. Originally thus in the MS.

With him through Lybia's burning plains I'll go,
On Alpine mountains tread th' eternal ſnow:
Yet feel no heat but what our loves impart,
And dread no coldneſs but in Thyrſis' heart.

WARBURTON.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 52. "An qui amant, ipſi ſibi ſomnia fingunt?"
Id. viii. P.

Ver. 59 to 64. *Here, where the mountains, &c.*] The "lab'ring" ox, "in *his looſe traces*," is from Milton's Comus,

—What time the labor'd ox
In his looſe traces from the furrow came.

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While lab'ring oxen, ſpent with toil and heat,
In their looſe traces from the field retreat:
While curling ſmoaks from village-tops are ſeen,
And the fleet ſhades glide o'er the duſky green.

Reſound, ye hills, reſound my mournful lay!
Beneath yon' poplar oft we paſt the day:
Oft' on the rind I carv'd her am'rous vows,
While ſhe with garlands hung the bending boughs:
The garlands fade, the vows are worn away;
So dies her love, and ſo my hopes decay.

Reſound, ye hills, reſound my mournful ſtrain!
Now bright Arcturus glads the teeming grain,
Now golden fruits on loaded branches ſhine,
And grateful cluſters ſwell with floods of wine;
Now bluſhing berries paint the yellow grove;
Juſt Gods! ſhall all things yield returns but love?

Reſound, ye hills, reſound my mournful lay!
The ſhepherds cry, "Thy flocks are left a prey"—
Ah! what avails it me, the flocks to keep,
Who loſt my heart while I preſerv'd my ſheep.

Pan

REMARKS.

VER. 68. *While ſhe with garlands hung the bending boughs:*] This line forcibly recalls the beautiful deſcription of the "Poor Ophelia."

There with fantaſtic garlands did ſhe come,
Of crow-flow'rs, nettles, daiſies, and long-purples;
There on the pendant weeds, her coronet weeds,
Clamb'ring to hang, an envious ſliver broke. STEVENS.

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Pan came, and aſk'd, what magic caus'd my ſmart,
Or what ill eyes malignant glances dart?
What eyes but hers, alas, have pow'r to move!
And is there magic but what dwells in love!
Reſound, ye hills, reſound my mournful ſtrains!
I'll fly from ſhepherds, flocks, and flow'ry plains,
From ſhepherds, flocks, and plains, I may remove,
Forſake mankind, and all the world—but love!
I know thee, Love! on foreign mountains bred,
Wolves gave thee ſuck, and ſavage tigers fed.
Thou wert from Ætna's burning entrails torn,
Got by fierce whirlwinds, and in thunder born!
Reſound, ye hills reſound my mournful lay!
Farewel, ye woods, adieu the light of day!
One leap from yonder cliff ſhall end my pains,
No more, ye hills, no more reſound my ſtrains!
Thus ſung the ſhepherds till th' approach of night,
The ſkies yet bluſhing with departing light,
When

REMARKS.

VER. 82. *dart?*] It ſhould be *darted*; the preſent tenſe is uſed for the ſake of the rhyme. WARTON.

VER. 97. *Thus ſung*] Among the multitude of Engliſh Poets who wrote Paſtorals, Fairfax, to whom our Verſification is thought to be ſo much indebted, ought to be mentioned. He wrote ten or

IMITATIONS.

VER. 82. *Or what ill eyes*]
"Neſcio quis teneros oculus mihi faſcinat agnos." P.

VER. 89. "Nunc ſcio quid ſit Amor: duris in cotibus illum," &c. P.

This from Virgil is much inferior to the paſſage in Theocritus, from whence it is taken. WARTON.

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When falling dews with ſpangles deck'd the glade,
And the low ſun had lengthen'd ev'ry ſhade. 100

REMARKS.

or twelve Eclogues after the acceſſion of James I. They were like thoſe of Mantuan and Spenſer, allegorical, and alluded to the manners and characters of the times, and contained many ſatyrical ſtrokes againſt the King and his Court. They were loſt in the fire that conſumed the Banquetting Houſe at Whitehall; but it is ſaid that Mr. W. Fairfax, his ſon, recovered them from his father's papers; the fourth of them was publiſhed by Mrs. Cooper in the Muſes Library, 1737. WARTON.

I wonder Dr. Warton ſhould have omitted Browne's Britannia's Paſtorals, an almoſt forgotten work, but containing ſome images of rural beauty which Milton did not diſdain ſometimes to copy. See T. Warton's edition of Milton's ſmaller poems, page 53.

VER. 98. 100.] There is a little inaccuracy here; the firſt line makes the time after ſun-ſet; the ſecond, before.

WARBURTON.

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WINTER:

THE FOURTH PASTORAL,

OR

DAPHNE.

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. TEMPEST.

LYCIDAS.

THYRSIS, the muſic of that murm'ring ſpring
Is not ſo mournful as the ſtrains you ſing;
Nor rivers winding through the vales below,
So ſweetly warble, or ſo ſmoothly flow.

now

REMARKS.

WINTER.] This was the Poet's favourite Paſtoral.

Mrs. Tempeſt.] This Lady was of an ancient family in Yorkſhire, and particularly admired by the Author's friend Mr. Walſh *, who having celebrated her in a Paſtoral Elegy, deſired his friend to do the ſame, as appears from one of his Letters, dated Sept.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 1. *Thirſis, the muſic, &c.*] Ἀδύ τι, &c. Theocr. Id. i.

* On lately reading Mr. Walſh's Preface to Dryden's tranſlation of Virgil's Eclogues, I was convinced he had a greater ſhare of learning than he is uſually allowed to poſſeſs. His ſtrictures on the French language and manners, and on Fontenelle's affected and unnatural Eclogues, as well as on his vain attempt to depreciate the Ancients, are very ſolid and judicious. To what he has ſaid of Virgil may be added, that one of the moſt natural ſtrokes in all his Eclogues, is the ſhepherd's reckoning his years by the ſucceſſion of his loves;

Poſtquam nos Amaryllis habet——

This paſtoral chronology is much in character.

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Now ſleeping flocks on their ſoft fleeces lie,
The moon, ſerene in glory, mounts the ſky,
While ſilent birds forget their tuneful lays,
Oh ſing of Daphne's fate, and Daphne's praiſe!

THYRSIS.

Behold the groves that ſhine with ſilver froſt,
Their beauty wither'd, and their verdure loſt.
Here ſhall I try the ſweet Alexis' ſtrain,
That call'd the liſt'ning Dryads to the plain?
Thames heard the numbers as he flow'd along,
And bade his willows learn the moving ſong.

LYCIDAS.

So may kind rains their vital moiſture yield,
And ſwell the future harveſt of the field.
Begin; this charge the dying Daphne gave,
And ſaid, "Ye ſhepherds ſing around my grave!"
Sing, while beſide the ſhaded tomb I mourn,
And with freſh bays her rural ſhrine adorn.

Ye

REMARKS.

Sept. 9, 1706. "Your laſt Eclogue being on the ſame ſubject with mine, on Mrs. Tempeſt's death, I ſhould take it very kindly in you to give it a little turn, as if it were to the memory of the ſame lady." Her death having happened on the night of the great ſtorm in 1703, gave a propriety to this Eclogue, which in its general turn alludes to it. The ſcene of the Paſtoral lies in a grove, the time at midnight. POPE.

I do not find any lines that allude to the great ſtorm of which the Poet ſpeaks. WARTON.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 13. *Thames heard, &c.*]

"Audiit Eurotas, juſſitque ediſcere lauros." Virg. P.

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THYRSIS.

Ye gentle Muſes, leave your cryſtal ſpring,
Let Nymphs and Sylvans cypreſs garlands bring,
Ye weeping Loves, the ſtream with myrtles hide,
And break your bows, as when Adonis dy'd;
And with your golden darts, now uſeleſs grown,
Inſcribe a verſe on this relenting ſtone:
" Let nature change, let heav'n and earth deplore,
" Fair Daphne's dead, and love is now no more!"
'Tis done, and nature's various charms decay,
See gloomy clouds obſcure the chearful day!
Now

VARIATIONS.

VER. 29. Originally thus in the MS.
'Tis done, and nature chang'd ſince you are gone;
Behold the clouds have put their Mourning on.
WARBURTON.

REMARKS.

VER. 21. *Let Nymphs and Sylvans, &c.*] This line recalls a pathetic little ballad, in Beaumont and Fletcher's Maid's Tragedy;

Lay a garland on my hearſe
Of the diſmal yew,
Maidens, willow branches bear,
Say I died true.
My love was falſe, but I was true,
From my hour of birth:
Upon my buried body lie
Softly, gentle earth!

VER. 31. *Now hung with pearls, &c.*]
" And hung a pearl in every cowſlip's ear."
Mid-ſummer Night's Dream.—STEVENS.

IMITATIONS.

VER, 23, 24, 25 " Inducite fontibus umbras——
Et tumulum facite, et tumulo ſuperaddite carmen." P.

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Now hung with pearls the dropping trees appear,
Their faded honours ſcatter'd on her bier.
See, where on earth the flow'ry glories lie,
With her they flouriſh'd, and with her they die.
Ah what avail the beauties nature wore?
Fair Daphne's dead, and beauty is no more!
For her the flocks refuſe their verdant food,
The thirſty heifers ſhun the gliding flood,
The ſilver ſwans her hapleſs fate bemoan,
In notes more ſad than when they ſing their own;
In hollow caves ſweet Echo ſilent lies,
Silent, or only to her name replies;
Her name with pleaſure once ſhe taught the ſhore,
Now Daphne's dead and pleaſure is no more!
No grateful dews deſcend from ev'ning ſkies,
Nor morning odours from the flow'rs ariſe;

No

REMARKS.

VER. 41. *ſweet Echo*] This expreſſion of *ſweet Echo* is taken from Comus; as is another expreſſion, *looſe traces*, Third Paſt. v. 62. And he recommends theſe poems in high terms to Sir W. Trumball (ſee the Letters) ſo early as the year 1704. WARTON.

VER. 41. *In hollow caves ſweet Echo ſilent lies*]
"The cave where echo lies" Romeo and Juliet. STEVENS.

Sweet Echo, ſweeteſt nymph, that liv'dſt unſeen.
Oh if thou have,
Hid them in ſome flow'ry cave, COMUS.

Αχω δ' εν πετρησιν οδυρεται, οττι σιωπη,
Κεκετι μιμειται τα σα χειλεα.

Compare Moſchus's beautiful Epitaphium Bionis. "*Echo mourns amid the rocks, that ſhe muſt now be ſilent, nor ever imitate again thy lips.*"

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No rich perfumes refreſh the fruitful field,
Nor fragrant herbs their native incenſe yield.
The balmy Zephyrs, ſilent ſince her death,
Lament the ceaſing of a ſweeter breath;
Th' induſtrious bees neglect their golden ſtore!
Fair Daphne's dead, and ſweetneſs is no more!

No more the mounting larks, while Daphne ſings,
Shall liſt'ning in mid-air ſuſpend their wings;
No more the birds ſhall imitate her lays,
Or huſh'd with wonder, hearken from the ſprays:
No more the ſtreams their murmurs ſhall forbear,
A ſweeter muſic than their own to hear,
But tell the reeds, and tell the vocal ſhore,
Fair Daphne's dead, and muſic is no more!

Her fate is whiſper'd by the gentle breeze,
And told in ſighs to all the trembling trees;
The trembling trees, in ev'ry plain and wood,
Her fate remurmur to the ſilver flood;
The ſilver flood, ſo lately calm, appears
Swell'd with new paſſion, and o'erflows with tears;
The winds, and trees, and floods, her death deplore,
Daphne, our grief! our glory now no more!

But

REMARKS.

VER. 54. Here the circumſtances of the lark ſuſpending its wings in mid-air, is highly beautiful, becauſe the image is diſtinct, and there is a *veri-ſimilitudo* in it, which is not the caſe where a waterfall is made to be ſuſpended by the power of Muſic.

VER. 61. &c. *Her fate is whiſpered*] All this is very poor, and unworthy Pope. Firſt, the breeze whiſpers the death of Daphne to the trees; then the trees inform the flood of it; then the flood

" o'erflows

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But see! where Daphne wond'ring mounts on high
Above the clouds, above the starry sky!
Eternal beauties grace the shining scene,
Fields ever fresh, and groves for ever green!
There while you rest in Amaranthine bow'rs,
Or from those meads select unfading flow'rs,
Behold us kindly, who your name implore,
Daphne, our Goddess, and our grief no more!

How

REMARKS.

"o'erflows with tears;" and then they all "deplore" together! Let us, however, still remember the youth of Pope, and the example of prior poets. In Camden's remains there is acurious Epitaph, where such ideas are carried to the greatest excess.

If I recollect rightly, the people, upon the death of the Queen, are called upon to shed so many tears, that the watermen might row to Whitehall in their eyes, instead of on the Thames.

The whole Pastoral would have been much more classical, correct, and pure, if these eight lines,
(*Her fate, &c.* to *Daphne is dead*) had been omitted.

Ver. 70. *Above the clouds,*] In Spenser's November, and in Milton's Lycidas, is the same beautiful change of circumstances: in the latter most exquisite, from line 165.

Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep no more—
Where other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the inexpressive nuptial song
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.

Warton.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 69, 70. "miratur limen Olympi,
Sub pedibusque videt nubes et sydera Daphnis." Virg. P.

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LYCIDAS.

How all things liſten, while thy Muſe complains!
Such ſilence waits on Philomela's ſtrains,
In ſome ſtill ev'ning, when the whiſp'ring breeze
Pants on the leaves, and dies upon the trees.
To thee, bright goddeſs, oft a lamb ſhall bleed,
If teeming ewes increaſe my fleecy breed.
While plants their ſhade, or flow'rs their odours give,
Thy name, thy honour, and thy praiſe ſhall live!

THYRSIS.

But ſee, Orion ſheds unwholeſome dews;
Ariſe, the pines a noxious ſhade diffuſe;
Sharp Boreas blows, and Nature feels decay,
Time conquers all, and we muſt Time obey.
Adieu,

VARIATIONS.

VER. 83. Originally thus in the MS.
While vapours riſe, and driving ſnows deſcend,
Thy honour, name, and praiſe, ſhall never end.

REMARKS.

VER. 85. *unwholeſome dews*;] Obſerve how the melody of thoſe four verſes is improved, by the pure iambic foot at the end of each line, except the ſecond,

—— unwholeſomĕ dēws
—— dĕcāy
—— ŏbēy. WARTON.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 81. "illius aram
Sæpe tener noſtris ab ovilibus imbuet agnus." Virg. P.

VER. 86. "ſolet eſſe gravis cantantibus umbra,
Juniperi gravis umbra." Virg. P.

VER. 88. *Time conquers all, &c.*]
"Omnia vincit amor, et nos cedamus amori."
Vid. etiam Sannazarii Ecl. et Spenſer's Calendar.

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Adieu, ye vales, ye mountains, ſtreams, and groves,
Adieu, ye ſhepherds' rural lays and loves;
Adieu, my flocks; farewel, ye ſylvan crew;
Daphne, farewel; and all the world adieu!

REMARKS.

VER. 89, &c.] Theſe four laſt lines allude to the ſeveral ſubjects of the four Paſtorals, and to the ſeveral ſcenes of them, particularized before in each. POPE.

The Sycophancy of A. Phillips, who had prejudiced Mr. Addiſon againſt Pope, occaſioned thoſe papers in the Guardian, written by the latter, in which there is an ironical preference given to the Paſtorals of Phillips, above his own; in order to ſupport the profound judgment of thoſe who could not diſtinguiſh between the *rural* and the *ruſtic*; and, on that account, condemned the Paſtorals of Pope for wanting ſimplicity. Theſe papers were ſent by an unknown hand to Steele, and the irony eſcaping him, he communicated them to Mr. Pope, declaring he would never publiſh any paper, where one of the Club was complimented at the expence of another. Pope told him he was too delicate, and inſiſted that the papers ſhould be publiſhed in the Guardian. They were ſo. And the pleaſantry eſcaped all but Addiſon: who, taking Pope aſide, ſaid to him in his agreeable manner, You have put your friends here in a very ridiculous light, as will be ſeen when it is underſtood, as it muſt ſoon be, that you was only laughing at the admirers of Phillips.

But this ill conduct of Phillips occaſioned a more open ridicule of his Paſtorals, in the mock poem called the *Shepherd's Week*, written by Gay. But, though more open, the object of it was ill underſtood by thoſe who were ſtrangers to the quarrel. Theſe miſtook the *Shepherd's Week* for a Burleſque of *Virgil's Paſtorals*. How far this goes towards a vindication of Phillips's *ſimple* painting, let others judge. WARBURTON.

A mixture of Britiſh and Grecian ideas may juſtly be deemed a blemiſh in theſe Paſtorals: and propriety is certainly violated, when he couples Pactolus with Thames, and Windſor with

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Hybla. Complaints of immoderate heat, and wiſhes to be conveyed to cooling caverns, when uttered by the inhabitants of Greece, have a decorum and conſiſtency, which they totally loſe in the character of a Britiſh ſhepherd: and Theocritus, during the ardors of Sirius, muſt have heard the murmurings of a brook, and the whiſpers of a pine, with more home-felt pleaſure, than Pope could poſſibly experience upon the ſame occaſion. We can never completely reliſh, or adequately underſtand any author, eſpecially any ancient, except we keep in our eye his climate, his country, and his age. Pope himſelf informs us, in a note, that he judiciouſly omitted the following verſe,

And liſt'ning wolves grow milder as they hear,

on account of the abſurdity, which Spenſer overlooked, of introducing wolves into England. But on this principle, which is certainly a juſt one, may it not be aſked why he ſhould ſpeak, the ſcene lying in Windſor Foreſt, of the ſultry Sirius, of the grateful cluſters of *grapes*, of a *pipe of reeds*, the antique fiſtula, of *thanking Ceres for a plentiful harveſt*, of *the ſacrifice of lambs*, with many other inſtances that might be adduced to this purpoſe. That Pope however was ſenſible of the importance of adapting images to the ſcene of action, is obvious from the following example of his judgment; for in tranſlating

Audiit Eurotas, juſſitque ediſcere Lauros,

he has dexterouſly dropt the *laurels* appropriated to Eurotas, as he is ſpeaking of the river Thames, and has rendered it,

Thames heard the numbers, as he flow'd along,
And bade his *Willows* learn the moving ſong.

In the paſſages which Pope has imitated from Theocritus, and from his Latin Tranſlator Virgil, he has merited but little applauſe. It may not be unentertaining to ſee how coldly and unpoetically Pope has copied the ſubſequent appeal to the Nymphs on the death of Daphnis, in compariſon of Milton on Lycidas, one of his juvenile, but one of his moſt exquiſite, pieces.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorſeleſs deep
Clos'd o'er the head of your lov'd Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the ſteep
Where your old bards, the famous Druids lie;
Nor on the ſhaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva ſpreads her wizard ſtream.

LYCIDAS.

The

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The mention of places remarkably romantic, the ſuppoſed habitations of Druids, Bards, and Wizards, is far more pleaſing to the imagination, than the obvious introduction of Cam and Iſis, as ſeats of the Muſes.

Upon the whole, the principal merit of theſe Paſtorals conſiſts in their muſical and correct verſification; muſical, to a degree of which rhyme could hardly be thought capable; and in giving the trueſt ſpecimen of that harmony in Engliſh verſe, which is now become indiſpenſably neceſſary; and which has ſo forcibly and univerſally influenced the public ear, as to have obliged every moderate rhymer to be at leaſt melodious. WARTON.

Theſe obſervations are very juſt, but Dr. Warton does not ſeem ſufficiently to diſcriminate between the *ſoftneſs* of *individual* lines, which is the chief merit of theſe Paſtorals, and the *general harmony* of poetic numbers. Let it, however, be always remembered, that Pope gave the firſt idea of mellifluence, and produced a ſofter and ſweeter cadence than before belonged to the Engliſh couplet. Dr. Johnſon thinks it will be in vain, after Pope, to endeavour to improve the Engliſh verſification; and that it is now carried to the *ne plus ultra* of excellence. This is an opinion, the validity of which I muſt be permitted to doubt.

Pope certainly gave a more correct and finiſhed *tone* to the Engliſh verſification, but he ſometimes wanted a variety of pauſe, and his nice preciſion of *every line*, prevented, in a few inſtances, a more muſical flow of *modulated paſſages*. But we are to conſider *what he did*, not, what might be done, and ſurely there cannot be two opinions, reſpecting his improvement of the couplet, though it does not follow that his general *rythm* has no imperfection. Sandys, in his verſion of the Pſalms, ſeems to have attended more than I believe is generally imagined, to the effect of muſical harmonies in the couplet. Let me not however be miſunderſtood, as if invariably recommending *breaks*:—far from it – much leſs, *running one line into the other* from careleſſneſs, (not from attention to melody,) which is ſometimes the fault of Dryden himſelf. If, in particular paſſages, I have ventured to remark, that Pope has introduced *falſe thoughts* and *conceits*, let us remember that we ought not ſo much to wonder that he admitted *any*, as that they were not *more*. Dryden's earlier poems are infinitely more *vitiated* in this reſpect.

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MESSIAH,

A SACRED ECLOGUE:

IN IMITATION OF

VIRGIL'S POLLIO.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

IN reading ſeveral paſſages of the Prophet Iſaiah, which foretel the coming of Chriſt and the felicities attending it, I could not but obſerve a remarkable parity between many of the thoughts, and thoſe in the Pollio of Virgil. This will not ſeem ſurpriſing, when we reflect, that the Eclogue was taken from a Sibylline prophecy on the ſame ſubject. One may judge that Virgil did not copy it line by line, but ſelected ſuch ideas as beſt agreed with the nature of paſtoral poetry, and diſpoſed them in that manner which ſerved moſt to beautify his piece. I have endeavoured the ſame in this imitation of him, though without admitting any thing of my own; ſince it was written with this particular view, that the reader, by comparing the ſeveral thoughts, might ſee how far the images and deſcriptions of the Prophet are ſuperior to thoſe of the Poet. But as I fear I have prejudiced them by my management, I ſhall ſubjoin the paſſages of Iſaiah, and thoſe of Virgil, under the ſame diſadvantage of a literal tranſlation*. POPE.

* As Pope made uſe of the old tranſlation of Iſaiah in the paſſages which he ſubjoined, it was thought proper to uſe the ſame, and not have recourſe to the more accurate and more animated verſion of Biſhop Lowth.

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The ſpuriouſneſs of thoſe Sibylline verſes which have been applied to our Saviour, has been ſo fully demonſtrated by many able and judicious critics, that, I imagine, they will not be again adduced as proofs of the truth of the Chriſtian Religion, by any ſound and concluſive reaſoner. The learned Heyne has diſcuſſed this point in his notes on the ſecond eclogue of Virgil, p. 73. v. 1.; and he adds an opinion about prophecy in general, too remarkable to be omitted, but of too delicate a nature to be quoted in any words but his own. "Scilicet inter omnes populos, magna imprimis calamitate oppreſſos, Vaticinia circumferri ſolent, quæ ſive graviora minari, ſive lætiora ſolent polliceri, eaque, neceſſariâ rerum viciſſitudine, melioribus aliquando ſuccedentibus temporibus, ferè ſemper eventum habent. Nullo tamen tempore vaticiniorum inſanius fuit ſtudium, quàm ſub extrema Republicæ Romanæ tempora, primoſque imperatores; cum bellorum civilium calamitates hominum animos terroribus omnis generis agitatos; ad varia portentorum prodigiorum, et vaticiniorum ludibria convertiſſent. Quaſcunque autem hoc in genere deſcriptiones, novæ felicitatis habemus, ſive in Orientis ſive in Græcis et Romanis poetis, omnes inter ſe ſimiles ſunt: beſtiæ ac feræ cicures, ſerpentes innocui, fruges nullo cultû enatæ, mare placidum, dii preſentes in terris, aliaque ejuſmodi in omnibus memorantur." In contradiction to this opinion the reader is deſired to turn to as remarkable a paſſage at the end of the twenty-firſt of Biſhop Lowth's excellent Lectures on the Hebrew Poetry. WARTON.

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MESSIAH,

A SACRED ECLOGUE.

YE Nymphs of Solyma! begin the ſong:
To heav'nly themes ſublimer ſtrains belong.
The moſſy fountains, and the ſylvan ſhades,
The dreams of Pindus and th' Aonian maids,
Delight no more—O Thou my voice inſpire
Who touch'd Iſaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!
Rapt into future times, the Bard begun:
A Virgin ſhall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!

From

REMARKS.

VER. 5. *Delight no more—*] This pauſe and words are evidently from Dryden, a greater HARMONIST, if I may ſay ſo, than Pope:

"The lovely ſhrubs and trees that ſhade the plain,
"*Delight not* all."

I mention this becauſe it is the firſt break we have had in the couplet.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 8. *A Virgin ſhall conceive—All crimes ſhall ceaſe, &c.*] Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 6.

"Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna *;
Jam nova progenies cœlo demittitur alto.
Te duce, ſi qua manent ſceleris veſtigia noſtri,
Irrita perpetua ſolvent formidine terras——
Pacatumque reget patriis virtutibus orbem."

"*Now the Virgin returns, now the kingdom of Saturn returns, now a new progeny is ſent down from high heaven. By means of thee, whatever reliques of our crimes remain, ſhall be wiped away, and free the world from perpetual fears. He ſhall govern the earth in peace, with the virtues of his father.*" Iſaiah.

* Dante ſays, that Statius was made a Chriſtian by reading this paſſage in Virgil. See L. Gyraldus, p. 534. WARTON.

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From [a] Jeſſe's root behold a branch ariſe,
Whoſe ſacred flow'r with fragrance fills the ſkies:
Th' Ethereal Spirit o'er its leaves ſhall move,
And on its top deſcends the myſtic Dove.
Ye [b] heav'ns! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in ſoft ſilence ſhed the kindly ſhow'r!

The

REMARKS.

VER. 13. *Ye Heav'ns! &c.*] Dr. Warburton has a note on this paſſage, in which he labours to prove, that the Prophet deſcribes the "Ethereal Spirit," under the idea of *rain*, which he ſays ſuits the firſt *age* of the goſpel; the *Poet*, under the idea of *dew*, which extends it *to every age!*

Dr. Warton juſtly obſerves, that Warburton frequently diſgraced his acuteneſs and great talents, by endeavouring to find out and extort new meanings, in the Authors he undertook to criticize. He adds, "This interpretation is near a-kin to that "marvellous one which he has given to a ſpeech in the ſecond Act "of Hamlet, where he contends that the words, 'if the ſun breeds "maggots in a dead dog, being a God, kiſſing carrion,' point out "the ſupreme cauſe diffuſing its bleſſings on mankind, who is, as "it were, a dead carrion, dead in original ſin, man, inſtead of a "proper return of duty, ſhould breed only corruption and vices. "Are theſe ſort of interpretations a jot leſs ridiculous than that of "Father Harduin's on the twentieth ode of the ſecond book of "Horace, who tells us, this ode is a proſopopeia of Chriſt tri-"umphing and addreſſing the Jews after his reſurrection? That "*biformis*

IMITATIONS.

Iſaiah, ch. vii. ver. 14. — "*Behold a Virgin ſhall conceive and bear a ſon.*"——Ch. ix. ver. 6, 7. "*Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given; the Prince of Peace: of the increaſe of his government, and of his peace, there ſhall be no end: Upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order and to eſtabliſh it, with judgment, and with juſtice, for ever and ever.*" POPE.

VER. 14. *And in ſoft ſilence ſhed the kindly ſhow'r!*] From Dryden's Don Sebaſtian.

"But *ſhed* from nature like a *kindly ſhow'r.*" STEVENS.

[a] Iſai. ch. xi. ver. 1. [b] Ch. xlv. ver. 8.

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The [c] ſick and weak the healing plant ſhall aid,
From ſtorms a ſhelter, and from heat a ſhade.
All crimes ſhall ceaſe, and ancient fraud ſhall fail;
Returning [d] Juſtice lift aloft her ſcale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-rob'd Innocence from heav'n deſcend.
Swift fly the years, and riſe th' expected morn!
Oh ſpring to light, auſpicious Babe, be born!
See Nature haſtes her earlieſt wreaths to bring,
With all the incenſe of the breathing ſpring:

See

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" *biformis vates* alludes to his being *in formâ dei*, and *in formâ* " *ſervi*. That the ſecond part of the allegory points to the Do-" minicans, who ſhould preach and diffuſe his goſpel to diſtant " nations; that *alitem album*, meant their white garments; and " *reſidunt pelles cruribus aſperæ*, their boots!"

VER. 17. *ancient fraud*] *i. e.* the fraud of the ſerpent.

WARBURTON.

VER. 23. *See Nature*] Perhaps the dignity, the energy, and the ſimplicity of the original, are in a few paſſages weakened and diminiſhed by florid epithets, and uſeleſs circumlocutions.

See Nature haſtes her earlieſt wreaths to bring,
With all the incenſe of the breathing ſpring:

Are lines which have too much prettineſs, and too modern an air. The judicious addition of circumſtances and adjuncts is what renders

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VER. 23. *See Nature haſtes, &c.*] Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 18.

" At tibi prima, puer, nullo munuſcula cultu,
Errantes hederas paſſim cum baccare tellus,
Mixtaque ridenti colocaſia fundet acantho—
Ipſa tibi blandos fundent cunabula flores."

[c] Iſai. ch. xxv. ver. 4. [d] Ch. ix. ver. 7.

" For

See lofty Lebanon* his head advance,
See nodding foreſts on the mountains dance:
See ſpicy clouds from lowly Saron riſe,
And Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the ſkies!
Hark!

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ders poeſy a more lively imitation of nature than proſe. Pope has been happy in introducing the following circumſtance: the prophet ſays, "*The parched ground ſhall become a pool;*" our Author expreſſes this idea by ſaying, that the ſhepherd

——ſhall ſtart amid the thirſty wild to hear
New falls of water murm'ring in his ear†.

A ſtriking example of a ſimilar beauty may be added from Thomſon. Meliſander, in the Tragedy of Agamemnon, after telling us he was conveyed in a veſſel, at midnight, to the wildeſt of the Cyclades, adds, when the pitileſs mariners had left him in that dreadful ſolitude,

——I never *heard*
A ſound ſo diſmal as their parting oars!

On the other hand, the prophet has been ſometimes particular, when Pope has been only general. "*Lift up thine eyes round about, and ſee; all they gather themſelves together, they come to thee:——The multitude of camels ſhall cover thee, the dromedaries of Midian and Ephah: all they from Sheba ſhall come: they ſhall bring gold and incenſe, and they ſhall ſhew forth the praiſes of the Lord. All the flocks of Kedar ſhall be gathered together unto thee; the rams of*

IMITATIONS.

"*For thee, O Child, ſhall the earth, without being tilled, produce her early offerings; winding ivy, mixed with* Baccar, *and* Colocaſia *with ſmiling* Acanthus. *Thy cradle ſhall pour forth pleaſing flow'rs about thee.*"

Iſai. ch. xxxv. ver. 1. "*The wilderneſs and the ſolitary place ſhall be glad, and the deſert ſhall rejoice and bloſſom as the roſe.*—Ch. lx. ver. 13. *The glory of* Lebanon *ſhall come unto thee, the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of thy ſanctuary.*"

POPE.

* Iſaiah, ch. xxxv. ver. 2. † Meſſ. ver. 70.

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Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;
Prepare the [f] way! a God, a God appears:
A God, a God! the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.

Lo,

REMARKS.

of Nebaioth shall minister unto thee [*]." In imitating this passage, Pope has omitted the different beasts that in so picturesque a manner characterise the different countries which were to be gathered together on this important event; and says, only in undistinguishing terms,

See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings;
And heap'd with products of Sabæan springs †.

VER. 31. *A God, a God!*—] The repetition is in the true spirit of Poetry, "Deus, Deus ipse;"—the whole passage indeed is finely worked up, from "Lofty Lebanon" to the magnificent and powerful appeal, "HARK! A GLAD VOICE," &c. It must be however observed, that the line

"See *nodding* forests on the mountains dance,"

is too particular; it brings the image too close, and, by exhibiting the *action* stronger than poetical propriety and sublimity required, destroys the intended effect. In images of this sort, the greatest care should be taken just to present the idea, but not to *detail* it, otherwise it becomes, in the language of Shakespear, like

"*AMBITION that o'ER-LEAPS itself.*"

IMITATIONS.

VER. 29. *Hark! a glad voice, &c.*] Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 46.

"Aggredere ô magnos, aderit jam tempus, honores,
Cara deûm soboles, magnum Jovis incrementum—
Ipsi lætitia voces ad sydera jactant
Intonsi montes, ipsæ jam carmina rupes,
Ipsa sonant arbusta, Deus, deus ille Menalca!"

Ecl. v. ver. 62.

"*Ob.*

[f] Isaiah, ch. xl. ver. 3, 4.
[*] Isaiah, ch. lx. ver. 4. 6, 7. † Mess. v. 94.

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Lo, earth receives him from the bending ſkies!
Sink down, ye mountains, and, ye valleys, riſe;
With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay;
Be ſmooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way!
The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold!
Hear[g] him, ye deaf, and all ye blind, behold!
He from thick films ſhall purge the viſual ray,
And on the ſightleſs eye-ball pour the day:
'Tis

REMARKS.

VER. 35. *With heads declin'd, &c.*] This line is faulty, for the ſame reaſon as given in the remark on "*nodding foreſts*"—The *action* is brought too near, and for that reaſon the image no longer appears *grand*. Dr. Warton obſerves, "the Prophet is ſometimes *particular* where Pope is *general*, and *vice verſâ*:" the fact is, one of the greateſt proofs of poetical judgment is knowing upon what occaſions it is neceſſary to be *general*, and when it is more proper to be *particular* and *ſpecific*.

VER. 39. *He from thick films ſhall purge the viſual ray,*] The ſenſe and language ſhew, that by *viſual ray*, the poet meant the *ſight*, or, as Milton calls it, indeed ſomething leſs boldly, though more

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"*Oh come and receive the mighty honours: the time draws nigh, O beloved offspring of the Gods, O great encreaſe of Jove! The uncultivated mountains ſend ſhouts of joy to the ſtars, the very rocks ſing in verſe, the very ſhrubs cry out, a God, a God!*"

Iſaiah, ch. xl. ver. 3, 4. "*The voice of him that crieth in the wilderneſs, Prepare ye the way of the Lord! make ſtraight in the deſert a high way for our God! Every valley ſhall be exalted, and every mountain and hill ſhall be made low, and the crooked ſhall be made ſtraight, and the rough places plain.*" Ch. iv. ver. 23. "*Break forth into ſinging, ye mountains! O foreſt, and every tree therein! for the Lord hath redeemed Iſrael.*" POPE.

[g] Iſai. ch. xliii. ver. 18. ch. xxxv. ver. 5, 6.

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'Tis he th' obſtructed paths of ſound ſhall clear,
And bid new muſic charm th' unfolding ear:
The dumb ſhall ſing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No ſigh, no murmur the wide world ſhall hear,
From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear.
In [h] adamantine chains ſhall Death be bound,
And Hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
As the good ſhepherd [i] tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freſheſt paſture and the pureſt air,
Explores

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more exactly, *the viſual nerve.* However, no critic would quarrel with the figure which calls the *inſtrument* of viſion by the name of the *cauſe.* But though the term be noble and ſublime, yet the expreſſion of *thick films* is faulty; and he fell into it by a common neglect of the following rule of good writing, "That when a figurative word is uſed, whatſoever is predicated of it ought not only to agree in terms to the thing to which the figure is applied, but likewiſe to that from which the figure is taken." *Thick films* agree only with the thing to which it is applied, namely, to the *ſight* or eye; and not to that from which it is taken, namely a *ray of light* coming to the eye. He ſhould have ſaid *thick clouds*, which would have agreed with both. But theſe inaccuracies are not to be found in his later poems. WARBURTON.

It is remarkable, that this obſervation bears a cloſe reſemblance to what Concanen ſays of this paſſage, p. 23. of his Supplement to the profound. 1728. WARTON.

VER. 45. *No ſigh, no murmur the wide world ſhall hear,*] I wonder Dr. Warton had not here pointed out the force and the beauty of this moſt comprehenſive and ſtriking line.

VER. 46 *From ev'ry face, &c.*] This line was thus altered by Steele. WARTON.

"The Lord God will wipe away tears from all faces."—Iſai. Thence Milton in Lycidas,

"And wipe all tears for ever from his eyes."

[h] Iſaj. ch. xxv. ver. 8. [i] Ch. xl. ver. 11.

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Explores the loſt, the wand'ring ſheep directs,
By day o'erſees them, and by night protects,
The tender lambs he raiſes in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his boſom warms;
Thus ſhall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promis'd [k] Father of the future age.
No more ſhall [l] nation againſt nation riſe,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming ſteel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
But uſeleſs lances into ſcythes ſhall bend,
And the broad faulchion in a plow-ſhare end.
Then palaces ſhall riſe; the joyful [m] Son
Shall finiſh what his ſhort-liv'd Sire begun;
Their vines a ſhadow to their race ſhall yield,
And the ſame hand that ſow'd, ſhall reap the field.
The ſwain in barren [n] deſerts with ſurpriſe
See lilies ſpring, and ſudden verdure riſe;

And

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VER. 53. HE, is redundant. WARTON.

VER. 56. *The promis'd father of the future age.*] In Iſaiah ix. it is the everlaſting Father; which the LXX render, *The Father of the world to come;* agreeably to the ſtyle of the New Teſtament, in which the kingdom of the Meſſiah is called the age of the world to come; Mr. Pope, therefore, has, with great judgment, adopted the ſenſe of the LXX, which his commentator has not obſerved. WARTON.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 67. *The ſwain in barren deſerts*] Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 28.

" Molli paulatim flaveſcet campus ariſta,
Incultiſque rubens pendebit ſentibus uva,
Et duræ quercus ſudabunt roſcida mella." " The

[k] Iſaiah, ch. ix. ver. 6. [l] Ch. ii. ver. 4.
[m] Ch. lxv. ver. 21, 22. [n] Ch. xxxv. v. 1. 7.

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And ſtart, amidſt the thirſty wilds to hear
New falls of water murm'ring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulruſh nods.
Waſte ſandy [o] valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
The ſpiry fir and ſhapely box adorn;
To leafleſs ſhrubs the flow'ring palms ſucceed,
And od'rous myrtle to the noiſome weed.
The [p] lambs with wolves ſhall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flow'ry bands the tiger lead;

The

REMARKS.

VER. 77. The words of Iſaiah are, "*The wolf ſhall dwell with the lamb;*" but Pope, by carrying the image farther, and making the wolf *graze* with the lamb, has inadvertently given an inconſiſtency to the paſſage.—This was written before I had ſeen Mr. Stevens's remark, who, quoting the paſſage, aſks, "whether wolves are graminivorous?"

IMITATIONS.

"*The fields ſhall grow yellow with ripen'd ears, and the red grape ſhall hang upon the wild brambles, and the hard oak ſhall diſtil honey like dew.*"

Iſaiah, ch. xxxv. ver. 7. "*The parched ground ſhall become a pool, and the thirſty lands ſprings of water: In the habitation where dragons lay, ſhall be graſs, and reeds and ruſhes.*"—Ch. lv. ver. 13. "*Inſtead of the thorn ſhall come up the fir-tree, and inſtead of the briar ſhall come up the myrtle-tree.*" POPE.

VER. 77. *The lambs with wolves, &c.*] Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 21.

"Ipſæ lacte domum referent diſtenta capellæ
Ubera, nec magnos metuent armenta leones—
Occidet et ſerpens, et fallax herba veneni
Occidet."—

"*The*

[o] Iſai. ch. xli. ver. 19. and Ch. lv. ver. 13. [p] Ch. xi. ver. 6, 7, 8.

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The ſteer and lion at one crib ſhall meet,
And harmleſs [q] ſerpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The ſmiling infant in his hand ſhall take
The creſted baſiliſk and ſpeckled ſnake,
Pleas'd the green luſtre of the ſcales ſurvey,
And with their forky tongue ſhall innocently play.
Riſe, crown'd with light, imperial [r] Salem, riſe!
Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes!

See,

IMITATIONS.

"*The goats ſhall bear to the fold their udders diſtended with milk: nor ſhall the herds be afraid of the greateſt lions. The ſerpent ſhall die, and the herb that conceals poiſon ſhall die.*"

Iſaiah, ch. xi. ver. 16, &c. "*The wolf ſhall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard ſhall lie down with the kid, and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together: and a little child ſhall lead them. —And the lion ſhall eat ſtraw like the ox. And the ſucking child ſhall play on the hole of the aſp, and the weaned child ſhall put his hand on the den of the cockatrice.*" POPE.

VER. 80. From the words *occidet et ſerpens*, it was idly concluded the old ſerpent, Satan, was meant. WARTON.

VER. 85. *Riſe, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, riſe!*] The thoughts of Iſaiah, which compoſe the latter part of the poem, are wonderfully elevated, and much above thoſe general exclamations of Virgil, which make the loftieſt parts of his Pollio:

"Magnus ab integro ſæclorum naſcitur ordo!
—toto ſurget gens aurea mundo!
—incipient magni procedere menſes!
Aſpice, venturo lætentur ut omnia ſæclo!" &c.

The reader needs only to turn to the paſſages of Iſaiah, here cited. POPE.

[q] Iſaiah, ch. lxv. ver. 25. [r] Ch. lx. ver. 1.

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See, a long [s] race thy ſpacious courts adorn;
See future ſons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crouding ranks on ev'ry ſide ariſe,
Demanding life, impatient for the ſkies!
See barb'rous [t] nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars throng'd with proſtrate kings,
And heap'd with products of [u] Sabæan ſprings!
For thee Idume's ſpicy foreſts blow,
And ſeeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See heav'n its ſparkling portals wide diſplay,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.
No more the riſing [w] Sun ſhall gild the morn,
Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her ſilver horn;
But loſt, diſſolv'd in thy ſuperior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'er-

REMARKS.

VER. 87. See the very animated prophecy of Joad, in the ſeventh ſcene of Racine's Athaliah, perhaps the moſt ſublime piece of poetry in the French language, and a chief ornament of that which is one of the beſt of their tragedies. In ſpeaking of theſe paraphraſes from the ſacred ſcriptures, I cannot forbear mentioning Dr. Young's nervous and noble paraphraſe of the book of Job, and Mr. Pitt's of the third and twenty-fifth chapters of the ſame book, and alſo of the fifteenth chapter of Exodus. WARTON.

VER. 100. Cynthia is an improper becauſe a claſſical word. WARTON.

VER. 102. *One tide of glory,*] Here is a remarkable fine effect of verſification: The poet riſes with his ſubject, and the correſpondent periods ſeem to flow more copious and majeſtic with the grandeur and ſublimity of the theme.

[s] Iſai. ch. lx. ver. 4. [t] Ch. lx. ver. 3.
[u] Ch. lx. ver. 6. [w] Ch. lx. ver. 19, 20.

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O'erflow thy courts: the Light himſelf ſhall ſhine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
The [x] ſeas ſhall waſte, the ſkies in ſmoke decay,
Rocks fall to duſt, and mountains melt away;
But fix'd his word, his ſaving pow'r remains:
Thy realm for ever laſts, thy own MESSIAH reigns!

[x] Iſaiah, ch. li. ver. 6. and Ch. liv. ver. 10.

THIS is certainly the moſt animated and ſublime of all our Author's compoſitions, and it is manifeſtly owing to the great original which he copied Iſaiah abounds in ſtriking and magnificent imagery. See Mr. Maſon's paraphraſe of the 14th chapter of this exalted prophet. Dr. Johnſon, in his youth, gave a tranſlation of this piece, which perhaps has been praiſed and magnified beyond its merits.

I find and feel it impoſſible to conclude theſe remarks on Pope's Meſſiah, without mentioning another poem taken alſo from Iſaiah, the noble and magnificent Ode on the Deſtruction of Babylon, which Dr. Lowth hath given us in the thirteenth of his Prelections on the Poetry of the Hebrews; and which, the ſcene, the actors, the ſentiments, and diction, all contribute to place in the firſt rank of the ſublime: theſe Prelections, abounding in remarks entirely new, delivered in the pureſt and moſt expreſſive language, have been received and read with almoſt univerſal approbation, both at home and abroad, as being the richeſt augmentation literature has in our times received, and as tending to illuſtrate and recommend the Holy Scriptures in an uncommon degree.

WARTON.

Dr. Johnſon's Latin tranſlation of this Poem is certainly inaccurate, and it contains many expreſſions which, as Dr. Warton obſerves, are not *claſſical*. I have another Latin tranſlation before me, with which I was favoured by Mr. Todd, printed at Naples 1760, and entitled, "Meſſias, Ecloga ſacra Anglice, ab Alexandro Popio, Latine reddita a Gulielmo Bermingham, Preſbytero." This

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This tranſlation is in ſome parts well executed, but in general it is deficient in poetic harmony and effect, and often offends taſte and propriety. If Pope has here and there offended, by detailing a great idea, his Tranſlator exceeds him in this reſpect. It is not ſufficient that Lebanon ſhould "advance his head," but he is made to "*leap up*," *ſtriking the ſtars with his nearer top*.

Emicat en Libanus propiore cacumine pulſans
Aſtra!

Saron alſo, *Valle ſpreta*,
——*roſeis* petit æthera *pennis!*

This is doing to Pope, exactly what he has done, in ſome paſſages, to the awful ſublimity of Iſaiah. I do not however ſpeak this in diſpraiſe; for, all things conſidered, the Meſſiah is as fine and maſterly a piece of compoſition, as the Engliſh language, in the ſame ſtyle of verſe, can boaſt. I have ventured to point out a paſſage or two, (for they are rare,) where the ſublimity has been weakened by epithets; and I have done this, becauſe it is a fault particularly with young writers, ſo common. In the moſt truly ſublime images of ſcripture, the *addition* of a *ſingle word* would often deſtroy their effect. It is therefore right to keep as nearly as poſſible to the very words. No one underſtood better than Milton, where to be *general*, and where *particular*; where to adopt the very expreſſion of ſcripture, and where it was allowed to paraphraſe.

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WINDSOR FOREST.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

GEORGE LORD LANSDOWN.

Non injuſſa cano: Te noſtræ, *Vare*, myricæ,
Te *Nemus* omne canet; nec Phœbo gratior ulla eſt,
Quam ſibi quæ *Vari* præſcripſit pagina nomen. VIRG.

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WINDSOR-FOREST.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

GEORGE LORD LANSDOWN.[a]

THY foreſt, Windſor! and thy green retreats,
At once the Monarch's and the Muſe's ſeats,
Invite my lays. Be preſent, ſylvan maids!
Unlock your ſprings, and open all your ſhades.

GRAN-

VARIATIONS.

VER. 3, &c. Originally thus (and indeed much better):

Chaſte Goddeſs of the woods,
Nymphs of the vales, and Naïads of the floods,
Lead me through arching bow'rs, and glimm'ring glades,
Unlock your ſprings— POPE.

NOTES.

This Poem was written at two different times: the firſt part of it, which relates to the country, in the year 1704, at the ſame time with the Paſtorals; the latter part was not added till the year 1713, in which it was publiſhed. P.

[a] Notwithſtanding the many praiſes laviſhed on this celebrated nobleman as a poet, by Dryden, by Addiſon, by Bolingbroke, by our Author, and others, yet candid criticiſm muſt oblige us to confeſs, that he was but a feeble imitator of the feebleſt parts of Waller. In his tragedy of Heroic Love, he ſeems not to have had a true reliſh for Homer whom he copied; and in the Britiſh Enchanters, very little fancy is to be found in a ſubject fruitful of romantic imagery. It was fortunate for him, ſays Mr. Walpole in his Anecdotes, that in an age when perſecution raged ſo fiercely againſt lukewarm authors, that he had an intimacy with the Inquiſitor General; how elſe would ſuch lines as theſe eſcape the Bathos; they are in his Heroic Love:

——Why thy Gods
Enlighten thee to ſpeak their *dark* decrees.

His

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GRANVILLE commands; your aid, O Muſes, bring!
What Muſe for GRANVILLE can refuſe to ſing? 6

The

NOTES.

His Progreſs of Beauty, and his Eſſay on Unnatural Flights in Poetry, ſeem to be the beſt of his pieces; in the latter are many good critical remarks and precepts, and it is accompanied with notes that contain much agreeable inſtruction. For it may be added, his proſe is better than his verſe. Witneſs a Letter to a Young Man on his taking Orders, his Obſervations on Burnet, and his Defence of his relation Sir Richard Grenville, and a Tranſlation of ſome parts of Demoſthenes, and a Letter to his Father on the Revolution, written in October 1688. After having been Secretary at War 1710, Controller and Treaſurer to the Houſehold, and of her Majeſty's Privy Council, and created a Peer 1711, he was ſeized as a ſuſpected perſon, at the acceſſion of King George the Firſt, and confined in the Tower, in the very chamber that had before been occupied by Sir Robert Walpole. But whatever may be thought of Lord Lanſdown as a poet, his character as a man was highly valuable. His converſation was moſt pleaſing and polite; his affability, and univerſal benevolence and gentleneſs, captivating; he was a firm friend, and a ſincere lover of his country. WARTON.

Johnſon remarks, that this Poem was written after the model of Denham's Cooper's Hill, with perhaps an eye on Waller's Poem of The Park. Marvel has alſo written a Poem on Local Scenery, "upon the Hill and Grove at Billborow;" and another, "on "Appleton Houſe," (now Nunappleton in Yorkſhire).

Marvel abounds with conceits and falſe thoughts, but ſome of the deſcriptive touches are picturesque and beautiful. His deſcription of a gently riſing eminence is more picturesque, although not ſo elegantly and juſtly expreſſed, as the ſame ſubject is in Denham. I tranſcribe the following, as the Poem is but little read:

"See what a ſoft acceſs, and wide,
Lies open to its graſſy ſide; Nor

IMITATIONS.

VER. 6. "neget quis carmina Gallo?" VIRG.

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The Groves of Eden, vaniſh'd now ſo long,
Live in deſcription, and look green in ſong:
Theſe,

REMARKS.

VER. 7. Alluſion to Milton's Paradiſe Loſt. WARTON.

VER. 8. *Live in deſcription,*] Evidently ſuggeſted by Waller:

" Of the firſt Paradiſe *there's nothing found,*
Yet the *deſcription* laſts; who knows the fate
Of lives that ſhall this Paradiſe relate?
Inſtead of rivers rolling by the ſide
Of *Eden's garden,*" &c.

NOTES.

Nor with its rugged path deters
The feet of *breathleſs* travellers.
Yet thus it all the plain commands,
And in unenvied greatneſs ſtands,
Diſcerning farther than the cliff
Of Heaven-daring Tencriff.
How glad the weary ſeamen haſte
When they ſalute it from the maſt!
By night, the northern ſtar their way
Directs, and this no leſs by day.
Upon its creſt, this mountain grave,
A plume of aged trees does wave "

Sometimes Marvel obſerves little circumſtances of rural nature with the eye and feeling of a true Poet:

" Then as I careleſs on the bed
Of *gelid ſtrawberries* do tread,
And thro' the hazles thick, eſpy
The *batching thruſtle's ſhining eye.*"

The laſt circumſtance is new, highly poetical, and could only have been deſcribed by one who was a real lover of nature, and a witneſs of her beauties in her moſt ſolitary retirements. It is the obſervation of ſuch *circumſtances*, which can alone form an accurate deſcriptive rural Poet. In this province of his art, Pope therefore

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Theſe, were my breaſt inſpir'd with equal flame,
Like them in beauty, ſhould be like in fame.
Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
Here earth and water ſeem to ſtrive again;
Not Chaos-like together cruſh'd and bruis'd,
But, as the world, harmoniouſly confus'd:
Where

REMARKS.

VER. 9. *inſpir'd with equal flame,*] That is (as I underſtand it), if the Poet were inſpired with Milton's poetical flame, then *theſe* groves, which reſemble the groves of Eden, and which, though *vaniſh'd*, revive in his ſong—theſe groves (of Windſor) ſhould be like in *fame*, as in *beauty*. Dr. Warton thinks there is an inconſiſtency, but I muſt confeſs I do not perceive it; at leaſt, I think there is no expreſſion here uſed but ſuch as is fairly allowable in Poetry.

VER. 10. *Like them in beauty, ſhould be like in fame*]

"Like him in birth thou ſhouldſt be like in fame.
As thine his fate, if mine had been his flame." DENHAM.

NOTES.

fore muſt evidently fail, as he could not deſcribe what his phyſical infirmities prevented his obſerving. For the ſame reaſon, Johnſon, as a critic, was not a proper judge of this ſort of Poetry.

Before this deſcriptive poem on Windſor-Foreſt, I do not recollect any other profeſſed compoſition on *local ſcenery*, except the Poems of the Authors already mentioned. For Milton's Allegro, though in part perhaps taken from real ſcenery, cannot be claſſed with poems written profeſſedly on particular ſpots. Denham's is certainly the beſt, prior to Pope's: his deſcription of London at a diſtance, is ſublime:

"Under his proud ſurvey the City lies,
And like a miſt beneath a hill doth riſe,
Whoſe ſtate and wealth, the buſ'neſs and the crowd,
Seems at this diſtance but a *darker cloud*."[1]

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Where order in variety we ſee,
And where, tho' all things differ, all agree.
Here waving groves a chequer'd ſcene diſplay,
And part admit, and part exclude the day;
As ſome coy nymph her lover's warm addreſs
Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repreſs.
There, interſpers'd in lawns and op'ning glades,
Thin trees ariſe that ſhun each other's ſhades.
Here in full light the ruſſet plains extend:
There wrapt in clouds the blueiſh hills aſcend.

Ev'n

REMARKS.

VER. 17. *Here waving groves, &c.*] This deſcriptive paſſage is not touched with the hand of a great *Painter*; the *diſtances*, the objects, the light, and ſhade, are not ſufficiently marked:—all is in light, except where it is ſaid,

"There wrapt in clouds the blueiſh hills aſcend;"

which is well contraſted with the line before,

"Here in *full light* the ruſſet plains extend."

An old oak, or ſome particular tree, more circumſtantially deſcribed, might have been brought into the *fore ground*;—but a candid Critic is only to examine what *is done*, not what *might* be done. Let me be however excuſed for ſaying this, as I am convinced that, in all poetical delineations of rural ſcenery, the great principles of painting ſhould be kept in mind; and it is ſingular, that in a Poem on a *Foreſt*, the majeſtic oak, the deer, and many other intereſting and characteriſtic circumſtances, ſhould be *all* thrown in the diſtant ground, whilſt objects much *leſs appropriate*, the *fiſher*, the *fowler*, &c. are *brought forward*.

NOTES.

VER. 15.] Evidently from Cooper's Hill:

"Such was the diſcord which did firſt diſperſe
Form, order, beauty, thro' the univerſe," WARTON.

VER. 19.] It is a falſe thought, and gives, as it were, ſentiment to the groves. WARTON.

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Ev'n the wild heath diſplays her purple dyes,
And 'midſt the deſert fruitful fields ariſe,
That crown'd with tufted trees and ſpringing corn,
Like verdant iſles the ſable waſte adorn.
Let India boaſt her plants, nor envy we
The weeping amber, or the balmy tree,
While by our oaks the precious loads are born,
And realms commanded which thoſe trees adorn.
Not proud Olympus yields a nobler ſight,
Tho' Gods aſſembled grace his tow'ring height,
Than

VARIATIONS.

VER. 25. Originally thus:

Why ſhould I ſing our better ſuns or air,
Whoſe vital draughts prevent the leach's care,
While through freſh fields th' enliv'ning odours breathe,
Or ſpread with vernal blooms the purple heath? POPE.

NOTES.

VER. 33. *Not proud Olympus, &c.*] Sir J. Denham, in his Cooper's Hill, had ſaid,

" Than which a nobler weight no mountain bears,
But Atlas only, which ſupports the ſpheres."

The compariſon is childiſh, as the taking it from fabulous hiſtory deſtroys the compliment. Our Poet has ſhewn more judgment; he has made a manly uſe of as fabulous a circumſtance by the artful application of the mythology,

" Where, in their bleſſings, all thoſe Gods appear," &c.

Making the nobility of the hills of Windſor-Foreſt to conſiſt in ſupporting the inhabitants in plenty. WARBURTON.

This appears an idle play on the word " ſupporting." WARTON.

The whole paſſage is indeed puerile, and the making the hills nobler than Olympus *with all its Gods*, becauſe the Gods *appear'd in their bleſſings* on the humbler mountains of Windſor, is a thought only to be excuſed in a very young writer.—This, however, Warburton calls a " *beautiful turn of wit!*"

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Than what more humble mountains offer here,
Where, in their bleſſings, all thoſe Gods appear.
See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona crown'd,
Here bluſhing Flora paints th' enamel'd ground,
Here Ceres' gifts in waving proſpect ſtand,
And nodding tempt the joyful reaper's hand;
Rich Induſtry ſits ſmiling on the plains,
And peace and plenty tell, a STUART reigns.
Not thus the land appear'd in ages paſt,
A dreary deſert, and a gloomy waſte,
To ſavage beaſts and ſavage laws a prey,
And kings more furious and ſevere than they;
Who claim'd the ſkies, diſpeopled air and floods,
The lonely lords of empty wilds and woods:
Cities laid waſte, they ſtorm'd the dens and caves,
(For wiſer brutes were backward to be ſlaves,)
What could be free, when lawleſs beaſts obey'd,
And ev'n the elements a Tyrant ſway'd?
In vain kind ſeaſons ſwell'd the teeming grain,
Soft ſhow'rs diſtill'd, and ſuns grew warm in vain;
The

VARIATIONS.

VER. 49. Originally thus in the MS.

From towns laid waſte, to dens and caves they ran
(For who firſt ſtoop'd to be a ſlave was man).

NOTES.

VER. 37.] The word *crown'd* is exceptionable; it makes Pan crowned with flocks. WARTON.

VER. 45. *ſavage laws*] The Foreſt Laws. See the account of them in Blackſtone's excellent Lectures; the killing a deer, boar, or hare, was puniſhed with the loſs of the delinquent's eyes. WARTON.

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The ſwain with tears his fruſtrate labour yields,
And famiſh'd dies amidſt his ripen'd fields.
What wonder then, a beaſt or ſubject ſlain
Were equal crimes in a deſpotic reign?
Both doom'd alike, for ſportive Tyrants bled,
But while the ſubject ſtarv'd, the beaſt was fed.
Proud Nimrod firſt the bloody chace began,
A mighty hunter, and his prey was man:
Our haughty Norman boaſts that barb'rous name,
And makes his trembling ſlaves the royal game.
The fields are raviſh'd from th' induſtrious ſwains,
From men their cities, and from Gods their fanes:

The

VARIATIONS.

VER. 57, &c.

No wonder ſavages or ſubjects ſlain—
But ſubjects ſtarv'd, while ſavages were fed.

It was originally thus, but the word "ſavages" is not properly applied to beaſts, but to men; which occaſioned the alteration.

POPE.

NOTES.

VER. 65. *The fields are raviſh'd, &c.*] Alluding to the deſtruction made in the New Foreſt, and the tyrannies exerciſed there by William I. POPE.

I have the authority of three or four of our beſt antiquarians to ſay, that the common tradition of villages and pariſhes, within the compaſs

IMITATIONS.

VER. 65. *The fields are raviſh'd from th' induſtrious ſwains,*
From men their cities, and from Gods their fanes:]

Tranſlated from

"Templa adimit divis, fora civibus, arva colonis,"

an old monkiſh writer, I forget who. POPE.

In Camden's Britannia, firſt edition, in the account of Somerſetſhire it is ſaid of Edgar,

"Templa Deo, Templis Monachos, Monachis dedit agros."

WARTON.

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The levell'd towns with weeds lie cover'd o'er;
The hollow winds through naked temples roar;
Round broken columns claſping ivy twin'd;
O'er heaps of ruin ſtalk'd the ſtately hind;
The fox obſcene to gaping tombs retires,
And ſavage howlings fill the ſacred quires.
Aw'd by his Nobles, by his Commons curſt,
Th' Oppreſſor rul'd tyrannic where he durſt,
Stretch'd

VARIATIONS.

VER. 72. And wolves with howling fill, &c.]
The author thought this an error, wolves not being common in England at the time of the Conqueror. POPE.

NOTES.

compaſs of thirty miles, being deſtroyed, in the New Foreſt, is abſolutely groundleſs, no traces or veſtiges of ſuch being to be diſcovered, nor any other pariſh named in Doomſday Book, but what now remains. Of late years, ſome minute enquiries have been made on this ſubject, by accurate and well-informed judges, who are clearly of this opinion. The Preſident Henault has given us a more amiable idea of our Norman Conqueror than is here exhibited. WARTON.

VER. 71.] This image of the fox is in the poems aſcribed to Oſſian. WARTON.

Pope certainly never ſaw the Poems aſcribed to Oſſian, nor indeed is the fox in thoſe poems deſcribed as "*retiring to tombs*," but looking out from a ruin.

VER. 74.] A fine remain of ancient art and ancient cuſtoms, a piece of tapeſtry, ſaid to be the work of Queen Matilda, is annually exhibited in the cathedral church of Bayeux, in Normandy, repreſenting the expedition of William the Conqueror,

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Stretch'd o'er the Poor and Church his iron rod,
And ſerv'd alike his Vaſſals and his God.
Whom ev'n the Saxon ſpar'd, and bloody Dane,
The wanton victims of his ſport remain.
But ſee, the man, who ſpacious regions gave
A waſte for beaſts, himſelf deny'd a grave!
Stretch'd on the lawn his ſecond hope ſurvey,
At once the chaſer, and at once the prey:

Lo

NOTES.

and containing a moſt minute picture of every part of that event, from his landing in England to the battle of Haſtings. An engraving of it is given in the tenth volume of the Memoirs of the Academy of Belles Lettres. WARTON.

VER. 80.] In St. Foix's entertaining hiſtorical Eſſays on Paris, it is related, p. 95. tom. 5. that juſt as the body of William I. was going to be put into the grave, a voice cried aloud, "I forbid his interment. When William was only Duke of Normandy, he ſeized this piece of Land from my father, on which he built this abbey of St. Stephen, without making me a recompence, which I now demand." Prince Henry, who was preſent, called out the man, who was only a common farrier, and agreed to give him an hundred crowns for this burial-place. Except the former conqueſt of England by the Saxons, (ſays Hume, vol. 1.), who were induced, by peculiar circumſtances, to proceed even to the extermination of the natives, it would be difficult to find in all hiſtory, a revolution more deſtructive, or attended with a more complete ſubjection of the ancient inhabitants. WARTON.

The circumſtance of William's laying waſte ſo much territory is very doubtful. I believe the fact can be diſproved.

VER. 81. *ſecond hope*] Richard, ſecond ſon of William the Conqueror. WARBURTON.

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Lo Rufus, tugging at the deadly dart,
Bleeds in the foreſt like a wounded hart.
Succeeding monarchs heard the ſubjects cries,
Nor ſaw diſpleas'd the peaceful cottage riſe:
Then gath'ring flocks on unknown mountains fed,
O'er ſandy wilds were yellow harveſts ſpread,
The foreſt wonder'd at th' unuſual grain,
And ſecret tranſports touch'd the conſcious ſwain.
Fair Liberty, Britannia's Goddeſs, rears
Her chearful head, and leads the golden years.

Ye

VARIATIONS.

VER. 91.

O may no more a foreign maſter's rage,
With wrongs yet legal, curſe a future age!
Still ſpread, fair Liberty! thy heav'nly wings,
Breath plenty on the fields, and fragrance on the ſprings.
POPE.

NOTES.

VER. 83. The moment Walter Tyrrel had ſhot him, without ſpeaking of the accident, he inſtantly haſtened to the ſea-ſhore and embarked for France, and from thence hurried to Jeruſalem to do penance for his involuntary crime. The body of Rufus was found in the foreſt by a countryman, whoſe family are ſtill ſaid to be living near the ſpot, and was buried, without any pomp, before the altar of Wincheſter cathedral, where the monument ſtill remains. Though the Monkiſh hiſtorians, who hated him, may perhaps have exaggerated his vices, yet he ſeems really to have been a violent, prodigal, proud, perfidious, ungenerous, and tyrannical prince. There was however ſomething of magnificence in his building the Tower, Weſtminſter-hall, and London-bridge. WARTON.

The oak, under which Rufus was ſhot, was ſtanding till within theſe few years.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 89. "Miraturque novas frondes et non ſua poma." Virg.

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Ye vig'rous ſwains! while youth ferments your blood,
And purer ſpirits ſwell the ſprightly flood,
Now range the hills, the gameful woods beſet,
Wind the ſhrill horn, or ſpread the waving net.
When milder autumn ſummer's heat ſucceeds,
And in the new-ſhorn field the partridge feeds,
Before his lord the ready ſpaniel bounds,
Panting with hope, he tries the furrow'd grounds;
But when the tainted gales the game betray,
Couch'd cloſe he lies, and meditates the prey;
Secure they truſt th' unfaithful field beſet,
'Till hov'ring o'er 'em ſweeps the ſwelling net.
Thus (if ſmall things we may with great compare)
When Albion ſends her eager ſons to war,

Thus

VARIATIONS.

VER. 97.

When yellow autumn ſummer's heat ſucceeds,
And into wine the purple harveſt bleeds[a],
The partridge feeding in the new-ſhorn fields,
Both morning ſports and ev'ning pleaſures yields.

NOTES.

VER. 93.] Theſe rural ſports of ſetting, ſhooting, and fiſhing, are not, it muſt be allowed, ſufficiently appropriated, and are ſuited as much to any other place as to the foreſt of Windſor. The ſtag chaſe is by no means ſo full, ſo animated, and ſo circumſtantial, as that of Somerville.

[a] Perhaps the Author thought it not allowable to deſcribe the ſeaſon by a circumſtance not proper to our climate, the vintage. POPE.

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Some thoughtleſs Town, with eaſe and plenty bleſt,
Near, and more near, the cloſing lines inveſt;
Sudden they ſeize th' amaz'd, defenceleſs prize,
And high in air Britannia's ſtandard flies.
See! from the brake the whirring pheaſant ſprings,
And mounts exulting on triumphant wings:
Short is his joy; he feels the fiery wound,
Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
Ah! what avail his gloſſy, varying dyes,
His purple creſt, and ſcarlet-circled eyes,

The

VARIATIONS.

VER. 107. It ſtood thus in the firſt Editions:

Pleas'd in the Gen'ral's fight, the hoſt lie down
Sudden before ſome unſuſpecting town;
The young, the old, one inſtant makes our prize,
And o'er their captive heads Britannia's ſtandard flies.

NOTES.

VER. 115.] In the art of inſerting reflections, moral or pathetic, in deſcriptive poems, no writer has excelled Gray, in his enchanting Elegy written in a country church-yard; one of the chief beauties in any piece of local poetry, when ſuch reflections naturally riſe out of the ſcene and ſubject before us. WARTON.

Beautiful and accurate as is this deſcription of the dead pheaſant, it is much exceeded by Falconer, in his deſcription of a dying dolphin. See Shipwreck.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 115. "nec te tua plurima, Pantheu,
Labentem pietas, vel Apollinis inſula texit." Virg.
WARBURTON.

Certainly not an imitation of this paſſage in Virgil.

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The vivid green his ſhining plumes unfold,
His painted wings, and breaſt that flames with gold?
Nor yet, when moiſt Arcturus clouds the ſky,
The woods and fields their pleaſing toils deny.
To plains with well-breath'd beagles we repair,
And trace the mazes of the circling hare:
(Beaſts, urg'd by us, their fellow-beaſts purſue,
And learn of man each other to undo.)
With ſlaught'ring guns th' unweary'd fowler roves,
When froſts have whiten'd all the naked groves;
Where doves in flocks the leafleſs trees o'erſhade,
And lonely woodcocks haunt the wat'ry glade.
He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye;
Straight a ſhort thunder breaks the frozen ſky:
Oft, as in airy rings they ſkim the heath,
The clam'rous lapwings feel the leaden death:

Oft,

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 126. O'er ruſtling leaves around the naked groves.
This is a better line. Warton.

Ver. 129. The fowler lifts his levell'd tube on high. Pope.

NOTES.

Ver. 124. The philoſophy, and the ſentiment, and the expreſſions of this line, and of line 50, *beaſts were backward to be ſlaves*, are all blameable. Warton.

PARALLEL PASSAGES.

Ver. 118. *Painted wings,*] Stevens quotes
Pictæque volucres. Virg. Painted birds. Dryden.

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Oft, as the mounting larks their notes prepare,
They fall, and leave their little lives in air. 134
In genial ſpring, beneath the quiv'ring ſhade,
Where cooling vapours breathe along the mead,
The patient fiſher takes his ſilent ſtand,
Intent, his angle trembling in his hand:
With looks unmov'd, he hopes the ſcaly breed,
And eyes the dancing cork, and bending reed. 140
Our plenteous ſtreams a various race ſupply,
The bright-ey'd perch with fins of Tyrian dye,
The ſilver eel, in ſhining volumes roll'd,
The yellow carp, in ſcales bedrop'd with gold,

Swift

NOTES.

VER. 137. *The patient fiſher, &c.*] Let me take this opportunity of recommending the amiable and venerable Iſaac Walton's Complete Angler, a work the moſt ſingular of its kind, breathing the very ſpirit of contentment, of quiet and unaffected philanthropy, and interſperſed with ſome beautiful relics of poetry, old ſongs and ballads.

There is ſomething very melodious and natural in his own little paſtoral:

"I in theſe pleaſant meads would be,
Theſe cryſtal ſtreams ſhould ſolace me,
To whoſe harmonious bubbling noiſe,
I with my angle would rejoice," &c.

"Sit here, and ſee the turtle dove,
Court his chaſte mate to deeds of love," &c.

Complete Angler, p. 110.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 134. "Præcipites alta vitam ſub nube relinquunt."

Virg.

PARALLEL PASSAGES.

VER. 140. "And watch a ſinking cork upon the ſhore." Hall's Satyrs. STEVENS.

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Swift trouts, diverſify'd with crimſon ſtains,
And pikes, the tyrants of the watry plains.
Now Cancer glows with Phœbus' fiery car:
The youth ruſh eager to the ſylvan war,
Swarm o'er the lawns, the foreſt walks ſurround,
Rouze the fleet hart, and cheer the opening hound.
Th' impatient courſer pants in ev'ry vein,
And pawing, ſeems to beat the diſtant plain:
Hills, vales, and floods appear already croſs'd,
And ere he ſtarts, a thouſand ſteps are loſt.
See the bold youth ſtrain up the threat'ning ſteep,
Ruſh through the thickets, down the valleys ſweep,
Hang o'er their courſers heads with eager ſpeed,
And earth rolls back beneath the flying ſteed.
Let old Arcadia boaſt her ample plain,
Th' immortal huntreſs, and her virgin-train;
Nor

IMITATIONS.

VER. 151. *Th' impatient courſer, &c.*] Tranſlated from Statius,

" Stare adeo miſerum eſt, pereunt veſtigia mille
Ante fugam, abſentemque ferit gravis ungula campum."

Theſe lines Mr. Dryden, in his preface to his tranſlation of Freſnoy's Art of Painting, calls *wonderfully fine*, and ſays, " they would coſt him an hour, if he had the leiſure, to tranſlate them, there is ſo much of beauty in the original;" which was the reaſon, I ſuppoſe, why Mr. P. tried his ſtrength with them.

WARBURTON.

The ſecond line in Statius, ſays Jortin, is bombaſtic.

WARTON.

VER. 158. *And earth rolls back*] He has improved his original, " terræque urbeſque recedunt." Virg. WARBURTON.

But no imitation of Virgil was here intended. WARTON.

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Nor envy, Windſor! ſince thy ſhades have ſeen
As bright a Goddeſs, and as chaſte a Queen;
Whoſe care, like hers, protects the ſylvan reign,
The Earth's fair light, and Empreſs of the Main.
Here too, 'tis ſung, of old Diana ſtray'd,
And Cynthus' top forſook for Windſor ſhade;
Here was ſhe ſeen o'er airy waſtes to rove,
Seek the clear ſpring, or haunt the pathleſs grove;
Here arm'd with ſilver bows, in early dawn,
Her buſkin'd Virgins trac'd the dewy lawn.
Above the reſt a rural nymph was fam'd,
Thy offspring, Thames! the fair Lodona nam'd;
(Lodona's fate, in long oblivion caſt,
The Muſe ſhall ſing, and what ſhe ſings ſhall laſt.)
Scarce could the Goddeſs from her nymph be known,
But by the creſcent and the golden zone.
She ſcorn'd the praiſe of beauty, and the care;
A belt her waiſt, a fillet binds her hair;
A painted

NOTES.

VER. 162. Queen ANNE.

VER. 171. Dr. Warton ſays, "that Johnſon ſeems to have paſſed too ſevere a cenſure on this epiſode of Lodona, and that a tale in a deſcriptive poem has a good effect." Johnſon does not object to a tale in a deſcriptive poem, he objects only to the *triteneſs* of ſuch a tale as this.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 175.

"Nec poſitu variare comas; ubi fibula veſtem,
Vitta coërcuerat neglectos alba capillos." Ovid.

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A painted quiver on her ſhoulder ſounds,
And with her dart the flying deer ſhe wounds.
It chanc'd, as eager of the chace, the maid
Beyond the foreſt's verdant limits ſtray'd,
Pan ſaw and lov'd, and burning with deſire
Purſu'd her flight, her flight increas'd his fire.
Not half ſo ſwift the trembling doves can fly,
When the fierce eagle cleaves the liquid ſky;
Not half ſo ſwiftly the fierce eagle moves,
When through the clouds he drives the trembling doves;
As from the God ſhe flew with furious pace,
Or as the God, more furious, urg'd the chace.
Now fainting, ſinking, pale, the nymph appears;
Now cloſe behind, his ſounding ſteps ſhe hears;
And now his ſhadow reach'd her as ſhe run,
His ſhadow lengthen'd by the ſetting ſun;

And

NOTES.

VER. 179.] From the fourth book of Virgil, who copied it from Homer's beautiful figure of Apollo, Iliad, b. i. ver. 46. But, as Dr. Clark finely and acutely obſerves, even Virgil has loſt the beauty

IMITATIONS.

VER. 185, 188.

" Ut fugere accipitrem penna trepidante columbæ,
Ut ſolet accipiter trepidas agitare columbas." Ovid.

VER. 193, 196.

" Sol erat a tergo: vidi præcedere longam
Ante pedes umbram; niſi ſi timor illa videbat.
Sed certe ſonituque pedum terrebar; et ingens
Crinales vittas afflabat anhelitus oris."

Moſt of the circumſtances in this tale are from Ovid.

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And now his ſhorter breath, with ſultry air,
Pants on her neck, and fans her parting hair.
In vain on father Thames ſhe calls for aid,
Nor could Diana help her injur'd maid.
Faint, breathleſs, thus ſhe pray'd, nor pray'd in vain;
" Ah Cynthia! ah—tho' baniſh'd from thy train,
" Let me, O let me, to the ſhades repair,
" My native ſhades—there weep, and murmur there."
She ſaid, and melting as in tears ſhe lay,
In a ſoft, ſilver ſtream diſſolv'd away.
The ſilver ſtream her virgin coldneſs keeps,
For ever murmurs, and for ever weeps;
Still bears the name the hapleſs virgin bore,
And bathes the foreſt where ſhe rang'd before.
In her chaſte current oft the Goddeſs laves,
And with celeſtial tears augments the waves.

Oft

NOTES.

beauty and the propriety of the original. Homer ſays, the arrows ſounded in the quiver becauſe the ſtep of the God was haſty and irregular, as of an angry perſon. Irati deſcribitur inceſſus, paulo utique inæquabilior. WARTON.

VER. 207. *Still bears the name*] The River Lodon.

VER. 210. *And with celeſtial tears, &c.*] The idea of "augmenting the waves with tears," was very common among the earlieſt Engliſh Poets; but perhaps the moſt ridiculous uſe ever made of this combination, was by Shakeſpeare. Speaking of the drowned Ophelia, Laertes ſays:

" *Too much of water* hadſt thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears!"

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Oft in her glaſs the muſing ſhepherd ſpies
The headlong mountains and the downward ſkies.
The wat'ry landſkip of the pendant woods,
And abſent trees that tremble in the floods;
In the clear azure gleam the flocks are ſeen,
And floating foreſts paint the waves with green,
Through the fair ſcene roll ſlow the ling'ring ſtreams,
Then foaming pour along, and ruſh into the Thames.

Thou, too, great father of the Britiſh floods!
With joyful pride ſurvey'ſt our lofty woods;
Where tow'ring oaks their growing honours rear,
And future navies on thy ſhores appear.
Not Neptune's ſelf from all her ſtreams receives
A wealthier tribute than to thine he gives.
No ſeas ſo rich, ſo gay no banks appear,
No lake ſo gentle, and no ſpring ſo clear.
Nor Po ſo ſwells the fabling Poet's lays,
While led along the ſkies his current ſtrays,
As thine, which viſits Windſor's fam'd abodes,
To grace the manſion of our earthly Gods:
Nor all his ſtars above a luſtre ſhow,
Like the bright beauties on thy banks below;

Where

NOTES.

VER. 211. *Oft in her glaſs, &c.*] Theſe ſix lines were added after the firſt writing of this poem. POPE.

And in truth they are but puerile and redundant. WARTON.

VER. 227.] Very ill expreſſed; eſpecially the river's ſwelling the lays. WARTON.

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Where Jove, ſubdu'd by mortal paſſion ſtill,
Might change Olympus for a nobler hill.
Happy the man whom this bright Court approves,
His Sov'reign favours, and his country loves:
Happy next him, who to theſe ſhades retires,
Whom Nature charms, and whom the Muſe inſpires:
Whom humbler joys of home-felt quiet pleaſe,
Succeſſive ſtudy, exerciſe, and eaſe.
He gathers health from herbs the foreſt yields,
And of their fragrant phyſic ſpoils the fields:
With

VARIATIONS.

VER. 233. It ſtood thus in the MS.
And force great Jove, if Jove's a lover ſtill,
To change Olympus, &c.

VER. 235.
Happy the man, who to theſe ſhades retires,
But doubly happy, if the Muſe inſpires!
Bleſt whom the ſweets of home-felt quiet pleaſe;
But far more bleſt, who ſtudy joins with eaſe. POPE.

NOTES.

VER. 237. *Happy next him, &c.*] Dr. Warton obſerves, that this paſſage reſembles one in Phillips's Cyder. The paſſage is this:

——— He to his labour hies,
Gladſome, intent on ſomewhat that may eaſe
Unhealthy mortals, and with curious ſearch
Examines all the properties of herbs,
Foſſils, and minerals, &c.

——— or elſe his thoughts
Are exercis'd with ſpeculations deep,
Of good, and juſt, and meet, and th' wholeſome rules
Of temperance, and ought that may improve
The moral life; &c.

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With chemic art exalts the min'ral pow'rs,
And draws the aromatic ſouls of flow'rs:
Now marks the courſe of rolling orbs on high;
O'er figur'd worlds now travels with his eye;
Of ancient writ unlocks the learned ſtore,
Conſults the dead, and lives paſt ages o'er:
Or wand'ring thoughtful in the ſilent wood,
Attends the duties of the wiſe and good,
T' obſerve a mean, be to himſelf a friend,
To follow nature, and regard his end;
Or looks on heav'n with more than mortal eyes,
Bids his free ſoul expatiate in the ſkies,
Amid her kindred ſtars familiar roam,
Survey the region, and confeſs her home!
Such was the life great Scipio once admir'd,
Thus Atticus, and TRUMBAL thus retir'd.
Ye ſacred Nine! that all my ſoul poſſeſs,
Whoſe raptures fire me, and whoſe viſions bleſs,

Bear

NOTES.

VER. 251. *T' obſerve a mean*] This is marked as an imitation of Lucretius in the firſt, and all editions of Warburton; but erroneouſly: the paſſage is in the ſecond book of Lucan, v. 381. WARTON.

The paſſage alluded to is:

" —— Servare modum, finemque, tenere,
Naturamque ſequi," &c.

VER. 259.] " Here, you cannot but be ſenſible (ſays the ingenious Mr. Webb) how the enthuſiaſm is tamed by the preciſion of the couplet, and the conſequent littleneſs of the ſcenery. How different from Milton?

" ——— Yet not the more
Ceaſe I to wander," &c. Par. Loſt. 3d B.

The

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Bear me, oh bear me to ſequeſter'd ſcenes,
The bow'ry mazes, and ſurrounding greens:
To Thames's banks which fragrant breezes fill,
Or where ye Muſes ſport on COOPER'S HILL.
(On COOPER'S HILL eternal wreaths ſhall grow
While laſts the mountain, or while Thames ſhall flow)
I ſeem through conſecrated walks to rove,
I hear ſoft muſic die along the grove:
Led by the ſound, I roam from ſhade to ſhade,
By god-like Poets venerable made:

Here

NOTES.

The following four lines, ver. 267, are far more poetical, but theſe again muſt yield to an enchanting paſſage in Thomſon's Summer, p. 39, of the firſt edition, and which is altered for the worſe in the later editions. WARTON.

VER. 263.] Denham, ſays Dr. Johnſon, ſeems to have been, at leaſt among us, the author of a ſpecies of compoſition that may be denominated *Local Poetry*, of which the fundamental ſubject is ſome particular landſcape, to be poetically deſcribed, with the addition of ſuch embelliſhments as may be ſupplied by hiſtorical retroſpection, or incidental meditation. Cooper's Hill, if it be maliciouſly inſpected, will not be found without its faults; the digreſſions are too long, the morality too frequent, and the ſentiments ſuch as will not bear a rigorous enquiry. It was firſt printed at Oxford, in 1633. WARTON.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 267. It ſtood thus in the MS.

Methinks around your holy ſcenes I rove,
And hear your muſic echoing through the grove:
With tranſport viſit each inſpiring ſhade,
By god-like Poets venerable made.

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Here his firſt lays majeſtic DENHAM ſung;
There the laſt numbers flow'd from COWLEY's tongue.
O early loſt! what tears the river ſhed,
When the ſad pomp along his banks was led?

His

NOTES.

VER. 271. *majeſtic Denham*] Pope, by the expreſſion of "majeſtic," has juſtly characterized the flow of Denham's couplets. It is extraordinary that Pope, who by this expreſſion ſeems to have appreciated the general caſt of harmony in Cooper's Hill, ſhould have made his own cadences ſo regular and almoſt unvaried. Denham's couplets are often irregular, but the effect of the pauſes in the following lines was obviouſly the reſult of a fine ear. The language truly ſuits the ſubject.

> But his proud head the airy mountain hides
> Among the clouds; his ſhoulders and his ſides
> A ſhady mantle clothes; his curled brows
> Frown on the gentle ſtream, which calmly flows,
> Whilſt winds and ſtorms his lofty forehead beat!

The occaſional introduction of ſuch paſſages ſhould be managed with great care, but I appeal to any judge of Poetry, whether he does not *feel the effect* intended to be raiſed by the pauſes of the lines juſt quoted? Webb's introducing blank verſe, to prove its ſonorous ſuperiority to couplets, is not fair criticiſm;—it is trying one thing, by the effect and laws of another. Dryden forcibly felt the loftineſs of Denham's couplet, and ſays of the Cooper's Hill: "it is a Poem which for *majeſty* of ſtyle is, and ever will be, the ſtandard of good writing." From hence, no doubt, Pope took the word "majeſtic."

VER. 271. *Denham ſung*,] Denham perhaps was not a very correct or amiable character; but atrocious ſtories ſhould not be admitted concerning him, without the ſtrongeſt proof; I allude to what has been ſaid about his conduct to his wife. He was born in Dublin, where his father was Chief Baron of the Exchequer. He was brought over from thence very young, on his father's promotion to the Exchequer in England, and, after

ſome

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His drooping ſwans on ev'ry note expire,
And on his willows hung each Muſe's lyre.
Since fate relentleſs ſtop'd their heav'nly voice,
No more the foreſts ring, or groves rejoice;
Who now ſhall charm the ſhades, where COWLEY ſtrung
His living harp, and lofty DENHAM ſung?
But hark! the groves rejoice, the foreſt rings!
Are theſe reviv'd? or is it GRANVILLE ſings!
'Tis yours, my Lord, to bleſs our ſoft retreats,
And call the Muſes to their ancient ſeats;

To

VARIATIONS.

VER. 275.

What ſighs, what murmurs, fill'd the vocal ſhore!
His tuneful ſwans were heard to ſing no more. POPE.

NOTES.

ſome time entered a gentleman commoner of Trinity College, Oxford. Here, Wood ſays, "*he was look'd upon as a ſlow dreaming young man by his cotemporaries, and given more to cards and dice, than to ſtudy.*" His poems are well known; he died 1668.

VER. 272.] *There the laſt numbers flow'd from Cowley's tongue.*] Mr. Cowley died at Chertſey on the borders of the Foreſt, and was from thence conveyed to Weſtminſter. POPE.

Diſguſted with the buſineſs and buſtle of the world, and the intrigues of courts, Cowley thought to have found an exemption of all cares in retiring to Chertſey. Dr. Johnſon wrote a Rambler to ridicule his wiſh to retire to America, and has publiſhed a Letter, vol. i. of his Lives, p. 29, which he recommends to the peruſal of all who pant for ſolitude. His houſe at Chertſey now belongs to Mr. Alderman Clarke. WARTON.

VER. 282.] The Mira of Granville was the Counteſs of Newburgh. Towards the end of her life Dr. King, of Oxford, wrote a very ſevere ſatire againſt her, in three books, 4to, called The Toaſt. WARTON.

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To paint anew the flow'ry ſylvan ſcenes,
To crown the foreſts with immortal greens,
Make Windſor-hills in lofty numbers riſe,
And lift her turrets nearer to the ſkies;
To ſing thoſe honours you deſerve to wear,
And add new luſtre to her ſilver ſtar.

Here noble SURREY felt the ſacred rage,
SURREY, the GRANVILLE of a former age:
Matchleſs his pen, victorious was his lance,
Bold in the liſts, and graceful in the dance:
In the ſame ſhades the Cupids tun'd his lyre,
To the ſame notes, of love, and ſoft deſire:
Fair Geraldine, bright object of his vow,
Then fill'd the groves, as heav'nly Mira now.

Oh

VARIATIONS.

VER. 290. *her ſilver ſtar.*] All the lines that follow were not added to the poem till the year 1710. What immediately followed this, and made the concluſion, were theſe;

My humble Muſe in unambitious ſtrains
Paints the green foreſts and the flow'ry plains;
Where I obſcurely paſs my careleſs days,
Pleas'd in the ſilent ſhade with empty praiſe,
Enough for me that to the liſt'ning ſwains
First in theſe fields I ſung the ſylvan ſtrains. POPE.

PARALLEL PASSAGES.

VER. 289. *To ſing thoſe honours, &c.*]

"And paint thoſe honours thou art ſure to wear."—Phillips. STEVENS.

NOTES.

VER. 291. *Here noble Surrey*] Henry Howard Earl of Surrey, one of the firſt refiners of the Engliſh poetry; who flouriſh'd in the time of Henry VIII. POPE.

VER. 297. *Fair Geraldine,*] "The Fair Geraldine, (ſays Mr. Warton in his Hiſt. of Engliſh Poetry, vol. iii.) the general object

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Oh would'ſt thou ſing what heroes Windſor bore,
What kings firſt breath'd upon her winding ſhore,
Or

VARIATIONS.

VER. 3-0. *What kings firſt breath'd, &c.*]
" Not to recount thoſe ſeveral kings, to whom
It gave a cradle, and to whom a tomb." DENHAM.

NOTES.

ject of Lord Surrey's paſſionate ſonnets, is commonly ſaid to have lived at Florence, and to have been of the family of the Geraldi of that city. This is a miſapprehenſion of an expreſſion in one of our poet's odes, and a paſſage in Drayton's Heroic Epiſtles. She was, undoubtedly, one of the daughters of Gerald Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildare.

" It is not preciſely known at what period the Earl of Surrey began his travels. They have the air of a romance. He made the tour of Europe in the true ſpirit of chivalry, and with the ideas of an Amadis; proclaiming the unparalleled charms of his miſtreſs, and prepared to defend the cauſe of her beauty with the weapons of knight-errantry; nor was this adventurous journey performed without the intervention of an enchanter. The firſt city in Italy which he propoſed to viſit was Florence, the capital of Tuſcany, and the original ſeat of the anceſtors of his Geraldine. In his way thither, he paſſed a few days at the Emperor's court; where he became acquainted with Cornelius Agrippa, a celebrated adept in natural magic. This viſionary philoſopher ſhewed our hero, in a mirror of glaſs, a living image of Geraldine, reclining on a couch, ſick, and reading one of his moſt tender ſonnets by a waxen taper. His imagination, which wanted not the flattering repreſentations and artificial incentives of illuſion, was heated anew by this intereſting and affecting ſpectacle. Inflamed with every enthuſiaſm of the moſt romantic paſſion, he haſtened to Florence; and, on his arrival, immediately publiſhed a defiance againſt any perſon who could handle a lance and was in love, whether Chriſtian, Jew, Turk, Saracen, or Canibal, who ſhould preſume to diſpute the ſuperiority of Geraldine's beauty. As the lady was pretended to be of Tuſcan extrac-

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Or raiſe old warriors, whoſe ador'd remains
In weeping vaults her hallow'd earth contains!
With Edward's acts adorn the ſhining page,
Stretch his long triumphs down through ev'ry age,
Draw

NOTES.

tion, the pride of the Florentines was flattered on this occaſion: and the Grand Duke of Tuſcany permitted a general and unmoleſted ingreſs into his dominions of the combatants of all countries, till this important trial ſhould be decided. The challenge was accepted, and the Earl victorious. The ſhield which he preſented to the Duke before the tournament began, is exhibited in Vertue's valuable plate of the Arundel family, and was actually in the poſſeſſion of the late Duke of Norfolk.

"Theſe heroic vanities did not, however, ſo totally engroſs the time which Surrey ſpent in Italy, as to alienate his mind from letters: he ſtudied, with the greateſt ſucceſs, a critical knowledge of the Italian tongue; and, that he might give new luſtre to the name of Geraldine, attained a juſt taſte for the peculiar graces of the Italian poetry.

"He was recalled to England for ſome idle reaſon by the King, much ſooner than he expected: and he returned home, the moſt elegant traveller, the moſt polite lover, the moſt learned nobleman, and the moſt accompliſhed gentleman, of his age. Dexterity in tilting, and gracefulneſs in managing a horſe under arms, were excellencies now viewed with a critical eye, and practiſed with a high degree of emulation. In 1540, at a tournament held in preſence of the court at Weſtminſter, and in which the principal of the nobility were engaged, Surrey was diſtinguiſhed above the reſt for his addreſs in the uſe and exerciſe of arms."

In the Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry, vol. iii. p. 12. is a poem of the elegiac kind, in which he laments his impriſonment in Windſor Caſtle. WARTON.

VER. 303. *Edward's acts*] Edward III. born here. POPE.

In what an exquiſite ſtrain does Gray ſpeak of this monarch, and his ſon!

Mighty victor, mighty lord,
Low on his funeral couch he lies!

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Draw monarchs chain'd, and Creſſi's glorious field,
The lilies blazing on the regal ſhield:
Then, from her roofs when Verrio's colours fall,
And leave inanimate the naked wall,
Still in thy ſong ſhould vanquiſh'd France appear,
And bleed for ever under Britain's ſpear.

Let

VARIATIONS.

VER. 307. Originally thus in the MS.
When Braſs decays, when Trophies lie o'er-thrown,
And mould'ring into duſt *drops the proud ſtone*.

NOTES.

No pitying heart, no eye, afford
A tear to grace his obſequies.

Which is followed by that ſtriking queſtion,—

Is the ſable warrior fled?——
Thy ſon is gone. He reſts among the dead.
The ſwarm, that in thy noontide beam were born?
Gone to ſalute the riſing morn.

THE BARD, ſtrophe 2.

I have ſometimes wondered that Pope did not mention the building of Windſor Caſtle by Edward III. His architect was William of Wykeham, whoſe name, it muſt not be wondered at, if I ſeize every opportunity of mentioning with veneration and gratitude. Yet, perhaps, he was rather the ſuperviſor and comptroller of the work, than the actual architect, as he had ſingular talents for buſineſs, activity, and management of affairs. WARTON.

VER. 307.] "Without much invention, (ſays Mr. Walpole, vol. iii. p. 59.) and with leſs taſte, Verrio's exuberant pencil was ready at pouring out gods, goddeſſes, kings, emperors, and triumphs, over thoſe public ſurfaces, on which the eye never reſts long enough to criticiſe, and where one ſhould be ſorry to place the works of a better maſter; I mean, ceilings and ſtaircaſes. He received, in all, for his various works, the ſum of £. 6,845."

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Let ſofter ſtrains ill-fated Henry mourn,
And palms eternal flouriſh round his urn.
Here o'er the Martyr-King the marble weeps,
And, faſt beſide him, once-fear'd Edward ſleeps:
Whom not th' extended Albion could contain,
From old Belerium to the northern main,
The grave unites; where e'en the Great find reſt,
And blended lie th' oppreſſor and th' oppreſt!

Make ſacred Charles's tomb for ever known,
(Obſcure the place, and uninſcrib'd the ſtone)
Oh fact accurſt! what tears has Albion ſhed,
Heav'ns, what new wounds! and how her old have bled!

She

VARIATIONS.

VER. 321. Originally thus in the MS.
Oh fact accurſt! oh ſacrilegious brood,
Sworn to Rebellion, principled in blood!
Since that dire morn what tears has Albion ſhed,
Gods! what new wounds, &c.

NOTES.

VER. 311. *Henry mourn*] Henry VI. POPE.

How could he here omit the mention of Eton College, founded by this unfortunate King, and the Chapel of King's College in Cambridge. But Gray has made ample amends for this omiſſion, by his moſt beautiful ode on the proſpect of this neighbouring college, from which ſo many ornaments and ſupports of ſtate and church have proceeded. WARTON.

VER. 314. *once-fear'd Edward ſleeps:*] Edward IV. POPE.

VER. 316.] See an account of Belerium, ſo called from Bellerus a Corniſh giant, that part of Cornwall called the Lands End, in Warton's edition of Milton's Poems, p. 28. WARTON.

VER. 319. *Make ſacred Charles's*] Vigneul-Marwel, v. 1. p. 152. relates a fact concerning this unhappy Monarch that I do

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She ſaw her ſons with purple death expire,
Her ſacred domes involv'd in rolling fire,
A dreadful ſeries of inteſtine wars,
Inglorious triumphs and diſhoneſt ſcars.
At length great ANNA ſaid—" Let Diſcord ceaſe!"
She ſaid, the world obey'd, and all was Peace!
In that bleſt moment from his oozy bed
Old father Thames advanc'd his rev'rend head;
His treſſes drop'd with dews, and o'er the ſtream
His ſhining horns diffus'd a golden gleam;
Grav'd

VARIATIONS.

VER. 327. Thus in the MS.
Till Anna roſe and bade the Furies ceaſe;
Let there be peace—ſhe ſaid, and all was *Peace.*

Between Verſe 330 and 331, originally ſtood theſe lines;
From ſhore to ſhore exulting ſhouts he heard,
O'er all his banks a lambent light appear'd,
With

IMITATIONS.

VER. 328. *The world obey'd, and all was peace!*]
" Silence, ye troubled waves, and thou deep, Peace." MILTON.

NOTES.

do not find mentioned in any hiſtory; which, he ſays, Lord Clarendon uſed to mention when he retired to Rouen in Normandy; that one of the firſt circumſtances that gave diſguſt to the people of England, and to ſome of the nobility, was a hint thrown out by Charles I. at the beginning of his reign, that he thought all the eccleſiaſtical revenues that had been ſeized and diſtributed by Henry VIII. ought to be reſtored to the church. WARTON.

VER. 329.] It my gratify a curious reader to ſee an extract of a letter of Prior to Lord Bolingbroke, written from Paris, May 18, 1713, concerning a medal that was to be ſtruck on the

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Grav'd on his urn appear'd the moon, that guides
His ſwelling waters, and alternate tides;
The figur'd ſtreams in waves of ſilver roll'd,
And on her banks Auguſta roſe in gold.
Around his throne the ſea-born brothers ſtood,
Who ſwell with tributary urns his flood:
Firſt the fam'd authors of his ancient name,
The winding Iſis and the fruitful Thame:
The

VARIATIONS.

With ſparkling flames heav'n's glowing concave ſhone,
Fictitious ſtars, and glories not her own.
He ſaw, and gently roſe above the ſtream;
His ſhining horns diffuſe a golden gleam:
With pearl and gold his tow'ry front was dreſt,
The tributes of the diſtant Eaſt and Weſt. POPE.

NOTES.

Peace of Utrecht, ſo highly celebrated in this paſſage: communicated to me by the favor of the late Dutcheſs Dowager of Portland.

"I diſlike your medal, with the motto,

—— COMPOSITIS VENERANTUR ARMIS ——

I will have one of my own deſign; the Queen's buſt ſurrounded with laurel, and with this motto,

ANNÆ AUG.
FELICI, PACIFICÆ;

Peace in a triumphal car, and the words,

PAX MISSA PER ORBEM.

This is ancient, this is ſimple, this is ſenſe.

Roſier ſhall execute it, in a manner not ſeen in England ſince Simonds's time." WARTON.

VER. 337.] Warton obſerves, that Pope has here copied and equalled the deſcription of rivers in Spenſer, Drayton, and Milton.—The deſcription is beautiful, but in ſome points it is deficient. "Winding"

The Kennet ſwift, for ſilver eels renown'd;
The Lodden flow, with verdant alders crown'd;
Cole, whoſe dark ſtreams his flow'ry iſlands lave;
And chalky Wey, that rolls a milky wave:
The blue, tranſparent Vandalis appears;
The gulphy Lee his ſedgy treſſes rears;
And ſullen Mole, that hides his diving flood;
And ſilent Darent, ſtain'd with Daniſh blood.
High in the midſt, upon his urn reclin'd,
(His ſea-green mantle waving with the wind)

The

PARALLEL PASSAGES.

VER. 341. *The Kennet ſwift, for ſilver eels renown'd*;]
" The cryſtal Trent, for fords and *fiſh renown'd.*" DRAYTON.
VER. 348. *ſtain'd with Daniſh blood.*]
" And the old Lee brags *of the Daniſh blood.*" DRAYTON.

NOTES.

ing" Iſis and " fruitful" Thame, are ill deſignated; no peculiar and viſible image is added to the character of the ſtreams, either intereſting from beauty, or incidental circumſtances. Moſt rivers " *wind,*" and may be called *fruitful* as well as the Iſis and Thames. The latter part of the deſcription is much more maſterly; as every river has its diſtinctive mark, and that mark is pictureſque. I cannot however think that the paſſage equals Milton's:

Rivers ariſe, whether thou be the ſon
Of utmoſt Tweed—or Oſe, or *gulphy* Dun,
Or Trent, who, *like ſome Earth-born Giant, ſpreads*
His *thirſty arms along th' indented meads,*
Or *ſullen Mole,* that runneth underneath,
Or *Severn ſwift,* guilty of maiden's death,
Or *rocky* Avon, or of *ſedgy* Lee,
Or coaly Tine, or ancient *hallow'd* Dee,
Or Medway ſmooth, or *Royal towr'd* Thame.

It

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The God appear'd: he turn'd his azure eyes
Where Windſor-domes and pompous turrets riſe;
Then bow'd and ſpoke; the winds forget to roar,
And the huſh'd waves glide ſoftly to the ſhore.
"Hail, ſacred Peace! hail long-expected days,
That Thames's glory to the ſtars ſhall raiſe!
Tho'

PARALLEL PASSAGES.

VER. 351. *His azure eyes.*] Milton has *green-eyed* Neptune; and Virgil, of Proteus, Geor. iv.

"Ardentes oculos intorſit *lumine glauco.*"
Warton's Edition of Milton, p. 311.

VER. 354.]
"And roll themſelves aſleep upon the ſhore."
Dryden's Ann. Mir.
STEVENS.

NOTES.

It may be ſaid, however, that all the epithets, in a deſcription of this ſort, cannot be equally ſignificant; but ſurely ſomething more ſtriking ſhould have been given as circumſtantially characteriſtic of ſuch rivers as the Iſis and Thames, than that they were "winding" and "fruitful"—or of the Kennet, when it was renowned for "*ſilver* eels."

The expreſſion "*ſullen* Mole" is from Milton. The Mole ſinks through its ſands, in dry ſummers, into an inviſible channel under ground at Mickleham, near Dorking, Surry.

VER. 350.] Our poet was not deterred, from the cenſure which Addiſon paſſed in his Campaign, on raiſing and perſonifying river-gods, from giving us this fine deſcription, in which Thames appears and ſpeaks with ſuitable dignity and importance. How much ſuperior is this picture to that of Boileau's Rhine; who repreſents the Naiads as alarming the God with an account of the march of the French Monarch; upon which the River God aſſumes the appearance of an old experienced commander, flies to a Dutch fort, and exhorts the garriſon to diſpute the intended paſſage. The Rhine, marching at their head, and obſerving Mars and Bellona on the ſide of the enemy, is ſo terrified with the view of theſe ſuperior divinities, that he moſt gallantly runs away, and leaves

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Tho' Tiber's ſtreams immortal Rome behold,
Tho' foaming Hermus ſwells with tides of gold,
From heav'n itſelf tho' ſev'nfold Nilus flows,
And harveſts on a hundred realms beſtows;
Theſe now no more ſhall be the Muſe's themes,
Loſt in my fame, as in the ſea their ſtreams.
Let Volga's banks with iron ſquadrons ſhine,
And groves of lances glitter on the Rhine,
Let barb'rous Ganges arm a ſervile train;
Be mine the bleſſings of a peaceful reign.
No more my ſons ſhall die with Britiſh blood
Red Iber's ſands, or Iſter's foaming flood:
Safe on my ſhore each unmoleſted ſwain
Shall tend the flocks, or reap the bearded grain;

The

VARIATIONS.

VER. 363. Originally thus in the MS.
Let Venice boaſt her Tow'rs amidſt the Main,
Where the rough Adrian ſwells and roars in vain;
Here not a Town, but ſpecious Realm ſhall have
A ſure foundation on the rolling wave.

NOTES.

leaves the great hero Louis XIV. in quiet poſſeſſion of his banks. —So much for a true court poet, who would not have dared to write the eight laſt lines of this ſpeech of Thames, from v. 415. The lines of Addiſon in the Campaign were;

Gods may deſcend in factions from the ſkies,
And rivers from their oozy beds ariſe.

I cannot forbear mentioning, that the very firſt compoſition that made the young Racine known at Paris was his Ode from the Nymph of the Seine to the Queen, which ode, by the way, was corrected by Chapelain, at that time in high vogue as a critic, and by him recommended to the court. WARTON.

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The ſhady empire ſhall retain no trace
Of war or blood, but in the ſylvan chace;
The trumpet ſleep, while chearful horns are blown,
And arms employ'd on birds and beaſts alone.
Behold! th' aſcending Villas on my ſide
Project long ſhadows o'er the cryſtal tide;
Behold! Auguſta's glitt'ring ſpires increaſe,
And Temples riſe, the beauteous works of Peace.
I ſee, I ſee, where two fair cities bend
Their ample bow, a new Whitehall aſcend!
There mighty Nations ſhall enquire their doom,
The World's great Oracle in times to come;
There Kings ſhall ſue, and ſuppliant States be ſeen
Once more to bend before a BRITISH QUEEN.
Thy trees, fair Windſor! now ſhall leave their woods,
And half thy foreſts ruſh into thy floods,
Bear

VARIATIONS.

VER. 385, &c. were originally thus,

Now ſhall our fleets the bloody Croſs diſplay
To the rich regions of the riſing day.
Or thoſe green iſles, where headlong Titan ſteeps
His hiſſing axle in th' Atlantic deeps:
Tempt icy ſeas, &c. POPE.

The original lines were rejected, probably as too nearly reſembling a paſſage in Comus,

"And the gilded car of day
His *glowing axle* doth allay
In the ſteep *Atlantic ſtream.*"

NOTES.

VER. 378. *And Temples riſe,*] The fifty new Churches. POPE.

VER. 380. *a new Whitehall*] "Several plates of the intended palace of Whitehall have been given, but, I believe, from no finiſhed

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Bear Britain's thunder, and her Croſs diſplay,
To the bright regions of the riſing day;
Tempt icy ſeas, where ſcarce the waters roll,
Where clearer flames glow round the frozen Pole;
Or under ſouthern ſkies exalt their ſails,
Led by new ſtars, and borne by ſpicy gales!
For me the balm ſhall bleed, and amber flow,
The coral redden, and the ruby glow,
The pearly ſhell its lucid globe infold,
And Phœbus warm the rip'ning ore to gold.
The time ſhall come, when free as ſeas or wind
Unbounded Thames ſhall flow for all mankind,
Whole

NOTES.

finiſhed deſign of Inigo Jones. The four great ſheets are evidently made up from general hints, nor could ſuch a ſource of invention and taſte, as the mind of Inigo, ever produce ſo much ſameneſs. The ſtrange kind of cherubims on the towers at the end are prepoſterous ornaments, and whether of Inigo or not, bear no relation to the reſt. The great towers in the front are too near, and evidently borrowed from what he had ſeen in Gothic, not in Roman buildings. The circular court is a picturesque thought, but without meaning or utility." WALPOLE.

VER. 385. *Thy trees, fair Windſor!*] This return to the trees of Windſor Foreſt, his original ſubject, is maſterly and judicious; and the whole ſpeech of Thames is highly animated and poetical, forcible and rich in diction, as it is copious and noble in imagery.

VER. 391.] Here is almoſt a prophecy of thoſe diſcoveries of new iſlands and continents which this country of late years has had the honour to make. WARTON.

VER. 398. *Unbounded Thames, &c.*] A wiſh that London may be made a FREE PORT. POPE.

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Whole nations enter with each ſwelling tide,
And ſeas but join the regions they divide;
Earth's diſtant ends our glory ſhall behold,
And the new world launch forth to ſeek the old.
Then ſhips of uncouth form ſhall ſtem the tide,
And feather'd people croud my wealthy ſide,
And naked youths and painted chiefs admire
Our ſpeech, our colour, and our ſtrange attire!
Oh ſtretch thy reign, fair Peace! from ſhore to ſhore,
'Till Conqueſt ceaſe; and Slav'ry be no more;
'Till the freed Indians in their native groves
Reap their own fruits, and woo their ſable loves,
Peru once more a race of Kings behold,
And other Mexico's be roof'd with gold.
Exil'd by thee from earth to deepeſt hell,
In brazen bonds, ſhall barb'rous Diſcord dwell:
Gigantic Pride, pale Terror, gloomy Care,
And mad Ambition ſhall attend her there:
There purple Vengeance bath'd in gore retires,
Her weapons blunted, and extinct her fires:
There hated Envy her own ſnakes ſhall feel,
And Perſecution mourn her broken wheel:

There

NOTES.

VER. 409.]

To hear the ſavage youth repeat
In looſe numbers wildly ſweet,
Their feather-cinctured chiefs, and duſky loves,

ſays Mr. Gray, moſt beautifully in his ode; *duſky* loves is more accurate than *ſable*; they are not negroes. WARTON.

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There Faction roar, Rebellion bite her chain,
And gaſping Furies thirſt for blood in vain.
Here ceaſe thy flight, nor with unhallow'd lays
Touch the fair fame of Albion's golden days:
The thoughts of Gods let GRANVILLE's verſe recite,
And bring the ſcenes of op'ning fate to light.
My humble Muſe, in unambitious ſtrains,
Paints the green foreſts and the flow'ry plains,
Where Peace deſcending bids her olive ſpring,
And ſcatters bleſſings from her dove-like wing.

Ev'n

IMITATIONS.

VER. 423.

"Quo, Muſa, tendis? deſine pervicax
Referre ſermones Deorum et
Magna modis tenuare parvis." Hor.

NOTES.

VER. 422. *in vain.*] This concluſion both of Horace and of Pope is feeble and flat. The whole ſhould have ended with this ſpeech of Thames at this line, 422.

Pope, it ſeems, was of opinion, that deſcriptive poetry is a compoſition as abſurd as a feaſt made up of ſauces: and I know many other perſons that think meanly of it. I will not preſume to ſay it is equal, either in dignity or utility, to thoſe compoſitions that lay open the internal conſtitution of man, and that imitate characters, manners, and ſentiments. I may however remind ſuch contemners of it, that, in a ſiſter art, landſcape-painting claims the very next rank to hiſtory-painting, being ever preferred to ſingle portraits, to pieces of ſtill-life, to droll figures, to fruit and flower-pieces; that Titian thought it no diminution of his genius, to ſpend much of his time in works of the former ſpecies; and that, if their principles lead them to condemn Thomſon, they muſt alſo condemn the Georgics of Virgil, and the greateſt part of the nobleſt deſcriptive poem extant; I mean that of Lucretius.

WARTON.

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Ev'n I more ſweetly paſs my careleſs days,
Pleas'd in the ſilent ſhade with empty praiſe;
Enough for me, that to the liſt'ning ſwains
Firſt in theſe fields I ſung the ſylvan ſtrains.

A POEM *purely deſcriptive* has certainly no claim to excellence. But a poem which is at once moral, hiſtorical, and pictureſque; or, in other words, where *deſcription* is made ſubſervient to the delighted fancy, the cultivated underſtanding, and the improved heart, ſurely no real judge of Poetry would condemn. What beautiful and intereſting pieces would ſuch a deciſion exclude! How many animating or tender ſentiments, how many affecting incidents, how much intereſting information, are often connected with local ſcenery! The genuine Poet ſurveys every proſpect with the eye and enthuſiaſm of a Painter; but does he only paint? He connects with the ſcenery he deſcribes, morality, antiquity, hiſtory, the wildeſt traditions in fancy, or the ſweeteſt feelings of tenderneſs, or patriotiſm. If we feel intereſted by the picture of an Arcadian landſcape, which conveys its moral by the introduction of a ſhepherd's tomb, and the inſcription "Et ego in Arcadia;" in like manner ſhould we regard a deſcriptive poem, connected at the ſame time with wider information, and diverſified with more pointed morality.

Pope in his Windſor Foreſt has deſcription, incident, and hiſtory. The deſcriptive part, however, is too general and unappropriate: the incident, or ſtory-part, is ſuch as only would have been adopted by a young man, who had juſt read Ovid; but the hiſtorical part is very judiciouſly and ſkilfully blended, and the concluſion highly animated and poetical; nor can we be inſenſible to its more lofty tone of verſification.

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ODE

ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY,

MDCCVIII.

AND OTHER PIECES FOR MUSIC.

* There are few Odes completely adapted to Muſic in our language. Milton, though a muſician, has written nothing, I believe, entirely with this view; but happily his divine Penſeroſo and l'Allegro have found in Handel a compoſer worthy of the Poetry. His muſic of "Let the bright Seraphim in burning row," is inadequate to the ſplendor of the expreſſions, and ſublimity of the ſubject. In general, all epithets that *paint*, ſuch as "*bright* Seraphim"—"*burning* row,"—are not ſo proper for muſic; as ſuch words, while they animate Poetry, *impede* and *delay* the ſentiment intended to be conveyed by muſic. Dr. Morell, who wrote the words for Handel's Oratorios, has much greater merit than is generally imagined.—How affecting, and yet how excellently adapted to muſical expreſſion, are his words:

"In ſweeteſt harmony they liv'd!
Nor death their union could divide;
The pious ſon ne'er left his father's ſide,
But him defending, bravely died!"

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Who alſo is there who can hear or read, without tears, the muſic and words,

" Tears ſuch as tender Fathers ſhed,
Warm from my aged eyes deſcend,
For JOY, to think when I am dead,
My ſon ſhall have mankind his friend ?"

Dryden, in his Alexander's Feaſt, and the fine Ode,

" When Jubal ſtruck the chorded ſhell,"

has found, like Milton, a muſician worthy of thoſe exalted ſtrains. Collins' Ode to the Paſſions ought not to be omitted, as highly calculated for muſical effect; but perhaps there is no compoſition, where the muſic and the words ſo much aſſiſt each other, as the fine Song of Purcell,

" Let the dreadful engines, &c."

particularly that one exquiſite ſtanza:

" Ah ! where are now thoſe flow'ry groves
Where zephyr's fragrant breath did play,
Where, guarded by a troop of loves,
The fair Lucinda ſleeping lay.
There ſung the nightingale and lark,
Around us all was ſweet and gay,
We ne'er grew ſad till it grew dark,
And nothing fear'd but ſhort'ning day."

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ODE FOR MUSIC

ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY*.

I.

DESCEND, ye Nine! deſcend and ſing;
The breathing inſtruments inſpire,
Wake into voice each ſilent ſtring,
And ſweep the ſounding lyre!
In a ſadly-pleaſing ſtrain
Let the warbling lute complain:

Let

NOTES.

* Our Author, as Mr. Harte told me, frequently and earneſtly declared, that if Dryden had finiſhed a tranſlation of the Iliad, he would not have attempted one, after ſo great a maſter: he might have ſaid, with even more propriety, I will not write a muſic ode after Alexander's Feaſt; which the variety and harmony of its numbers, and the beauty, force, and energy of its images, have conſpired to place at the head of modern Lyric compoſitions. The ſubject of Dryden's ode is ſuperior to this of Pope's, becauſe the former is hiſtorical, and the latter merely mythological. Dryden's is alſo more perfect in the unity of the action; for Pope's is not the recital of one great action, but a deſcription of many of the adventures of Orpheus.

The name and the genius of Cowley gave, for many years, a currency and vogue to irregular odes, called Pindaric. One of the beſt of which ſpecies is that of Cobb, called, the Female Reign; and two of the worſt, Sprat's Plague of Athens, and Bolingbroke's Almahide. Congreve is thought to be the firſt writer that gave a ſpecimen of a legitimate Pindaric ode, with ſtrophe, antiſtrophe, and epode, elucidated with a ſenſible and judicious preface on the

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Let the loud trumpet ſound,
'Till the roofs all around
The ſhrill echos rebound:
While in more lengthen'd notes and ſlow,
The deep, majeſtic, ſolemn organs blow.
Hark! the numbers ſoft and clear
Gently ſteal upon the ear;
Now louder, and yet louder riſe,
And fill with ſpreading ſounds the ſkies;
Exulting in triumph now ſwell the bold notes,
In broken air, trembling, the wild muſic floats;
'Till

NOTES.

ſubject. But it does not ſeem to have been obſerved, that, long before, Ben Jonſon had given a model of this very ſpecies of a regular Pindaric ode, addreſt to Sir Lucius Cary and Sir H. Morriſon, page 733 of his works, folio, in which he entitles each ſtanza the turne, the counter-turne, and the ſtand. Though Congreve's ode is not extraordinary, yet the diſcourſe prefixed to it has a great deal of learning. Dr. Akenſide frequently mentioned to me, as one of the beſt of the regular Pindaric odes, Fenton's to Lord Gower, 1716. Mr. Gray was of opinion, that the ſtanzas of theſe regular odes ought not to conſiſt of above nine lines each, at the moſt. WARTON.

VER. 7. *Let the loud trumpet ſound,*] Warburton ſpeaks too highly of the imitation of the ſounds here intended as an echo to the ſenſe. The ſtanza exhibits too much the *appearance* of *ars: ars eſt celare artem.* The great difficulty of giving effect to thoſe paſſages where the ſound is meant to be an echo of the ſenſe, is, in making it appear that the words naturally flow from the ſubject. The lines "While in more lengthen'd, &c." to "And fill with ſpreading ſounds the ſkies," are finely expreſſed, the harmony appears naturally to proceed with the ſubject; but the two next lines, "Exulting in triumph, &c." give an idea of art, and beſide they very inadequately repreſent the lofty variety of the organ. The four concluding lines are beautiful.

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'Till, by degrees, remote and ſmall,
The ſtrains decay,
And melt away,
In a dying, dying fall.

II.

By Muſic, minds an equal temper know,
Nor ſwell too high, nor ſink too low.
If in the breaſt tumultuous joys ariſe,
Muſic her ſoft, aſſuaſive voice applies;
Or, when the ſoul is preſs'd with cares,
Exalts her in enliv'ning airs.
Warriors ſhe fires with animated ſounds;
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds:
Melancholy lifts her head,
Morpheus rouſes from his bed,
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
Liſt'ning Envy drops her ſnakes;
Inteſtine War no more our Paſſions wage,
And giddy Factions hear away their rage.

But

NOTES.

VER. 22.] This ſtanza much reſembles the fifth of Congreve's muſic ode; the ſecond of which, by the way, is uncommonly good. It is remarkable that Pope knew nothing of muſic, and had no ear for it; as had Milton, Gray, and Maſon. WARTON.

VER. 35.] Dr. Greene ſet this ode to muſic in 1730, as an exerciſe for his Doctor's Degree at Cambridge, on which occaſion Pope made conſiderable alteration in it, and added the following ſtanza in this place:

Amphion thus bade wild diſſenſion ceaſe,
And ſoften'd mortals learn'd the arts of peace,

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III.

But when our Country's cauſe provokes to Arms,
How martial muſic ev'ry boſom warms!
So when the firſt bold veſſel dar'd the ſeas,
High on the ſtern the Thracian rais'd his ſtrain,
While Argo ſaw her kindred trees
Deſcend from Pelion to the main.

Tranſ-

NOTES.

Amphion taught contending kings,
From various diſcords, to create
The muſic of a well-tun'd ſtate;
Nor ſlack, nor ſtrain the tender ſtrings,
Thoſe uſeful touches to impart,
That ſtrike the ſubject's anſwering heart,
And the ſoft ſilent harmony that ſprings
From ſacred union and conſent of things.

And he made another alteration, at the ſame time, in ſtanza iv. v. 51, and wrote it thus:

Sad Orpheus ſought his conſort loſt;
The adamantine gates were barr'd;
And nought was ſeen and nought was heard,
Around the dreary coaſt;
But dreadful gleams, &c. WARTON.

VER. 39.] He might have added a beautiful deſcription of the Argo in Apollonius Rhodius; and, if he had been a reader of Pindar, he might have looked into the fourth Pythian ode, particularly verſe 315 of Orpheus. Oxford edition, folio, 1697. WARTON.

VER. 40. *While Argo*] Few images in any poet, ancient or modern, are more ſtriking than that in Apollonius, where he ſays, that when the Argo was ſailing near the coaſt where the Centaur Chiron dwelt, he came down to the very margin of the ſea, bringing his wife with the young Achilles in her arms, that he might ſhew the child to his father Peleus, who was on his voyage with the other Argonauts. Apollonius Rhodius, Lib. i. v. 558. WARTON.

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Tranſported demi-gods ſtood round,
And men grew heroes at the ſound,
Enflam'd with glory's charms:
Each chief his ſev'nfold ſhield diſplay'd,
And half unſheath'd the ſhining blade:
And ſeas, and rocks, and ſkies rebound
To arms, to arms, to arms!

IV.

But when through all th' infernal bounds,
Which flaming Phlegeton ſurrounds,
Love, ſtrong as Death, the Poet led
To the pale nations of the dead,
What ſounds were heard,
What ſcenes appear'd,
O'er

NOTES,

VER. 48. *To arms, to arms,*] All this is finely worked up: the images are poetical; the effect of muſic is deſcribed by adequate and ſtriking *circumſtances:*

Each chief his ſev'nfold ſhield diſplay'd,
And half unſheath'd the ſhining blade, &c.

STANZA IV.] The tranſition to *another key* (if I may ſay ſo) in this ſtanza, is judicious, and in the ſpirit of Poetry and Muſic.

VER. 49. *But when*] See Divine Legation, Book ii. ſect. 1. where Orpheus is conſidered as a Philoſopher, a Legiſlator, and a Myſtagogue. In vol v. of the Memoirs of Inſcriptions, &c. p. 117, is a very curious diſſertation upon the Orphic Life, by the Abbé Fraguier. He was the firſt critic who rightly interpreted the words of Horace, *Cædibus et fœdo victu*, as meaning an abolition of eating human fleſh.

Though the Hymns that remain are not the work of the real Orpheus, yet are they extremely ancient, certainly older than the Expedition of Xerxes againſt Greece. WARTON.

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O'er all the dreary coaſts!
Dreadful gleams,
Diſmal ſcreams,
Fires that glow,
Shrieks of woe,
Sullen moans,
Hollow groans,
And cries of tortur'd ghoſts!
But, hark! he ſtrikes the golden lyre;
And ſee! the tortur'd ghoſts reſpire,
See, ſhady forms advance!
Thy ſtone, O Siſyphus, ſtands ſtill,
Ixion reſts upon his wheel,
And the pale ſpectres dance;
The Furies ſink upon their iron beds,
And ſnakes uncurl'd hang liſt'ning round their heads.

V.

By the ſtreams that ever flow,
By the fragrant winds that blow
O'er th' Elyſian flow'rs;

By

NOTES.

VER. 56.] The ſhort lines here have a bad effect; but the images at the concluſion are forcibly painted, with the exception of the "pale ſpectres" that "dance;" a line, as Dr. Warton obſerves, very improper, becauſe it gives a ludicrous idea.

VER. 66.] This line is taken from an ode of Cobb.
WARTON.

STANZA V. *By the ſtreams, &c.*] The modulation and change here are very beautiful.

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By thoſe happy ſouls who dwell
In yellow meads of Aſphodel,
Or Amaranthine bow'rs;
By the heroes' armed ſhades,
Glitt'ring through the gloomy glades;
By the youths that dy'd for love,
Wand'ring in the myrtle grove,
Reſtore, reſtore Eurydice to life:
Oh take the huſband, or return the wife!

He ſung, and hell conſented
To hear the Poet's prayer:
Stern Proſerpine relented,
And gave him back the fair.
Thus ſong could prevail
O'er death, and o'er hell,

A con-

NOTES.

VER. 77.] Theſe images are pictureſque and appropriated, and are ſuch notes as might

Draw iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And make hell grant what love did ſeek.

Pope being inſenſible of the effects of muſic, enquired of Dr. Arbuthnot, whether Handel really deſerved the applauſe he met with. The Dutcheſs of Queenſberry told me, that Gay could play on the flute, and that this enabled him to adapt ſo happily ſome airs in the Beggars' Opera. WARTON.

VER. 87.] Theſe numbers are of ſo burleſque, ſo low, and ridiculous a kind, and have ſo much the air of a vulgar drinking ſong, that one is amazed and concerned to find them in a ſerious ode. Addiſon thought this meaſure exactly ſuited to the comic character of Sir Truſty in his Roſamond; by the introduction of which

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A conqueſt how hard and how glorious!
Tho' fate had faſt bound her
With Styx nine times round her,
Yet Muſic and Love were victorious.

VI.

But ſoon, too ſoon, the lover turns his eyes:
Again ſhe falls, again ſhe dies, ſhe dies!
How wilt thou now the fatal ſiſters move?
No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.
Now under hanging mountains,
Beſide the falls of fountains,
Or where Hebrus wanders,
Rolling in meanders,

All

NOTES.

which he has ſo ſtrangely debaſed that very elegant opera. It is obſervable, that this ludicrous meaſure is uſed by Dryden, in a ſong of evil ſpirits, in the fourth act of the State of Innocence. WARTON.

VER. 97.] Theſe ſcenes, in which Orpheus is introduced as making his lamentations, are not ſo wild, ſo ſavage, and diſmal, as thoſe mentioned by Virgil; and convey not ſuch images of deſolation and deep deſpair, as the caverns on the banks of Strymon and Tanais, the Hyperborean deſerts, and the Riphæan ſolitudes. And to ſay of Hebrus, only, that it rolls in meanders, is flat and feeble, and does not heighten the melancholy of the place. He that would have a complete idea of Orpheus's anguiſh and ſituation, muſt look at the exquiſite figure of him (now in the poſſeſſion of Sir Watkin Williams Wynne) painted by Mr. Dance, a work that does honour to the true genius of the artiſt, and to the age in which it was produced. WARTON.

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All alone,
Unheard, unknown,
He makes his moan;
And calls her ghoſt,
For ever, ever, ever loſt!
Now with Furies ſurrounded,
Deſpairing, confounded,
He trembles, he glows,
Amidſt Rhodope's ſnows;
See, wild as the winds, o'er the deſert he flies;
Hark! Hæmus reſounds with the Bacchanals' cries—
Ah ſee, he dies!
Yet ev'n in death Eurydice he ſung,
Eurydice ſtill trembled on his tongue,
Eurydice the woods,
Eurydice the floods,
Eurydice the rocks, and hollow mountains rung.

Muſic

NOTES.

VER. 108.] I am afraid there is a trivial antitheſis in theſe lines betwixt the words *ſnows* and *glows*, unworthy our author.
WARTON.

VER. 112.] The death is expreſſed with a brevity and abruptneſs ſuitable to the nature of the ode. Inſtead of *he ſung*, Virgil ſays, *vocabat*, which is more natural and tender, and adds a moving epithet, that he called *miſeram* Eurydicen. The repetition of Eurydice in two very ſhort lines hurts the ear, which Virgil eſcaped by interpoſing ſeveral other words; and the name itſelf happens not to be harmonious enough to ſuffer ſuch repetition.
WARTON.

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VII.

Muſic the fierceſt grief can charm,
And fate's ſevereſt rage diſarm:
Muſic can ſoften pain to eaſe,
And make deſpair and madneſs pleaſe:
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliſs above.
This the divine Cecilia found,
And to her Maker's praiſe confin'd the ſound.
When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
Th' immortal pow'rs incline their ear;
Borne on the ſwelling notes our ſouls aſpire,
While ſolemn airs improve the ſacred fire;
And Angels lean from heav'n to hear.
Of Orpheus now no more let Poets tell,
To bright Cecilia greater pow'r is giv'n;
His numbers rais'd a ſhade from hell,
Her's lift the ſoul to heav'n.

NOTES.

VER. 131. It is obſervable that this ode, as well as that of Dryden, concludes with an epigram of four lines; a ſpecies of witty writing as flagrantly unſuitable to the dignity, and as foreign to the nature of the lyric, as it is of the epic muſe.

WARTON.

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IF we caſt a tranſient view over the moſt celebrated of the modern lyrics, we may obſerve that the ſtanza of Petrarch, which has been adopted by all his ſucceſſors, diſpleaſes the ear, by its tedious uniformity, and by the number of identical cadences. And, indeed, to ſpeak truth, there appears to be little valuable in Petrarch, except the purity of his diction. His ſentiments, even of love, are metaphyſical and far-fetched. Neither is there much variety in his ſubjects, or fancy in his method of treating them. Fulvio Teſti, Chiabrera, and Metaſtaſio, are much better lyric poets. When Boileau attempted an ode, he exhibited a glaring proof of what will frequently be hinted in the courſe of theſe notes, that the writer, whoſe grand characteriſtical talent is ſatiric or moral poetry, will never ſucceed, with equal merit, in the higher branches of his art. In his ode on the taking Namur, are inſtances of the bombaſtic, of the proſaic, and of the puerile; and it is no ſmall confirmation of the ruling paſſion of this author, that he could not conclude his ode, but with a ſevere ſtroke on his old antagoniſt Perrault, though the majeſty of this ſpecies of compoſition is ſo much injured by deſcending to perſonal ſatire.

"We have had (ſays Mr. Gray) in our language, no other odes of the ſublime kind, than that of Dryden on St. Cecilia's Day: for Cowley, who had his merit, yet wanted judgment, ſtyle, and harmony, for ſuch a taſk. That of Pope is not worthy of ſo great a maſter. Mr. Maſon, indeed of late days, has touched the true chords, and with a maſterly hand, in ſome of his choruſes; above all in the laſt of Caractacus;

"Hark! heard ye not yon footſtep dread?" &c.

Gray's Works, 4to. page 25.
WARTON.

The bard of Gray muſt be mentioned as ranking next to Dryden's ode, if it be not ſuperior.

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TWO CHORUS'S

TO THE TRAGEDY OF BRUTUS[a].

CHORUS OF ATHENIANS.

STROPHE I.

YE ſhades, where ſacred truth is ſought;
Groves, where immortal Sages taught:
Where heav'nly viſions Plato fir'd,
And Epicurus lay inſpir'd!
In vain your guiltleſs laurels ſtood
Unſpotted long with human blood.
War, horrid war, your thoughtful Walks invades,
And ſteel now glitters in the Muſes' ſhades.

Oh

NOTES.

[a] Altered from Shakeſpear by the Duke of Buckingham, at whoſe deſire theſe two Chorus's were compoſed to ſupply as many wanting in his play. They were ſet many years afterward by the famous Bononcini, and performed at Buckingham-houſe. POPE.

VER. 3. *Where heav'nly viſions Plato fir'd, And Epicurus lay inſpir'd!*] The propriety of theſe lines ariſes from hence, that Brutus, one of the Heroes of this play, was of the Old Academy; and Caſſius, the other, was an Epicurean. WARBURTON.

I cannot be perſuaded that Pope thought of Brutus and Caſſius, as being followers of different ſects of philoſophy. WARTON.

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ANTISTROPHE I.

Oh heav'n-born ſiſters! ſource of art!
Who charm the ſenſe, or mend the heart;
Who lead fair Virtue's train along,
Moral Truth, and myſtic Song!
To what new clime, what diſtant ſky,
Forſaken, friendleſs, ſhall ye fly?
Say, will ye bleſs the bleak Atlantic ſhore?
Or bid the furious Gaul be rude no more?

STROPHE II.

When Athens ſinks by fates unjuſt,
When wild Barbarians ſpurn her duſt;
Perhaps ev'n Britain's utmoſt ſhore
Shall ceaſe to bluſh with ſtranger's gore,
See Arts her ſavage ſons controul,
And Athens riſing near the pole!
Till ſome new Tyrant lifts his purple hand,
And civil madneſs tears them from the land.

Ye

NOTES.

VER. 12. *Moral Truth, and myſtic Song!*] The conſtruction is dubious. Does the poet addreſs Moral Truth and Myſtic Song, as being the Heaven-born Siſters; or does he addreſs himſelf to the Muſes, mentioned in the preceding line, and ſo make Moral Truth and Myſtic Song to be a part of Virtue's train? as Heſiod begins his poem.

Dr. Warburton's propoſed correction is not conſiſtent with either conſtruction, when he ſays, the poet had expreſſed himſelf better had he ſaid Moral Truth in Myſtic Song. Moral Truth, a ſingle perſon, can neither be the Heaven-born Siſters, nor yet, alone, the train of Virtue. If it could, the emendation might have been ſpared, becauſe this is no uncommon figure in poetry.

WARTON.

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ANTISTROPHE II.

Ye Gods! what juſtice rules the ball?
Freedom and Arts together fall;
Fools grant whate'er Ambition craves,
And men, once ignorant, are ſlaves.
Oh curs'd effects of civil hate,
In ev'ry age, in ev'ry ſtate!
Still, when the luſt of tyrant pow'r ſucceeds,
Some Athens periſhes, ſome Tully bleeds.

NOTES.

VER. 32. *Some Athens*]

This ode is of the kind which M. D'Alembert, judging like a mathematician, prefers to odes that abound with imagery and figures, namely, what he calls the Didactic ode; and then proceeds to give reaſons for preferring Horace to Pindar as a lyric poet. Marmontel in his Poetic oppoſes him. WARTON.

THESE choruſes are elegant and harmonious; but are they not chargeable with the fault, which Ariſtotle imputes to many of Euripides, that they are foreign and adventitious to the ſubject, and contribute nothing towards the advancement of the main action? Whereas the chorus ought,

"Μοριον ειναι της ὁλης, και συναγωνιζεσθαι,"

to be a part or member of the one whole, co-operate with, and help to accelerate the intended event; as is conſtantly, adds the philoſopher, the practice of Sophocles. Whereas theſe reflections of Pope on the baneful influences of war, on the arts and learning, and on the univerſal power of love, ſeem to be too general, are not ſufficiently appropriated, do not riſe from the ſubject and occaſion, and might be inſerted with equal propriety in twenty other tragedies. This remark of Ariſtotle, though he does not himſelf produce any examples, may be verified from the following, among many others. In the Phœnicians of Euripides, they ſing a long and

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and very beautiful, but ill-placed, hymn to Mars; I ſpeak of that which bigins ſo nobly, ver. 793,

" Ω πολυμοχθος Αρης,"

" O direful Mars! why art thou ſtill delighted with blood and with death, and why an enemy to the feaſts of Bacchus?" And a ſtill more glaring inſtance may be brought from the end of the third act of the Troades, in which the ſtory of Ganymede is introduced not very artificially. To theſe may be added that exquiſite ode in praiſe of Apollo, deſcriptive of his birth and victories, which we find in the Iphigenia in Tauris.

On the other hand, the choruſes of Sophocles never deſert the ſubject of each particular drama, and all their ſentiments and reflections are drawn from the ſituation of the principal perſonage of the fable. Nay, Sophocles hath artfully found a method of making thoſe poetical deſcriptions, with which the choruſes of the ancients abound, carry on the chief deſign of the piece; and has by theſe means accompliſhed what is a great difficulty in writing tragedy, united poetry with propriety.

In the Philoctetes the chorus takes a natural occaſion, at verſe 694, to give a minute and moving picture of the ſolitary life of that unfortunate hero; and when afterwards, at verſe 855, pain has totally exhauſted the ſtrength and ſpirits of Philoctetes, and it is neceſſary for the plot of the tragedy that he ſhould fall aſleep, it is then that the chorus breaks out into an exquiſite ode to Sleep. As in the Antigone, with equal beauty and decorum in an addreſs to the God of Love, at verſe 791 of that play. And thus laſtly, when the birth of Œdipus is doubtful, and his parents unknown, the chorus ſuddenly exclaims,

" Τις σε, τεκνον,"

" From which, O my ſon, of the immortal gods, didſt thou ſpring? Was it ſome nymph, a favourite of Pan, that haunts the mountains; or ſome daughter of Apollo; for this god loves the remote rocks and caverns, who bore you? Or was it Mercury who reigns in Cyllene, or did Bacchus,

" Θεος ναιων επ' ακρων ορεων," ver. 1118.

a god who dwells on the tops of the mountains, beget you, on any of the nymphs that poſſeſs Helicon, with whom he frequently ſports?"

But what ſhall we ſay to the ſtrong objections lately made by ſome very able and learned critics to the uſe of the chorus at all?

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The critics I have in view, are Metaſtaſio, Twining, Pye, Colman, and Johnſon; who have brought forward ſuch powerful arguments againſt this ſo important a part of the ancient drama, as to ſhake our conviction of its utility and propriety, founded on what Hurd, Maſon, and Brumoy, have ſo earneſtly and elegantly urged on the ſubject. WARTON.

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CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS*.

SEMICHORUS.

OH Tyrant Love! haſt thou poſſeſt
The prudent, learn'd, and virtuous breaſt?
Wiſdom and wit in vain reclaim,
And Arts but ſoften us to feel thy flame.
Love, ſoft intruder, enters here,
But ent'ring learns to be ſincere.
Marcus with bluſhes owns he loves,
And Brutus tenderly reproves.
Why, Virtue, doſt thou blame deſire,
Which Nature has impreſt;
Why, Nature, doſt thou ſooneſt fire
The mild and gen'rous breaſt?

Love's

NOTES.

* Some of Dryden's ſhort lyrical odes and ſongs are wonderfully harmonious; and not ſufficiently noticed; particularly in King Arthur, Act III.

"O Sight! the mother of Deſire," &c.

The ſong alſo of the Syrens in Act IV: and the Incantations in the Third Act of Œdipus, put in the mouth of Tireſias;

"Chuſe the darkeſt part o' th' grove,
Such as ghoſts at noon-day love," &c.

Nor muſt his firſt ode for St. Cecilia's Day be forgotten, in which are paſſages almoſt equal to any of the ſecond: eſpecially its opening, and the ſecond ſtanza that deſcribes Jubal and his brethren. WARTON.

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CHORUS.

Love's purer flames the Gods approve;
The Gods and Brutus bend to love:
Brutus for abſent Portia ſighs,
And ſterner Caſſius melts at Junia's eyes.
What is looſe love? a tranſient guſt,
Spent in a ſudden ſtorm of luſt,
A vapour fed from wild deſire,
A wand'ring, ſelf-conſuming fire.
But Hymen's kinder flames unite,
And burn for ever one;
Chaſte as cold Cynthia's virgin light,
Productive as the Sun.

SEMICHORUS.

Oh ſource of ev'ry ſocial tye,
United wiſh, and mutual joy!
What various joys on one attend,
As ſon, as father, brother, huſband, friend?
Whether his hoary ſire he ſpies,
While thouſand grateful thoughts ariſe;
Or meets his ſpouſe's fonder eye;
Or views his ſmiling progeny:

What

NOTES.

VER. 31. *Or meets*] Recalling to our minds that pathetic ſtroke in Lucretius;

—— "dulces occurrunt oſcula nati
Præripere, et tacitâ pectus dulcedine tangunt."
Lib. iii. 909.

WARTON.

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What tender paſſions take their turns,
What home-felt raptures move?
His heart now melts, now leaps, now burns,
With rev'rence, hope, and love.

CHORUS.

Hence guilty joys, diſtaſtes, ſurmiſes,
Hence falſe tears, deceits, diſguiſes,
Dangers, doubts, delays, ſurprizes;
Fires that ſcorch, yet dare not ſhine:
Pureſt love's unwaſting treaſure,
Conſtant faith, fair hope, long leiſure,
Days of eaſe, and nights of pleaſure;
Sacred Hymen! theſe are thine[a].

NOTES.

[a] Theſe two Chorus's are enough to ſhew us his great talents for this ſpecies of Poetry, and to make us lament he did not proſecute his purpoſe in executing ſome plans he had chalked out; but the Character of the Managers of Playhouſes at that time, was what (he ſaid) ſoon determined him to lay aſide all thoughts of that nature. WARBURTON.

Perhaps there were other reaſons which determined Pope to lay aſide all thoughts of the Drama.

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ODE ON SOLITUDE[a].

HAPPY the man, whoſe wiſh and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air,
In his own ground.

Whoſe herds with milk, whoſe fields with bread,
Whoſe flocks ſupply him with attire,
Whoſe trees in ſummer yield him ſhade,
In winter fire.

Bleſt,

NOTES.

[a] This was a very early production of our Author, written at about twelve years old. POPE.

VER. 1. *Happy the man, &c.*] Might not Pope have ſeen, when very young, Cotton's pleaſing lines on Contentation?

That man is happy in his ſhare
Who is warm clad and cleanly fed,
Whoſe neceſſaries *bound his care*,
And honeſt labour makes his bed.

Who with his angle and his books
Can think the longeſt day well-ſpent;
And praiſes God when back he looks,
And finds—that *all was innocent*.

Dr. Warton ſays, "Theſe ſtanzas on Solitude are characteriſtic of the Author's contemplative and moral turn of mind;" but more probably ſuch ideas, thoſe of rural life, innocence, content, &c. as they are the eaſieſt expreſſed, ſo are they generally the moſt obvious, and, as ſuch, would be natural to all young writers.

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Bleſt, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years ſlide ſoft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day,

Sound ſleep by night; ſtudy and eaſe,
Together mixt; ſweet recreation:
And innocence, which moſt does pleaſe
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unſeen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die,
Steal from the world, and not a ſtone
Tell where I lie.

SCALIGER, Voltaire, and Grotius, were but eighteen years old when they produced, the two firſt their Œdipuſes, and the laſt his Adamus Exul. But the moſt extraordinary inſtance of early excellence is The Old Batchelor of Congreve, written at nineteen only; as comedy implies and requires a knowledge of life and characters, which are here diſplayed with accuracy and truth. Mr. Spence informed me that Pope once ſaid to him, "I wrote things, I am aſhamed to ſay how ſoon; part of my epic poem Alcander when about twelve. The ſcene of it lay in Rhodes, and ſome of the neighbouring iſlands; and the poem opened under the water, with a deſcription of the court of Neptune; that couplet on the circulation of the blood, which I afterwards inſerted in the Dunciad,

As man's mæanders, to the vital ſpring
Roll all their tides, then back their circles bring,

was originally in this poem, word for word." After he had burnt this very early compoſition, Atterbury told him, he much wiſhed ſome parts of it, as a ſpecimen, had been more carefully preſerved.

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Quintilian, whoſe knowledge of human nature was conſummate, has obſerved, that nothing quite correct and faultleſs is to be expected in very early years, from a truly elevated genius: that a generous extravagance and exuberance are its proper marks, and that a premature exactneſs is a certain evidence of future flatneſs and ſterility. His words are incomparable, and worthy conſideration. "Audeat hæc ætas plura, et inveniat, et inventis gaudeat, ſint licet illa non ſatis interim ficca et ſevera. Facile remedium eſt ubertatis, ſterilia nullo labore vincuntur. Illa mihi in pueris natura nimium ſpei dabit, in quâ ingenium judicio præſumitur.—Materiam eſſe primum volo vel abundantiorem, atque ultra quam oportet fuſam. Multum inde decoquant anni, multum ratio limabit, aliquid velut uſu ipſo deteretur, ſit modo unde excidi poſſit et quod exculpi:—erit autem, ſi non ab initio tenuem laminam duxerimus, et quam cælatura altior rumpat.—Quare mihi ne maturitas quidem ipſa feſtinet, nec muſta in lacu ſtatim auſtera ſint; ſic et annos ferent, et vetuſtate proficient." This is very ſtrong and maſculine ſenſe, expreſſed and enlivened by a train of metaphors, all of them elegant, and well preſerved. Whether theſe early productions of Pope, would not have appeared to Quintilian to be rather too finiſhed, correct, and pure, and what he would have inferred concerning them, is too delicate a ſubject for me to enlarge upon. Let me rather add an entertaining anecdote. When Guido and Dominichino had each of them painted a picture in the church of Saint Andrew, Annibal Carrache, their maſter, was preſſed to declare which of his two pupils had excelled. The picture of Guido repreſented Saint Andrew on his knees before the croſs; that of Dominichino repreſented the flagellation of the ſame Apoſtle. Both of them in their different kinds were capital pieces, and were painted in freſco, oppoſite each other, to eternize, as it were, their rivalſhip and contention. "Guido (ſaid Carrache) has performed as a maſter, and Dominichino as a ſcholar. But (added he) the work of the ſcholar is more valuable than that of the maſter. In truth, one may perceive faults in the picture of Dominichino that Guido has avoided, but then there are noble ſtrokes, not to be found in that of his rival." It was eaſy to diſcern a genius that promiſed to produce beauties, to which the ſweet, the gentle, and the graceful Guido would never aſpire.

The firſt ſketches of ſuch an artiſt ought highly to be prized. Different geniuſes unfold themſelves at different periods of life.

In

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In ſome minds the ore is a long time in ripening. Not only inclination, but opportunity and encouragement, a proper ſubject, or a proper patron, influence the exertion or the ſuppreſſion of genius. Theſe ſtanzas on Solitude are a ſtrong inſtance of that contemplation and moral turn, which was the diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic of our Poet's mind. An ode of Cowley, which he produced at the age of thirteen years, is of the ſame caſt, and perhaps not in the leaſt inferior to this of Pope. The voluminous Lopez de Vega is commonly, but perhaps incredibly, reported by the Spaniards to have compoſed verſes when he was five years old; and Torquato Taſſo, the ſecond or third of the Italian poets, for that wonderful original Dante is the firſt, is ſaid to have recited poems and orations of his own writing, when he was ſeven. It is however certain, which is more extraordinary, that he produced his Rinaldo in his eighteenth year, no bad precurſor to the Geruſalemma Liberata, and no ſmall effort of that genius, which was in due time to ſhew, how fine an epic poem the Italian language, notwithſtanding the vulgar imputation of effeminacy, was capable of ſupporting. WARTON.

It may not be unintereſting to compare the ſucceſſion of Pope's productions, with the progreſs of his mind and character. In this his earlieſt effuſion, all is *rural quiet*, innocence, content, &c. We next ſee, in his Paſtorals, the "Golden Age" of happineſs, while the

> "SHEPHERD LAD *leads forth his flock*
> Beſide the ſilver Thame."

His next ſtep, Windſor Foreſt, exhibits the ſame rural turn, but with views more diverſified and extended, and approaching more to the real hiſtory and concerns of life. The warm paſſions of youth ſucceed; and we are intereſted in the fate of the tender Sappho, or the ardent and unfortunate Eloiſe. As the world opens, *local manners* are diſplayed. In the Rape of the Lock, we ſee the firſt playful effort of Satire, without ill-nature, at once gay, elegant, and delightful:

> "Belinda ſmiles, and all the world is gay."

The man of ſeverer thought now appears, in the Eſſay on Man. The ſame vein ſhews itſelf in the Moral Eſſays; but the inveſtigation is directed to *individual* failings, and mingled with ſpleen and anger. In the later Satires, we witneſs the language of acrimony and bitterneſs. The Dunciad cloſes the proſpect, and we there behold the aged Bard amid a ſwarm of enemies, who began his career, all *innocence, happineſs*, and ſmiles.

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THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL*.

ODE.

I.

VITAL ſpark of heav'nly flame!
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying;
Oh the pain, the bliſs of dying!
Ceaſe, fond Nature, ceaſe thy ſtrife,
And let me languiſh into life!

II.

Hark! they whiſper; Angels ſay,
Siſter Spirit, come away!
What is this abſorbs me quite?
Steals my ſenſes, ſhuts my ſight,
Drowns my ſpirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my Soul, can this be Death?

III.

The world recedes; it diſappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears

* This ode was written in imitation of the famous ſonnet of Hadrian to his departing ſoul; but as much ſuperior in ſenſe and ſublimity to its original, as the Chriſtian religion is to the Pagan. WARBURTON.

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With sounds seraphic ring: 15
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy Victory?
O Death! where is thy Sting?

This Ode was written, we find, at the desire of Steele; and our Poet, in a letter to him on that occasion, says,—"You have it, as Cowley calls it, just warm from the brain; it came to me the first moment I waked this morning; yet you'll see, it was not so absolutely inspiration, but that I had in my head, not only the verses of Hadrian, but the fine fragment of Sappho."

It is possible, however, that our Author might have had another composition in his head, besides those he here refers to: for there is a close and surprising resemblance between this ode of Pope, and one of an obscure and forgotten rhymer of the age of Charles the Second, namely Thomas Flatman; from whose dunghill, as well as from the dregs of Crashaw, of Carew, of Herbert, and others (for it is well known he was a great reader of all those poets), Pope has very judiciously collected gold. And the following stanza is, perhaps, the only valuable one Flatman has produced:

When on my sick bed I languish;
Full of sorrow, full of anguish,
Fainting, gasping, trembling, crying,
Panting, groaning, speechless, dying;
Methinks I hear some gentle spirit say,
Be not fearful, come away!

The third and fourth lines are eminently good and pathetic, and the climax well preserved, the very turn of them is closely copied by Pope; as is likewise the striking circumstance of the dying man's imagining he hears a voice calling him away:

Vital spark of heav'nly flame
Quit, O quit, this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
O the pain, the bliss of dying!
Hark! they whisper! Angels say,
Sister Spirit, come away!

Warton.

Prior

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Prior alſo tranſlated this little Ode, but with manifeſt inferiority to Pope. Pope was certainly indebted to Flatman. The plagiariſm is *palpable*. Dr. Warton ſpeaks with too much contempt of Craſhawe, Herbert, &c. *Some* of Craſhawe's ſtrains are of a "higher mood;" and who can deny great merit to the author of that natural and pleaſing effuſion, of which Mr. Ellis, in his valuable ſpecimens of Engliſh Poetry, has ſelected,

"I made a Poſy, as the day went by."

Herbert was Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and afterwards Rector of Bemerton, near Saliſbury.

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AN

ESSAY

ON

CRITICISM.

Written in the Year MDCCIX *.

* First advertiſed in the Spectator, N° 65. May 15, 1711.

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AN

ESSAY

ON

CRITICISM.

'Tis hard to say, if greater want of skill
Appear in writing or in judging ill;
But, of the two, less dang'rous is th' offence
To tire our patience, than mislead our sense.

Some

COMMENTARY.

An Essay] The poem is in one book, but divided into three principal parts or numbers. The first [to ver. 201.] gives rules for the *Study of the Art of Criticism*: the second [from thence to ver. 560.] expoſes the *Causes of wrong Judgment*; and the third [from thence to the end] marks out the *Morals of the Critic*.

In order to a right conception of this poem, it will be neceſſary to obſerve, that though it be intitled ſimply *An Eſſay on Criticiſm*, yet ſeveral of the precepts relate equally to the good *writing* as well as the true *judging* of a poem. This is ſo far from violating the *Unity* of the ſubject, that it preſerves and completes it: or from diſordering the regularity of the *Form*, that it adds beauty to it, as will appear by the following conſiderations: 1. It was impoſſible

NOTES.

An Eſſay] For a perſon of only twenty years old to have produced ſuch an Eſſay, ſo replete with a knowledge of life and manners, ſuch accurate obſervations on men and books, ſuch variety of literature, ſuch ſtrong good ſenſe, and refined taſte and judg-

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Some few in that, but numbers err in this,
Ten cenſure wrong for one who writes amiſs;
A fool might once himſelf alone expoſe,
Now one in verſe makes many more in proſe.
'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go juſt alike, yet each believes his own.

In

COMMENTARY.

impoſſible to give a full and exact idea of the Art of *Poetical Criticiſm*, without conſidering at the ſame time the *Art of Poetry*; ſo far as Poetry is an *Art*. Theſe therefore being cloſely connected in nature, the author has, with much judgment, interwoven the precepts of each reciprocally through his whole poem. 2. As the rules of the ancient Critics were taken from Poets who copied nature, this is another reaſon why every Poet ſhould be a Critic: therefore as the ſubject is *poetical Criticiſm*, it is frequently addreſſed to the *critical Poet*. And 3dly, the Art of Criticiſm is as properly, and much more uſefully exerciſed in *writing* than in *judging*. WARBURTON.

VER. 1. *'Tis hard to ſay, &c.*] The Poem opens [from ver. 1 to 9.] with ſhewing the uſe and ſeaſonableneſs of the ſubject. Its *uſe*, from the greater miſchief in wrong Criticiſm than in ill Poetry; this only tiring, that miſleading the reader: Its *ſeaſonableneſs*, from the growing number of bad Critics, which now vaſtly exceeds that of bad Poets. WARBURTON.

VER. 9. *'Tis with our judgments, &c.*] The author having ſhewn us the expediency of this ſubject, the Art of *Criticiſm*, inquires next [from ver. 8 to 15.] into the proper *Qualities* of a *true Critic*: and obſerves firſt, that JUDGMENT alone is not ſufficient to conſtitute this character, becauſe *Judgment*, like the *artificial meaſures of Time*, goes different, and yet each man relies upon his own. WARBURTON.

NOTES.

ment, has been the ſubject of frequent, and of juſt admiration. It may fairly entitle him to the character of being one of the firſt of critics, though ſurely not of poets, as Dr. Johnſon aſſerts. For Didactic poetry being, from its nature, inferior to Lyric, Tragic, and

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In Poets as true Genius is but rare,
True Taſte as ſeldom is the Critic's ſhare;
Both muſt alike from Heav'n derive their light,
Theſe born to judge, as well as thoſe to write.

Let

NOTES.

and Epic poetry, we ſhould confound and invert all literary rank and order, if we compared and preferred the Georgics of Virgil to the Æneid, the Epiſtle to the Piſo's to the "Qualem Miniſtrum" of Horace, and Boileau's Art of Poetry to the Iphigenie of Racine. WARTON.

VER. 11. *In Poets as true Genius is but rare,*] It is indeed ſo extremely rare, that no country, in the ſucceſſion of many ages, has produced above three or four perſons that deſerve the title. The "man of rhymes" may be eaſily found; but the genuine poet, of a lively plaſtic imagination, the true Maker or Creator, is ſo uncommon a prodigy, that one is almoſt tempted to ſubſcribe to the opinion of Sir William Temple, where he ſays, "That for one man that is born capable of making a great poet, there may be a thouſand born capable of making as great generals, or miniſters of ſtate, as the moſt renowned in ſtory." WARTON.

This obſervation, if juſt, can only relate to ſuch characters as Homer and Shakeſpear.

VER. 12. *True Taſte as ſeldom*] The firſt piece of criticiſm in our language, worthy our attention, for little can be gathered from Webbe and Puttenham, was Sir Philip Sydney's Defence of Poeſie. Spenſer is ſaid to have written a critical diſcourſe, called The Poet; the loſs of which, conſidering the exquiſite taſte and extenſive learning of Spenſer, is much to be regretted. Next came Daniel's Apology; then Ben Jonſon's Diſcoveries, the Preface to Gondibert, and Hobbes's Letter to D'Avenant, the Preface and Notes of Cowley (whoſe proſe ſtyle, by the way, is admirable), Temple's Eſſays, Dryden's Eſſay on Dramatic Poetry, and his various Prefaces and Prologues, Rhymer's Preface to Rapin, and Letter on Tragedy, and Dennis's Reformation of Poetry, and the Eſſays of Roſcommon and Buckingham. Theſe were the critical pieces that preceded our Author's Eſſay,

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Let ſuch teach others who themſelves excel, 15
And cenſure freely who have written well.

Authors

COMMENTARY.

VER. 15. *Let ſuch teach others, &c.*] But it is not enough that the Critic hath theſe natural endowments (genius and taſte); he ought, as our author ſhews us [from ver. 14 to 19], in order to give a further teſt of his qualification, have put them ſucceſsfully into uſe. And this, on two accounts: 1. Becauſe the office of a Critic is an exerciſe of authority. 2. Becauſe he being naturally as partial to his *Judgment* as the Poet is to his *Wit*, his partiality would have nothing to correct it, as that of the perſon judged hath, by the very terms. Therefore ſome *teſt* is neceſſary; and the beſt, and moſt unexceptionable, is his having written well himſelf; an approved remedy againſt *Critical partiality*; and the ſureſt

NOTES.

which was publiſhed without his name, May 1711, about the ſame time with Fenton's Epiſtle to Southerne; and did not, as Lewis the bookſeller told me, ſell at firſt, till our Author ſent copies, as preſents, to ſeveral eminent perſons.

It is ſaid, very ſenſibly, by La Bruyere, "I will allow that good writers are ſcarce enough; but then I aſk, where are the people that know to read and judge? An union of theſe qualities, which are ſeldom found in the ſame perſon, ſeem to be indiſpenſably neceſſary to form an able critic; he ought to poſſeſs ſtrong good ſenſe, lively imagination, and exquiſite ſenſibility. And of theſe three qualities, the laſt is the moſt important; ſince, after all that can be ſaid on the utility or neceſſity of rules and precepts, it muſt be confeſſed, that the merit of all works of genius muſt be determined by taſte and ſentiment. "Why do you ſo much admire the Helen of Zeuxis?" ſaid one to Nicoſtratus; "You would not wonder why I ſo much admired it (replied the painter), if you had my eyes." WARTON.

VER. 15. *Let ſuch teach others*] "Qui ſcribit artificioſe, ab aliis commode ſcripta facile intelligere poterit." Cic. ad Herenn. lib. iv. "De pictore, ſculptore, fictore, niſi artifex, judicare non poteſt." Pliny. POPE.

It

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Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true,
But are not Critics to their judgment too?
Yet if we look more closely, we shall find
Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind:
Nature

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surest means of so maturing the Judgment, as to reap with glory what *Longinus* calls "the last and most perfect fruits of much study and experience." Η ΓΑΡ ΤΩΝ ΛΟΓΩΝ ΚΡΙΣΙΣ ΠΟΛΛΗΣ ΕΣΤΙ ΠΕΙΡΑΣ ΤΕΛΕΥΤΑΙΟΝ ΕΠΙΓΕΝΝΗΜΑ. WARBURTON.

VER. 19. *Yet if we look, &c.*] But the Author having been thus free with the fundamental quality of Criticism, *Judgment*, so as

NOTES.

It is remarked by Dryden, I think, that none but a poet is qualified to judge of a poet. The maxim is however contradicted by experience. But although such as have actually performed nothing in the art itself, may not, on that account, be totally disqualified to judge with accuracy of any piece of workmanship, yet, perhaps, a judgment will come with more authority and force from an artist himself. Hence the connoisseurs highly prize the treatise of Rubens concerning the Imitation of Antique Statues, the Art of Painting by Leonardo da Vinci, and the Lives of the Painters by Vasari. As, for the same reasons, Rameau's Dissertation on The Thorough Bass; and The Introduction to a Good Taste in Music, by the excellent, but neglected, Geminiani, demand a particular regard. The prefaces of Dryden would be equally valuable, if he did not so frequently contradict himself, and advance opinions diametrically opposite to each other. Some of Corneille's discourses on his own tragedies are admirably just. And one of the best pieces of modern criticism, The Academ'sy Observations on the Cid, was, we know, the work of persons who had themselves written well. And our Author's own excellent preface to his translation of the Iliad, one of the best pieces of prose in the English language, is an example how well poets are qualified to be critics. WARTON.

To these may be added Burney's History, and Criticisms, on Music; and Sir Joshua Reynold's excellent Discourses on Painting.

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Nature affords at leaſt a glimm'ring light;
The lines, tho' touch'd but faintly, are drawn right.
But as the ſlighteſt ſketch, if juſtly trac'd,
Is by ill-colouring but the more diſgrac'd,
So by falſe learning is good ſenſe defac'd:
Some are bewilder'd in the maze of ſchools,
And ſome made coxcombs Nature meant but fools.

In

VARIATIONS.

Between ver. 25 and 26 were theſe lines, ſince omitted by the author.

Many are ſpoil'd by that pedantic throng,
Who with great pains teach youth to reaſon wrong.
Tutors, like Virtuoſo's, oft inclined
By ſtrange transfuſion to improve the mind,
Draw off the ſenſe we have, to pour in new;
Which yet, with all their ſkill, they ne'er could do. POPE.

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as to charge it with *inconſtancy* and *partiality*, and to be often warped by *cuſtom* and *affection*; that he may not be miſunderſtood, he next explains [from ver. 18 to 36.] the nature of *Judgment*, and the accidents occaſioning thoſe miſcarriages before objected to. He owns, that the *ſeeds* of *Judgment* are indeed ſown in the minds of moſt men, but by ill culture, as it ſprings up, it generally runs wild. WARBURTON.

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VER. 20. *Moſt have the ſeeds*] "Omnes tacito quodam ſenſu, ſine ulla arte, aut ratione, quæ ſint in artibus, ac rationibus recta et prava disjudicant." Cic. de Orat. lib. iii. POPE.

VER. 25. *So by falſe learning*] "Plus ſine doctrina prudentia, quam ſine prudentia valet doctrina." Quint. POPE.

Moſt of the obſervations in this eſſay are juſt, and certainly evince good ſenſe, an extent of reading, and powers of compariſon, conſidering the age of the Author, extraordinary. Johnſon's praiſe, however, is exaggerated.

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In ſearch of wit theſe loſe their common ſenſe,
And then turn Critics in their own defence:
Each burns alike, who can, or cannot write,
Or with a Rival's, or an Eunuch's ſpite.
All fools have ſtill an itching to deride,
And fain would be upon the laughing ſide.
If Mævius ſcribble in Apollo's ſpight,
There are, who judge ſtill worſe than he can write.
Some have at firſt for Wits, then Poets paſt,
Turn'd Critics next, and prov'd plain fools at laſt.
Some

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VER. 36. *Some have at firſt for Wits, &c.*] The poet having enumerated, in this account of the nature of *Judgment* and its various depravations, the ſeveral ſorts of *bad critics*, and ranked them into two general Claſſes; as the firſt ſort, namely the men ſpoiled by *falſe learning*, are but few in compariſon of the other, and likewiſe come leſs within his main view (which is *poetical Criticiſm*), but keep groveling at the bottom amongſt *words* and *ſyllables*, he thought it enough for his purpoſe here, juſt to have mentioned them, propoſing to do them right hereafter. But the men ſpoiled by *falſe taſte* are innumerable; and theſe are his proper concern: He therefore [from ver. 35 to 46.) ſub-divides them again into two claſſes of the *volatile* and *heavy*: He deſcribes, in few words, the quick progreſſion of one through Criticiſm, from falſe wit, to plain folly, where they end; and the fixed ſtation of the other between the confines of both; who, under the name of *Witlings*, have neither end nor meaſure. A kind of half-formed creature from the equivocal generation of *vivacity* and *dulneſs*, like thoſe on the banks of the *Nile*, from *heat* and *mud*.

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 28. *In ſearch of wit theſe loſe their common ſenſe,*] This obſervation is extremely juſt. *Search of Wit* is not only the occaſion, but the efficient cauſe of the loſs of *common ſenſe*. For

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Some neither can for Wits nor Critics paſs,
As heavy mules are neither horſe nor aſs.
Thoſe half-learn'd witlings, num'rous in our iſle,
As half-form'd inſects on the banks of Nile;
Unfiniſh'd things, one knows not what to call,
Their generation's ſo equivocal:
To tell 'em would an hundred tongues require,
Or one vain wit's, that might a hundred tire.
But you who ſeek to give and merit fame,
And juſtly bear a Critic's noble name,

Be

COMMENTARY.

VER. 46. *But you who ſeek, &c.*] Our Author having thus far, by way of INTRODUCTION, explained the nature, uſe, and abuſe of *Criticiſm*, in a figurative deſcription of the qualities and characters of *Critics*, proceeds now to deliver the precepts of the art. The firſt of which [from ver. 45 to 68.] is, that he who ſets up for a Critic ſhould previouſly examine his own ſtrength, and ſee how far he is qualified for the exerciſe of his profeſſion.
WARBURTON.

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Wit conſiſting in chuſing out, and ſetting together ſuch Ideas from whoſe aſſemblage pleaſant pictures may be drawn on the Fancy; the *Judgment*, through an habitual ſearch of Wit, loſes, by degrees, its faculty of ſeeing the true relation of things; in which conſiſts the exerciſe of *common ſenſe*. WARBURTON.

VER. 38. *Some neither can for Wits nor Critics paſs,*] Theſe lines, and thoſe preceding and following them, are excellently ſatirical; and are, I think, the firſt we find in Pope's works, that give an indication of that ſpecies of poetry to which his talent was moſt powerfully bent The ſimile of the mule heightens the ſatire, and is new; as is the application of the inſects

of

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Be ſure yourſelf and your own reach to know,
How far your genius, taſte, and learning go;
Launch not beyond your depth, but be diſcreet,
And mark that point where ſenſe and dulneſs meet.

Nature to all things fix'd the limits fit,
And wiſely curb'd proud man's pretending wit.
As on the land while here the ocean gains,
In other parts it leaves wide ſandy plains;
Thus in the Soul while memory prevails,
The ſolid pow'r of underſtanding fails;

Where

NOTES.

of the Nile. Pope never ſhines ſo brightly as when he is proſcribing bad authors.

"The Nile (ſays Fenton on Waller) has been as fruitful of Engliſh ſimiles as the ſun; from both which it would be as ſevere to reſtrain a young poet, as forbidding the uſe of fire and water was eſteemed among the Romans." WARTON.

VER. 56. *Thus in the Soul*] The beauty of imagery in theſe lines ſhould not make us blind to the want of juſtneſs in the thought. To repreſent ſtrength of memory as incompatible with ſolidity of underſtanding, is ſo obviouſly contrary to fact, that I preſume the author had in his eye only the caſe of extraordinary memory for names, dates, and things, which offer no ideas to the mind; which has, indeed, been often diſplayed in great perfection by mere idiots. For, it is difficult to conceive how the faculty of judgment, which conſiſts in the compariſon of different ideas, can at all be exerciſed without the power of ſtoring up ideas in the mind, and calling them forth when required. From the ſecond couplet, apparently meant to be the converſe of the firſt, one would ſuppoſe that he conſulted the underſtanding and the imagination as the ſame faculty, elſe the counterpart is defective. Further, ſo far is it from being true that imagination obliterates the figures of memory, that the circumſtance which cauſes a thing to be remembered is principally its being aſſociated with other

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Where beams of warm imagination play,
The memory's ſoft figures melt away.
One ſcience only will one genius fit;
So vaſt is art, ſo narrow human wit:

Not

NOTES.

other ideas by the ageney of the imagination. If the poet only meant, that thoſe ideas about which imagination is occupied, are apt to exclude ideas of a different kind, the remark is true, but it ſhould have been differently expreſſed. WARTON.

VER. 60. *One ſcience only will one genius fit;*] When Tully attempted poetry, he became as ridiculous as Bolingbroke when he attempted philoſophy and divinity. We look in vain for that genius which produced The Diſſertation on Parties, in his tedious philoſophical works; of which it is no exaggerated ſatire to ſay, that the reaſoning of them is ſophiſtical and inconcluſive, the ſtyle diffuſe and verboſe, and the learning ſeemingly contained in them not drawn from the originals, but picked up and purloined from French critics and tranſlations; and particularly from Bayle, Rapin, and Thomaſſin (as perhaps may be one day minutely ſhewn), together with the aſſiſtances which our Cudworth and Stanley happily afforded a writer confeſſedly ignorant of the Greek tongue, who has yet the inſufferable arrogance to vilify and cenſure, and to think he can confute, the beſt writers in that beſt language.

When Fontaine, whoſe Tales indicated a truly comic genius, brought a comedy on the ſtage, it was received with a contempt equally unexpected and deſerved. Terence has left us no tragedy; and the Mourning Bride of Congreve, notwithſtanding the praiſes beſtowed on it by Pope, in the Dunciad, is certainly a deſpicable performance; the plot is unnaturally intricate, and overcharged with incidents, the ſentiments trite, and the language turgid and bombaſt. The Biter of Rowe is wretched. Heemſkirk and Teniers could not ſucceed in a ſerious and ſublime ſubject of hiſtory painting. The latter, it is well known, deſigned cartoons for tapeſtry, repreſenting the hiſtory of the Turriani of Lombardy. Both the compoſition and the expreſſion are extremely indifferent; and certain

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Not only bounded to peculiar arts,
But oft in thoſe confin'd to ſingle parts.
Like Kings we loſe the conqueſts gain'd before,
By vain ambition ſtill to make them more:
Each might his ſev'ral province well command,
Would all but ſtoop to what they underſtand.
First follow Nature, and your judgment frame
By her juſt ſtandard, which is ſtill the ſame:
Unerring

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VER. 68. *Firſt follow Nature, &c.*] The Critic obſerving the directions before given, and now finding himſelf qualified for his office,

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tain nicer virtuoſi have remarked, that in the ſerious pieces of Titian himſelf, even in one of his Laſt Suppers, a circumſtance of the ridiculous and the familiar is introduced, which ſuits not with the dignity of his ſubject. Hogarth's Sigiſmonda diſgraced his pencil.

The modeſty and good ſenſe of the ancients is, in this particular, as in others, remarkable. The ſame writer never preſumed to undertake more than one kind of dramatic poetry, if we except the Cyclops of Euripides. A poet never preſumed to plead in public, or to write hiſtory, or indeed any conſiderable work in proſe. The ſame actors never recited tragedy and comedy: this was obſerved long ago, by Plato, in the third book of his Republic. They ſeem to have held that diverſity, nay univerſality, of excellence, at which the moderns frequently aim, to be a gift unattainable by man. We therefore, of Great Britain, have, perhaps, more reaſon to congratulate ourſelves, on two great phenomena; I mean Shakeſpear's being able to pourtray characters ſo very different as Falſtaff and Macbeth; and Garrick's being able to perſonate ſo inimitably a Lear, or an Abel Drugger.

WARTON.

VER. 68, *Firſt follow Nature, &c.*] It is not ſo eaſy to define what is Nature, or what "her juſt ſtandard."

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Unerring NATURE, ſtill divinely bright,
One clear, unchang'd, and univerſal light,
Life, force, and beauty, muſt to all impart,
At once the ſource, and end, and teſt of Art.
Art from that fund each juſt ſupply provides;
Works without ſhow, and without pomp preſides:
In ſome fair body thus th' informing ſoul
With ſpirits feeds, with vigor fills the whole,
Each motion guides, and ev'ry nerve ſuſtains;
Itſelf unſeen, but in th' effects remains.
Some, to whom Heav'n in wit has been profuſe,
Want as much more, to turn it to its uſe;

For

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office, is ſhewn next, *how* to exerciſe it. And as he was to attend to Nature for a *Call*, ſo he is firſt and principally to follow Nature when *called*. WARBURTON.

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VER. 80. *Some, to whom Heav'n, &c.*] Here the Poet (in a ſenſe he was not, at firſt, aware of) has given an example of the truth of his obſervation, in the obſervation itſelf. The two lines ſtood originally thus:

"There are whom Heav'n has bleſt with ſtore of Wit,
Yet want as much again to manage it."

In the firſt line, *wit* is uſed, in the modern ſenſe, for the effort of Fancy; in the ſecond line it is uſed, in the ancient ſenſe, for the reſult of Judgment. This trick, play'd the Reader, he endeavoured to keep out of ſight, by altering the lines as they now ſtand,

"Some, to whom Heav'n in Wit has been profuſe,
Want as much more, to turn it to its uſe."

For the words, *to manage it*, as the lines were at firſt, too plainly diſcovered the change put upon the Reader, in the uſe of the

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For wit and judgment often are at ſtrife,
Tho' meant each other's aid, like man and wife.
'Tis more to guide, than ſpur the Muſe's ſteed;
Reſtrain his fury, than provoke his ſpeed;
The winged courſer, like a gen'rous horſe,
Shews moſt true mettle when you check his courſe.

Thoſe RULES of old diſcover'd, not devis'd,
Are Nature ſtill, but Nature methodiz'd;
Nature,

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VER. 88. *Thoſe* RULES *of old, &c.*] Having thus, in his firſt precept, *to follow Nature*, ſettled Criticiſm on its true foundation; he proceeds to ſhew, what aſſiſtance may be had from *Art*. But, leſt this ſhould be thought to draw the Critic from the ground where our Poet had fixed him, he previouſly obſerves [from ver. 87 to 92.] that theſe *Rules of Art*, which he is now about

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word, *wit*. This is now a little covered by the latter expreſſion of—*turn it to its uſe* But then the alteration, in the preceding line, from—*ſtore of wit*, to *profuſe*, was an unlucky change. For though he who has *ſtore of wit* may want more, yet he to whom it was given in *profuſion* could hardly be ſaid to want more. The truth is, the Poet had ſaid a lively thing, and would, at all hazards, preſerve the reputation of it, though the very topic he is upon obliged him to detect the impoſition, in the very next lines, which ſhew he meant two very different things, by the ſame term, in the two preceding,

"For wit and judgment often are at ſtrife,
Tho' meant each other's aid, like man and wife."

WARBURTON.

VER. 88. *Thoſe* RULES *of old, &c.*] Cicero has, beſt of any one I know, explained what that thing is which reduces the wild and ſcattered parts of human knowledge into *arts*—"Nihil eſt quod ad

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Nature, like Liberty, is but reſtrain'd
By the ſame Laws which firſt herſelf ordain'd. 90

Hear

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about to recommend to the Critic's obſervance, were not *invented* by abſtract ſpeculation, but *diſcovered* in the book of Nature; and that therefore, though they may ſeem to reſtrain *Nature* by *Laws*, yet as they are Laws of her own making, the Critic is ſtill properly in the very liberty of Nature. Theſe Rules the ancient Critics borrowed from the Poets, who received them immediately from *Nature*.

" Juſt Precepts thus from great Examples giv'n,
Theſe drew from them what they deriv'd from Heav'n."

ſo that both are to be well ſtudied. WARBURTON.

NOTES.

ad artem redigi poſſit, niſi ille prius, qui illa tenet, quorum artem inſtituere vult, habeat illam ſcientiam, ut ex iis rebus, quarum ars nondum ſit, artem efficere poſſit.—Omnia fere, quæ ſunt concluſa nunc artibus, diſperſa et diſſipata quondam fuerunt, ut in Muſicis, &c. Adhibita eſt igitur ars quædam extrinſecus ex alio genere quodam, quod ſibi totum PHILOSOPHI aſſumunt, quæ rem diſſolutam divulſamque conglutinaret, et ratione quadam conſtringeret." De Orat. l. i. c. 41, 2. WARBURTON.

The precepts of the art of poeſy were poſterior to practice; the rules of the Epopea were all drawn from the Iliad, and the Odyſſey; and of Tragedy, from the Oedipus of Sophocles. A petulant rejection, and an implicit veneration, of the rules of the ancient critics, are equally deſtructive of true taſte. " It ought to be the firſt endeavour of a writer (ſays the Rambler, N° 156.) to diſtinguiſh nature from cuſtom; or that which is eſtabliſhed becauſe it is right, from that which is right only becauſe it is eſtabliſhed; that he may neither violate eſſential principles by a deſire of novelty, nor debar himſelf from the attainment of any beauties within his view, by a needleſs fear of breaking rules, which no literary dictator had authority to preſcribe."

This liberal and manly cenſure of critical bigotry, extends not to thoſe fundamental and indiſpenſable rules, which nature and neceſſity

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Hear how learn'd Greece her uſeful rules indites,
When to repreſs, and when indulge our flights:
High

COMMENTARY.

VER. 92. *Hear how learn'd Greece, &c.*] He ſpeaks of the *ancient Critics* firſt, and with great judgment, as the previous knowledge of them is neceſſary for reading the Poets, with that fruit which the end here propoſed requires. WARBURTON.

NOTES.

neceſſity dictate, and demand to be obſerved; ſuch, for inſtance, as in the higher kinds of poetry, that the action of the epopea, be one, great, and entire: that the hero be eminently diſtinguiſhed, move our concern, and deeply intereſt us; that the epiſodes ariſe eaſily out of the main fable; and the action commence as near the cataſtrophe as poſſible; and, in the drama, that no more events be crowded together, than can be juſtly ſuppoſed to happen during the time of repreſentation, or to be tranſacted on one individual ſpot, and the like. But the abſurdity here animadverted on, is the ſcrupulous nicety of thoſe who bind themſelves to obey frivolous and unimportant laws; ſuch as, that an epic poem ſhould conſiſt not of leſs than twelve books; that it ſhould end fortunately; that in the firſt book there ſhould be no ſimile; that the exordium ſhould be very ſimple and unadorned; that in a tragedy, only three perſonages ſhould appear at once upon the ſtage; and that every tragedy ſhould conſiſt of five acts; by the rigid obſervation of which laſt unneceſſary precept, the poet is deprived of uſing many a moving ſtory, that would furniſh matter enough for three perhaps, but not for five acts: with other rules of the like indifferent nature.

It has become a faſhionable attempt of late, to cenſure and decry an obedience to the rules laid down by ancient critics; while one party loudly and frequently exclaim,

——Vos exemplaria Græca
Nocturnâ verſate manû, verſate diurnâ;

Another inſtantly anſwers,

——O imitatores ſervum pecus!

WARTON.

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High on Parnaſſus' top her ſons ſhe ſhow'd,
And pointed out thoſe arduous paths they trod; 95
Held

NOTES.

No rules can give nature and genius, which without rules will always produce what is intereſting.—Ariſtotle's obſervations on the *change of fortune*, the *diſcovery*, &c. in the *Oedipus Tyrannus*, are very ſenſible and judicious; but it is not neceſſary that every drama ſhould conform to the model of Oedipus. Thoſe who talk ſo much of the ſtrict laws of the drama, ſeem to think we muſt not be intereſted, unleſs it be "*ſecundum artem!*"

There is a circumſtance mentioned in the notes to Boileau's Art of Poetry, that appears to me to come nearer to the point, than the long diſſertations which Dr. Warton has extracted on this occaſion.

"La Menardiere avoit fait une tragedie intitulée Alinde, qu'il cite ſouvent dans ſa Poétique. Cette tragedie, compoſée ſuivant toute la rigueur des règles, eut pourtant le malheur de n'être point goutée du public. Quelqu'un ſe ſervit un jour de cet exemple pour prouver à M. Deſpreaux que le règles etoient inutiles pour bien compoſer; puiſque M. de la Menardiere, qui les avoit ſuivres *fort exactement* n'avoit pourtant pas reuſſi dans ſa tragedie. Mais Mr. Deſpreaux repondit, qu'il ne s'etonnoit pas du peu ſuccès de cette pièce, parceque l'auteur avoit manqué à la premiere et la plus eſſentielle des règles, qui eſt d'avoir le genie de la poeſie. Boileau, vol. i. page 7.

VER. 92. *Hear how learn'd Greece*] In the ſecond part of Shafteſbury's Advice to an Author, is a judicious and elegant account of the riſe and progreſs of arts and ſciences in ancient Greece; to ſubjects of which ſort it were to be wiſhed this author had always confined himſelf, as he indiſputably underſtood them well, rather than have blemiſhed and belied his patriotiſm, by writing againſt the religion of his country.

I ſhall give the reader a paſſage that relates to the origin of criticiſm, which is curious and juſt. "When the perſuaſive arts, which were neceſſary to be cultivated among a people that were to be convinced before they acted, were grown thus in repute; and the power of moving the affections had become the ſtudy nd emulation of the forward wits and aſpiring geniuſes of the times;

is

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Held from afar, aloft, th' immortal prize,
And urg'd the reſt by equal ſteps to riſe.
Juſt precepts thus from great examples giv'n,
She drew from them what they deriv'd from Heav'n.
The gen'rous Critic fann'd the Poet's fire,
And taught the world with reaſon to admire.
Then Criticiſm the Muſe's handmaid prov'd,
To dreſs her charms, and make her more belov'd:
But

NOTES.

it would neceſſarily happen, that many geniuſes of equal ſize and ſtrength, though leſs covetous of public applauſe, of power, or of influence over mankind, would content themſelves with the contemplation, merely, of theſe enchanting arts. Theſe they would the better enjoy, the more they refined their taſte and cultivated their ear. Hence was the origin of Critics; who, as arts and ſciences advanced, would neceſſarily come withal into repute; and being heard with ſatisfaction in their turn, were at length tempted to become authors, and appear in public. Theſe were honoured with the name of Sophiſts; a character which in early times was highly reſpected. Nor did the graveſt philoſophers, who were cenſors of manners, and critics of a higher degree, diſdain to exert their criticiſm on the inferior arts; eſpecially in thoſe relating to ſpeech, and the power of argument and perſuaſion. When ſuch a race as this was once riſen, it was no longer poſſible to impoſe on mankind, by what was ſpecious and pretending. The public would be paid in no falſe wit, or jingling eloquence. Where the learned critics were ſo well received, and philoſophers themſelves diſdained not to be of the number, there could not fail to ariſe critics of an inferior order, who would ſubdivide the ſeveral provinces of this empire." Characteriſtics, vol. i. 12mo. p. 163. WARTON.

VER. 98. *Juſt precepts*] "Nec enim artibus editis factum eſt ut argumenta inveniremus, ſed dicta ſunt omnia antequam præciperentur; mox ea ſcriptores obſervata et collecta ediderunt." Quintil. POPE.

VER. 103. *To dreſs her charms*,] What a dreadful picture has Swift drawn of the evil demon of criticiſm.

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But following wits from that intention ſtray'd,
Who could not win the miſtreſs, woo'd the maid;
Againſt the Poets their own arms they turn'd,
Sure to hate moſt the men from whom they learn'd.
So modern 'Pothecaries, taught the art
By Doctors' bills to play the Doctor's part,
Bold in the practice of miſtaken rules,
Preſcribe, apply, and call their maſters fools.
Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey,
Nor time nor moths e'er ſpoil ſo much as they.

Some

NOTES.

"Momus fearing the worſt, and calling to mind an ancient prophecy, which bore no very good face to his children the moderns, bent his flight to the region of a malignant deity, called Criticiſm. She dwelt on the top of a ſnowy mountain in Nova Zembla; there Momus found her extended in her den, upon the ſpoils of numberleſs volumes half devoured. At her right hand ſat Ignorance, her father and huſband, blind with age; at her left, Pride, her mother, dreſſing her up in the ſcraps of paper herſelf had torn. There, was Opinion, her ſiſter, light of foot, hoodwinked, and headſtrong, yet giddy and perpetually turning. About her played her children, Noiſe and Impudence, Dulneſs and Vanity, Poſitiveneſs, Pedantry, and Ill-manners. The goddeſs herſelf had claws like a cat; her head, and ears, and voice, reſembled thoſe of an aſs; her teeth fallen out before; her eyes turned inward, as if ſhe looked only upon herſelf; her diet was the overflowing of her own gall; her ſpleen was ſo large, as to ſtand prominent like a dug of the firſt rate, nor wanted excreſcences in form of teats, at which a crew of ugly monſters were greedily ſucking; and, what is wonderful to conceive, the bulk of ſpleen encreaſed faſter than the ſucking could diminiſh it." Tale of a Tub, p. 200. WARTON.

VER. 112. *Some on the leaves*] He has too frequently expreſſed an idle contempt of the Heinſius's, Burmans, Gronovius's, Reiſkius's,

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Some drily plain, without invention's aid,
Write dull receipts how poems may be made.
Theſe leave the ſenſe, their learning to diſplay,
And thoſe explain the meaning quite away.

You then whoſe judgment the right courſe would ſteer,
Know well each ANCIENT's proper character;

His

COMMENTARY.

VER. 118. *You then whoſe judgment, &c.*] He comes next to the *ancient Poets*, the other and more intimate commentators of Nature; and ſhews [from ver. 117 to 141.] that the ſtudy of theſe muſt indiſpenſibly follow that of the *ancient Critics*, as they furniſh

NOTES.

Reiſkius's, Marklands, and Geſners; and other ſearchers into various readings, who have done ſo much towards ſettling the texts of ancient authors. WARTON.

VER. 115. *Write dull*] Perhaps he glanced at Boſſu's famous Treatiſe on Epic Poetry; which may have been too much praiſed. D'Aubignac, under the patronage of Richlieu, wrote a treatiſe on the drama; and Mambrun on the epopée; but the tragedy of the one, and the Conſtantine, an epic poem, of the other, were deſpicable performances, which induced the great Condé to ſay, "*Je ſçais bon gré, à l'Abbé D'Aubignac d'avoir ſuivi les règles d'Ariſtote, mais je ne pardonne pas aux règles d'Ariſtote d'avoir fait faire une ſi mauvaiſe tragedie à l'Abbé D'Aubignac.*" WARTON.

VER. 119. *Know well each* ANCIENT's *proper character;*] When Perault impotently attempted to ridicule the firſt ſtanza of the firſt Olympic of Pindar, he was ignorant that the poet, in beginning with the praiſes of water, alluded to the philoſophy of Thales, who taught, that water was the principle of all things; and which philoſophy, Empedocles the Sicilian, a cotemporary of Pindar, and a ſubject of Hiero, to whom Pindar wrote, had adopted in his beautiful poem. Homer and the Greek tragedians

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His Fable, Subject, ſcope in ev'ry page; 120
Religion, Country, genius of his Age:

Without

COMMENTARY.

furniſh us with what the Critics, who only give us *general Rules*, cannot ſupply; while the ſtudy of a great original Poet, in

" His Fable, Subject, ſcope in ev'ry page;
" Religion, Country, genius of his Age,"

will help us to thoſe *particular Rules* which only can conduct us ſafely through every conſiderable work we undertake to examine; and, without which, we may cavil indeed, as the Poet truly obſerves, but can never *criticize*. WARBURTON.

NOTES.

have been likewiſe cenſured, the former for protracting the Iliad after the death of Hector; and the latter, for continuing the Ajax and Phœniſſæ, after the deaths of their reſpective heroes. But the cenſurers did not conſider the importance of burial among the ancients; and that the action of the Iliad would have been imperfect without a deſcription of the funeral rites of Hector and Patroclus; as the two tragedies, without thoſe of Polynices and Eteocles; for the ancients eſteemed a deprivation of ſepulture to be a more ſevere calamity than death itſelf. It is obſervable, that this circumſtance did not occur to Pope, when he endeavoured to juſtify this conduct of Homer, by only ſaying, that as the anger of Achilles does not die with Hector, but perſecutes his very remains, the poet ſtill keeps up to his ſubject, by deſcribing the many effects of his anger, till it is fully ſatisfied; and that for this reaſon, the two laſt books of the Iliad may be thought not to be excreſcences, but eſſential to the poem. I will only add, that I do not know an author whoſe capital excellence ſuffers more from the reader's not regarding his climate and country, than the incomparable Cervantes. WARTON.

Dr. Warton concludes that, to have a *perfect reliſh* for Cervantes, we ought to bear in mind, " that *madneſs* is a *common diſorder* in Spain, at a certain time of life;" and he quotes Thuanus, who

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Without all theſe at once before your eyes,
Cavil you may, but never criticize.
Be Homer's works your ſtudy and delight,
Read them by day, and meditate by night;
Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims bring,
And trace the Muſes upward to their ſpring.
Still with itſelf compar'd, his text peruſe;
And let your comment be the Mantuan Muſe.

When

VARIATIONS.

VER. 123. *Cavil you may, but never criticize.*] The author after this verſe originally inſerted the following, which he has however omitted in all the editions:

Zoilus, had theſe been known, without a Name
Had dy'd, and Perault ne'er been damn'd to fame;
The ſenſe of ſound Antiquity had reign'd,
And ſacred Homer yet been unprophan'd.
None e'er had thought his comprehenſive mind
To modern cuſtoms, modern rules confin'd;
Who for all ages writ, and all mankind. POPE.

NOTES.

who has theſe words: "Sur la fin de ſes jours il devint furieux *comme ſont d'ordinaire les Eſpagnols!*" Surely the candid Critic and the venerable Hiſtorian here go too far.

VER. 128. *Still with itſelf compar'd, &c.*] Although perhaps it may ſeem impoſſible to produce any new obſervations on Homer and Virgil, after ſo many volumes of criticiſm as have been ſpent upon them, yet the following remarks have a novelty and penetration in them that may entertain; eſpecially, as the little treatiſe from which they are taken is extremely ſcarce.

"Quæ variæ inter ſe notæ atque imagines animorum, a principibus utriuſque populi poetis, Homero et Virgilio, mirificè exprimuntur,

When firſt young Maro in his boundleſs mind
A work t' outlaſt immortal Rome deſign'd, 131
Perhaps

VARIATIONS.

VER. 130.]
When firſt young Maro ſung of Kings and Wars,
Ere warning Phœbus touch'd his trembling ears.

NOTES.

muntur. Siquidem Homeri duces et reges rapacitate, libidine, atque anilibus queſtibus, lacrymiſque puerilibus, Græcam levitatem et inconſtantiam referunt. Virgiliani vero principes, ab eximio poeta, qui Romanæ ſerveritatis faſtidium, et Latinum ſupercilium verebatur, et ad heroum populum loquebatur, ita componuntur ad majeſtatem conſularem ut quamvis ab Aſiatica mollitie luxuque venerint, inter Furios atque Claudios nati educatique videantur. Neque ſuam, ullo actu, Æneas originem prodidiſſet, niſi, a præfactiore aliquanto pietate, fudiſſet crebro copiam lacrymarum. Qua meliorem expreſſione morum hac ætate, non modo Virgilius Latinorum poetarum princeps, ſed quivis inflatiſſimus vernaculorum, Homero præfertur: cum hic animos proceribus indurit ſuos, ille vero alienos. Quamobrem varietas morum, qui carmine reddebantur, et hominum ad quos ea dirigebantur, inter Latinam Græcamque poëſin, non inventionis tantum attulit, ſed et elocutionis diſcrimen illud, quod præcipue inter Homerum et Virgilium deprehenditur; cum ſententias et ornamenta quæ Homerus ſparſerat, Virgilius, Romanarum aurium cauſa, contraxerit; atque ad morem et ingenia retulerit eorum, qui a poëſi non petebant publicam aut privatam inſtitutionem, quam ipſi Marte ſuo invenerant; ſed tantum delectionem *." Blackwell, in his excellent Enquiry into the Life and Writings of Homer, has taken many obſervations from this valuable book, particularly in his twelfth ſection. WARTON.

VER. 130. *When firſt young Maro, &c.*] Virg. Eclog. vi.
"Cum canerem reges et prœlia, Cynthius aurem
Vellit."

It

* J. Vincentii Gravinæ de Poëſi, ad S. Maffeinno Epiſt. added to his treatiſe intitled Della Ragion Poetica. In Napoli, 1708, page 239. 250.

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Perhaps he ſeem'd above the Critic's law,
And but from Nature's fountain ſcorn'd to draw:
But

NOTES.

It is a tradition preſerved by Servius, that Virgil began with writing a poem of the Alban and Roman affairs; which he found above his years, and deſcended firſt to imitate Theocritus on rural ſubjects, and afterwards to copy Homer in Heroic poetry. POPE.

"That Virgil, not only in his general plan, but in moſt of the ſubordinate parts, was a cloſe copyiſt of Homer, is undeniable, whatever be thought of the ſuppoſition that he ſet out with a deſign of drawing from the ſources of nature, and was diverted from it by the diſcovery that "Nature and Homer were the ſame." The modern idolatry of Shakeſpear has elevated him to the ſame degree of authority among us; and critics have not been wanting, who have confidently drawn from his characters the proofs and illuſtrations of their theories on the human mind. But what can be more unworthy of the true critic and philoſopher, than ſuch an implicit reliance on any man, how exalted ſoever his genius, eſpecially on thoſe who lived in the infancy of their art? If an epic poem be a repreſentation of nature in a courſe of heroic action, it muſt be ſuſceptible of as much variety as nature herſelf: and ſurely it is more deſirable that a poet of original genius ſhould give full ſcope to his inventive powers, under the reſtriction of ſuch laws only as are founded on nature, than that he ſhould fetter himſelf with rules derived from the practice of a predeceſſor. When Pope praiſes the ancient rules for compoſition, on the ground that they were "diſcovered not deviſed," and were only "nature methodized," he gives a juſt notion of what they ought to be. But when he ſuppoſes Virgil to have properly "checked in his bold deſign of drawing from Nature's fountains," and in conſequence, to have confined his work within rules as ſtrict,

"As if the Stagyrite o'erlook'd each line;"

how can he avoid the force of his own ridicule, where a little further, in this very piece, he laughs at Dennis for

"Concluding all were deſp'rate ſots and fools
Who durſt depart from Ariſtotle's rules?"

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But when t' examine ev'ry part he came,
Nature and Homer were, he found, the ſame.
Convinc'd, amaz'd, he checks the bold deſign:
And rules as ſtrict his labour'd work confine,
As if the Stagyrite o'erlook'd each line.
Learn hence for ancient rules a juſt eſteem;
To copy nature is to copy them.

Some beauties yet no Precepts can declare,
For there's a happineſs as well as care.

Muſic

COMMENTARY.

VER. 141. *Some beauties yet no Precepts can declare, &c.*] Our author, in theſe two general directions for ſtudying *Nature* and her *Commentators*, having conſidered Poetry as it is, or may be reduced to *Rule*; leſt this ſhould be miſtaken as ſufficient to attain PERFECTION either in *writing* or *judging*, he proceeds [from ver.

NOTES.

Such are the inconſiſtencies of a writer who ſometimes utters notions derived from reading and education; ſometimes the ſuggeſtions of native good ſenſe!" Dr. Aikin's Letters to his Son.

VER. 134. *But when t' examine, &c.*] It is aſtoniſhing, conſidering the great care with which this Eſſay is written, that Pope ſuffered ſuch a line to remain.

VER. 138. *As if the Stagyrite*] According to a fine precept in the fourteenth ſection of Longinus, who exhorts us, when we aim at any thing elevated and ſublime, to aſk ourſelves while we are compoſing, "how would Homer, or Plato, or Demoſthenes, have exerted and expreſſed themſelves on this ſubject? And ſtill more, if we ſhould continue to aſk ourſelves; what would Homer or Demoſthenes, if they had been preſent, and had heard this paſſage, have thought of it, and how would they have been affected by it?" WARTON.

VER. 141. *Some beauties yet no Precepts*] Pope in this paſſage ſeems to have remembered one of the eſſays of Bacon, of which he is known to have been remarkably fond. "There is no excellent

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Muſic reſembles Poetry, in each
Are nameleſs graces which no methods teach,
And which a maſter-hand alone can reach.

If

COMMENTARY.

ver. 140 to 201.] to point up to thoſe *ſublimer* beauties which *Rules* will never reach, nor enable us either to *execute* or *taſte*: beauties, which riſe ſo high above all precept as not even to be *deſcribed* by it, but being entirely the gift of Heaven, Art and Reaſon have no further ſhare in them than juſt to regulate their operations. WARBURTON.

NOTES.

lent beauty that hath not ſome ſtrangeneſs in the proportion. A man cannot tell whether Apelles, or Albert Durer, were the more trifler: whereof the one would make a perſonage by geometrical proportions; the other, by taking the beſt parts out of divers faces to make one excellent. Such perſonages, I think, would pleaſe nobody but the painter that made them. Not but I think, a painter may make a better face than ever was; but he muſt do it by a kind of felicity, as a muſician that maketh an excellent air in muſic, and not by rule. A man ſhall ſee faces, that if you examine them, part by part, you ſhall find never a good one; and yet altogether do well."

"Non ratione aliquâ (ſays Quintilian finely) ſed motû neſcio an inerrabili judicatur. Neque ab hoc ullo ſatis explicari puto, licet multi tentaverint." Quintil. Inſt. L. vi. In ſhort, in poetry, we muſt judge by taſte and ſentiment, not by rules and reaſoning. Different theories of philoſophy, and different ſyſtems of theology, are maintained and exploded in different ages; but true and genuine pictures of nature and paſſion, are not ſubject to ſuch revolutions and changes. The doctrines of Plato, Epicurus, and Zeno; of Deſcartes, Hobbes, and Malebranche, and Gaſſendi, yield in ſucceſſion to each other; but Homer, Sophocles, Terence, and Virgil, being felt and reliſhed by all men, ſtill retain and preſerve, unaltered and undiſputed, admiration and applauſe. WARTON.

VER. 143. *Muſic reſembles Poetry, &c.*] Dr. Warton has remarked on this paſſage, that he had been informed by one of the beſt

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If, where the rules not far enough extend,
(Since rules were made but to promote their end,)
Some lucky Licence anſwer to the full
Th' intent propos'd, that Licence is a rule.
Thus Pegaſus, a nearer way to take,
May boldly deviate from the common track.
Great Wits ſometimes may glorioufly offend,
And riſe to faults true Critics dare not mend;

From

COMMENTARY.

VER. 152. *Great Wits ſometimes may glorioufly offend, &c*] He deſcribes next the *ſecond ſort*, the beauties *againſt rule*. And even here, as he obſerves [from ver. 151 to 161.], the offence is ſo glorious, and the fault ſo ſublime, that the *true Critic* will not dare either to cenſure or reform them. Yet ſtill the *Poet* is never to abandon himſelf to his imagination. WARBURTON.

PARALLEL PASSAGES.

VER. 152. *glorioufly offend,*] Dryden's Aurengzebe:
" Mean ſoul, and dar'ſt not *glorioufly offend!*"

STEVENS.

NOTES.

beſt muſicians of the age, that this obſervation was not accurate, nor agreeable to the rules of the art of muſic. It is not true, if applied to the rules of *harmonic combinations*, yet the *analogy* between the two arts, which Pope intended to illuſtrate in the lines before us, is accurate. The moſt ſcientific muſician will never learn by rule to introduce thoſe inimitable touches which are to be found in many of the oldeſt and moſt artleſs *melodies*. Theſe can be derived from nature alone, nor will the ſtudy of the poetical art *infuſe into the ſoul* that ſpirit which alone can dictate its happieſt efforts. But it is true of both ſciences that a *maſter-hand*, that is, the hand of one who combines ſcience, with genius, can alone reach that height of perfection which is to be obtained by directing the effuſions of nature, and reducing them within thoſe rules which are founded on invariable principles.

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From vulgar bounds with brave diſorder part,
And ſnatch a grace beyond the reach of art,
Which, without paſſing through the judgment, gains
The heart, and all its end at once attains.
In proſpects thus, ſome objects pleaſe our eyes,
Which out of nature's common order riſe,
The ſhapeleſs rock, or hanging precipice.
But tho' the Ancients thus their rules invade,
(As Kings diſpenſe with laws themſelves have made,)
Moderns, beware! or if you muſt offend
Againſt the precept, ne'er tranſgreſs its End;
Let it be ſeldom, and compell'd by need;
And have, at leaſt, their precedent to plead.
The Critic elſe proceeds without remorſe,
Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.

I know

NOTES.

VER. 146. *If, where the rules, &c.*] "Neque enim rogationibus plebiſve ſcitis ſancta ſunt iſta præcepta, ſed hoc, quicquid eſt, Utilitas excogitavit. Non negabo autem ſic utile eſſe plerumque; verum ſi eadem illa nobis aliud ſuadebit Utilitas, hanc, relictis magiſtrorum autoritatibus, ſequemur." Quintil. lib. ii. cap. 13. POPE.

VER. 158. *In proſpects thus, &c.*] This alluſion to the pictureſque is perhaps inaccurate. The *ſhapeleſs rock* and *hanging precipice* do not riſe *out of nature's* common order; and the obſervation is not juſt, becauſe theſe objects are characteriſtic of ſome of the features of *nature*; of thoſe eſpecially that are pictureſque. The fault lies in the word *nature*. If he had ſaid, that amid cultivated ſcenery we are pleaſed and ſtruck with a hanging rock or precipice, the alluſion would have been accurate. We ought not, however, to ſcan a poetical eſſay ſo minutely, when the general meaning is ſufficiently obvious.

VER. 161.] *Their* means *their own.*

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I know there are, to whoſe preſumptuous thoughts
Thoſe freer beauties, ev'n in them, ſeem faults.
Some figures monſtrous and miſ-ſhap'd appear,
Conſider'd ſingly, or beheld too near,
Which, but proportion'd to their light, or place,
Due diſtance reconciles to form and grace.
A prudent chief not always muſt diſplay
His pow'rs, in equal ranks, and fair array,

But

COMMENTARY.

VER. 163. *I know there are, &c.*] But as ſome *modern Critics* have pretended to ſay, that this laſt reaſon is only juſtifying one fault by another, our author goes on [from ver. 163 to 181.] to vindicate the Ancients; and to ſhew that this preſumptuous thought, as he calls it, proceeds from mere Ignorance.

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 175. *A prudent chief, &c*] Οἷόν τι ποιοῦσι οἱ φρόνιμοι στρατηλάται καὶ τὰς τάξεις τῶν στρατευμάτων.—Dion. Hal. De Struct. Orat.

POPE.

VER. 175. *A prudent chief, &c.*] Dr. Warton has introduced a quotation from a work of Aviſon on muſical expreſſion, as illuſtrative of the principle contained in theſe lines, in which Aviſon ſays, "that inequality makes a part of the character of excellence, and that ſomething ought to be thrown into ſhades, in order to make the lights more ſtriking." And in that reſpect he adds that Marcello the compoſer was truly excellent; "if ever he ſeems to fall, it is to riſe with more aſtoniſhing majeſty and greatneſs." This cannot be denied, yet it would be too much in laying *down Rules* to be obſerved by Poets or Muſicians, to recommend introducing trivial or dull paſſages, to enhance the merit of thoſe in which the whole effort of genius might be employed. In muſic as well as in poetry, variety and contraſts are neceſſary, and it is impoſſible that all parts ſhould be equally excellent; *Relief* is however effected moſt ſtrikingly by judicious tranſition. Handel, that great maſter of muſic, has attended to this

principle

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But with th' occaſion and the place comply,
Conceal his force, nay ſeem ſometimes to fly.
Thoſe oft are ſtratagems which errors ſeem,
Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream. 180

Still

NOTES.

principle in many of his beſt works; though it cannot but be ſaid of him, as might be expected in ſo voluminous a compoſer, that his genius has ſometimes ſlept, and that the praiſe given by Aviſon to Marcello might be attributed to him in ſeveral of his oratorios. But in that of Iſrael in Egypt, the effect of contraſt, undoubtedly deſigned, is peculiarly ſtriking, in the ſucceſſion of Choruſſes expreſſive of the Plagues. Every unlearned as well as learned hearer will be ſenſible of this, in attending to the ſublimity and grandeur of the Chorus *He gave them Hail-ſtones for Rain*, followed by the gloomy continued ſolemnity of the accompaniments, and the abrupt ſimplicity of the voice-parts in *He ſent a thick Darkneſs*; which is immediately ſucceeded by the beautiful and light yet melancholy melody of *He ſmote all the firſt-born*, and *He led them forth like ſheep*. Another amongſt many inſtances of the ſame kind of contraſt may be obſerved in two ſucceſſive Choruſſes in *Deborah*; one beginning *O Baal, Monarch of the Skies*, expreſſive of the noiſy exultations of the followers of that God; the other, *Lord of Eternity*, characteriſtic of the pious and ſolemn worſhip of the true believers.

VER. 178. *Conceal, &c.*]

——— "Far the greateſt part
Of what ſome call neglect, is ſtudy'd art.
When Virgil ſeems to trifle in a line,
'Tis but a warning piece which gives the ſign
To wake your fancy, and prepare your ſight
To reach the noble height of ſome unuſual flight."

ROSCOMMON.

VER. 180. *Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.*] "Modeſte, et circumſpecto judicio de tantis viris pronunciandum eſt, ne (quod pleriſque accidit) damnent quod non intelligunt. Ac ſi neceſſe eſt in alteram errare partem, omnia eorum legentibus placere, quam multa diſplicere maluerim." Quint. POPE.

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Still green with bays each ancient Altar ſtands,
Above the reach of ſacrilegious hands;

Secure

NOTES.

VER. 181. *each ancient Altar*] "All the inventions and thoughts of the ancients, whether conveyed to us in ſtatues, basreliefs, intaglio's, cameo's, or coins, are to be ſought after, and carefully ſtudied. The genius that hovers over theſe venerable reliques, may be called the Father of Modern Art.

"From the remains of the works of the antients the modern arts were revived, and it is by their means that they muſt be reſtored a ſecond time. However it may mortify our vanity, we muſt be forced to allow them our maſters; and we may venture to propheſy, that when they ſhall ceaſe to be ſtudied, arts will no longer flouriſh, and we ſhall again relapſe into barbariſm.

"The fire of the artiſt's own genius operating upon theſe materials, which have been thus diligently collected, will enable him to make new combinations, perhaps ſuperior to what had ever before been in the poſſeſſion of the art. As in the mixture of the variety of metals, which are ſaid to have been melted and run together in the burning of Corinth, a new, and till then unknown, metal was produced, equal in value to any of thoſe that had contributed to its compoſition. And though a curious refiner may come with his crucibles, analyſe and ſeparate its various component parts, yet Corinthian braſs would ſtill hold its rank amongſt the moſt beautiful and valuable of metals.

"We have hitherto conſidered the advantages of imitation, as it tends to form the taſte, and as a practice by which a ſpark of that genius may be caught, which illumines theſe noble works, that ought always to be preſent to our thoughts.

"We come now to ſpeak of another kind of imitation; the borrowing a particular thought, an action, attitude, or figure, and tranſplanting it into your own work; this will either come under the charge of plagiariſm, or be warrantable, and deſerve commendation, according to the addreſs with which it is performed. There is ſome difference likewiſe whether it is upon the ancients or the moderns that theſe depredations are made. It is generally allowed, that no man need be aſhamed of copying the ancients; their works are conſidered as a magazine of common

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Secure from Flames, from Envy's fiercer rage,
Deſtructive War, and all-involving Age.
See from each clime the learn'd their incenſe bring!
Hear, in all tongues conſenting Pæans ring!
In praiſe ſo juſt let ev'ry voice be join'd,
And fill the gen'ral chorus of mankind.
Hail, Bards triumphant! born in happier days;
Immortal heirs of univerſal praiſe!
Whoſe honours with increaſe of ages grow,
As ſtreams roll down, enlarging as they flow;
Nations unborn your mighty names ſhall ſound,
And worlds applaud that muſt not yet be found!
O may ſome ſpark of your celeſtial fire,
The laſt, the meaneſt of your ſons inſpire,
(That on weak wings, from far, purſues your flights;
Glows while he reads, but trembles as he writes,)
To teach vain Wits a ſcience little known,
T' admire ſuperior ſenſe, and doubt their own!

Of

NOTES.

property, always open to the Public, whence every man has a right to what materials he pleaſes; and if he has the art of uſing them, they are ſuppoſed to become, to all intents and purpoſes, his own property.

"The collection which Raffaelle made of the thoughts of the ancients with ſo much trouble, is a proof of his opinion on this ſubject. Such collections may be made with much more eaſe, by means of an art ſcarce known in his time, I mean that of engraving; by which, at an eaſy rate, every man may avail himſelf of the inventions of antiquity." Reynold's Diſcourſes.

Ver. 184. *all-involving Age.*] In his epiſtle to Addiſon Pope has "all-devouring Age," but the epithet here is more original and ſtriking, and admirably ſuited to the ſubject. This ſhews a nice diſcrimination. "All-involving" would be as improper in the Eſſay on Medals, as all-devouring would be in this place.

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II.

Of all the cauſes which conſpire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and miſguide the mind,
What the weak head with ſtrongeſt bias rules,
Is *Pride*, the never-failing vice of fools.
Whatever Nature has in worth deny'd,
She gives in large recruits of needful Pride;
For as in bodies, thus in ſouls, we find
What wants in blood and ſpirits, ſwell'd with wind:
Pride, where Wit fails, ſteps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty Void of ſenſe.

If

COMMENTARY.

Ver. 200. *T' admire* ſuperior ſenſe, *and doubt* their own!] This line concludes the firſt diviſion of the Poem; in which we ſee the ſubject of the firſt and ſecond part, and likewiſe the connexion they have with one another. It ſerves likewiſe to introduce the ſecond. Warburton.

Ver. 201. *Of all the cauſes, &c.*] Having, in the firſt part, delivered *Rules* for *perfecting the Art of Criticiſm*, the ſecond is employed in explaining the Impediments to it.

The firſt cauſe of wrong Judgment is Pride. He judiciouſly begins with this, [from ver. 200 to 215.] as on other accounts ſo on this, that it is the very thing which gives modern Criticiſm its character; whoſe complexion is *abuſe* and *cenſure*.

Warburton.

NOTES.

Ver. 206. *She gives in large recruits of needful Pride;*] So in the Eſſay on Man:

"And each vacuity of ſenſe by *Pride*."

Ver. 209. *Pride, where Wit fail's, ſteps into our defence,*
And fills up all the mighty Void of ſenſe.]

A very ſenſible French writer makes the following remark on this ſpecies of *Pride*: "Un homme qui ſçait pluſieurs Langues, qui entend les Auteurs Grecs et Latins, qui s'eleve même juſqu'à

la

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If once right reaſon drives that cloud away,
Truth breaks upon us with reſiſtleſs day.
Truſt not yourſelf; but your defects to know,
Make uſe of ev'ry friend—and ev'ry foe.
A *little learning* is a dang'rous thing;
Drink deep, or taſte not the Pierian ſpring:
There

COMMENTARY.

VER. 216. *Drink deep, &c.*] *Nature* and *Learning* are the poleſtars of all true Criticiſm: But *Pride* obſtructs the view of Nature; and a *ſmattering of letters* makes us inſenſible of our ignorance. To avoid this ridiculous ſituation, the Poet [from ver. 214 to 233.] adviſes either to drink deep, or not to drink at all; for the leaſt ſip at this fountain is enough to make a bad Critic, while even a moderate draught can never make a good one. And yet the labours and difficulties of *drinking deep* are ſo great that a young author, "Fir'd with ideas of fair Italy," and ambitious to ſnatch a palm from Rome, here engages in an undertaking like that of Hannibal: Finely illuſtrated by the ſimilitude of an unexperienced traveller penetrating through the Alps.

WARBURTON.

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la dignité de SCHOLIASTE; ſi cet homme venoit à peſer ſon véritable mérite, il trouveroit ſouvent qu'il ſe réduit, avoir eu des yeux et de la mémoire; il ſe garderoit bien de donner le nom reſpectable de ſcience à *une erudition ſans lumiere*. Il y a une grande difference entre s'enrichir des mots ou des choſes, entre alléguer des autorités ou des raiſons. Si un homme pouvoit ſe ſurprendre à n'avoir que cette ſorte de mérite, il en rougiroit plûtôt que d'en être vain." WARBURTON.

VER. 213. *your defects to know,*] Gray in "Learn my own defects to ſcan," and the exact knowledge of *your defects*, in conduct as well as in writing, is perhaps equally difficult to attain. Pope's rule in either caſe is a very good one. He followed it himſelf,

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here ſhallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely ſobers us again.
Fir'd at firſt ſight with what the Muſe imparts,
In fearleſs youth we tempt the heights of Arts,
While from the bounded level of our mind,
Short views we take, nor ſee the lengths behind;
But more advanc'd, behold with ſtrange ſurprize
New diſtant ſcenes of endleſs ſcience riſe!
So pleas'd at firſt the tow'ring Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and ſeem to tread the ſky,

Th'

VARIATIONS.

VER. 225.

So pleas'd at firſt the tow'ring Alps to try,
Fill'd with ideas of fair Italy,
The Traveller beholds with cheerful eyes
The leſs'ning vales, and ſeems to tread the ſkies.

NOTES.

himſelf, with regard to his antagoniſt, Dennis. Some faults in this Eſſay, which Dennis detected, Pope had the good ſenſe to correct.

VER. 213. *defects to know,*] Akenſide injured his poem by too much correction. Arioſto, as eaſy and familiar as he ſeems to be, made many and great alterations in his enchanting poem. Some of Rochefoucault's Maxims were corrected and new written more than thirty times. The Provincial Letters of Paſcal, the model of good ſtyle in the French language, were ſubmitted to the judgment of twelve members of the Port Royal, who made many corrections in them. All that can be ſaid about correction, is contained in theſe few incomparable words of Quintlian: "Hujus operis eſt, adjicere, detrahere, mutare. Sed facilius in his ſimpliciuſque judicium, quæ replenda vel dejicienda ſunt; premere verò tumentia, humilia extollere, luxuriantia aſtringere, inordinata dirigere, ſoluta componere, exultantia coercere, duplicis operæ." Quint. lib. x. c. 3. WARTON.

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Th' eternal ſnows appear already paſt,
And the firſt clouds and mountains ſeem the laſt:
But, thoſe attain'd, we tremble to ſurvey
The growing labours of the lengthen'd way,
Th' increaſing proſpect tires our wand'ring eyes,
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps ariſe!

A perfect Judge will read each work of Wit
With the ſame ſpirit that its author writ:

Survey

COMMENTARY.

VER. 233. *A perfect Judge, &c.*] The third cauſe of wrong Judgment is a NARROW CAPACITY; the natural *cauſe* of the foregoing defect, *acquieſcence in ſuperficial learning*. This *bounded capacity* our Author ſhews [from 232 to 384.], betrays itſelf two ways; in its judgment both of the *matter*, and the *manner* of the work criticiſed: Of the matter, in judging *by parts*, or in having one *favourite part* to a neglect of all the reſt: Of the manner, in confining men's regard only to *conceit*, or *language*, or *numbers*. WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 225. *So pleas'd, &c.*] Dr. Warton does not agree with Johnſon, who ſays "that this ſimile is the moſt apt, the moſt proper, and moſt ſublime of any in the Engliſh language. It is undoubtedly appropriate, illuſtrative, and eminently beautiful, but evidently copied from Drummond, as Warton obſerves:

Ah! as a pilgrim who the Alpes doth paſſe,
Or Atlas' temples crown'd with winter's glaſſe,
The airy Caucaſus, the Apennine,
Pyrene's cliffes where ſunne doth never ſhine,
When he ſome heapes of hills hath overwent,
Beginnes to think on reſt, his journey ſpent,
Till mounting ſome tall mountaine he doth finde
More hights before him thann he left behind."

See alſo Silius Italicus, lib. iii. 528.

VER. 233. *A perfect Judge, &c.*] "Diligenter legendum eſt ac pæne ad ſcribendi ſollicitudinem: Nec per partes modo ſcru-

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Survey the WHOLE, nor ſeek ſlight faults to find
Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind;
Nor loſe for that malignant dull delight,
The gen'rous pleaſure to be charm'd with wit.

But

NOTES.

tanda ſunt omnia, ſed perlectus liber utique ex integro reſumendus." Quint. POPE.

It is obſervable that our Author makes it almoſt the neceſſary conſequence of judging by parts, to find fault: And this not without much diſcernment: For the ſeveral parts of a complete Whole, when ſeen only ſingly, and known only independently, muſt always have the appearance of irregularity; often of deformity: becauſe the Poet's deſign being to create a reſultive beauty from the artful aſſemblage of ſeveral various parts into one natural whole; thoſe parts muſt be faſhioned with regard to their mutual relations in the ſtations they occupy in that whole, from whence the beauty required is to ariſe: But that regard will occaſion ſo unreducible a form in each part, when conſidered ſingly, as to preſent a very mis-ſhapen Form. WARBURTON.

VER. 235. *Survey the* WHOLE, *nor ſeek ſlight faults to find*
Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind;]

The ſecond line, in apologizing for thoſe faults which the firſt ſays ſhould be overlooked, gives the reaſon of the precept. For when a great writer's attention is fixed on a general view of Nature, and his imagination become warmed with the contemplation of great ideas, it can hardly be, but that there muſt be ſmall irregularities in the diſpoſition both of matter and ſtyle, becauſe the avoiding theſe requires a coolneſs of recollection, which a writer ſo qualified and ſo buſied is not maſter of. WARBURTON.

According to a moſt juſt and judicious obſervation in the firſt book of Strabo, "Καθαπερ γε εν τοις κολοσσικοις εργοις, ου το καθ' ὁλου ἑκαστον ακριβες ζητουμὲν, αλλα τοις καθ' ὁλου προσεχομεν μαλλον ει ειη καλως το ὁλον· ουτως κ' αν τουτοις ποιεισθαι δει την κρισιν." As in great coloſſal works, we do not ſeek for exactneſs and accuracy in every part, but rather attend to the general effect, and beauty of the whole; ſo ought we to judge of compoſitions. And, as Quintilian ſays, Ungues polire, & capillum reponere, is an uſeleſs and ill-placed care. WARTON.

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But in ſuch lays as neither ebb nor flow,
Correctly cold, and regularly low,
That ſhunning faults, one quiet tenour keep;
We cannot blame indeed—but we may ſleep.
In Wit, as Nature, what affects our hearts
Is not th' exactneſs of peculiar parts;
'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
But the joint force and full reſult of all.
Thus when we view ſome well-proportion'd dome,
(The world's juſt wonder, and ev'n thine, O Rome!)
No

NOTES.

VER. 236. *Where nature moves, &c.*] How finely do theſe lines characteriſe our wonderful Shakeſpear:

" ——— Fancy's child
Warbling his native wood-notes wild."

VER. 237. *delight,*] Can we paſs over without cenſure ſuch very objectionable rhymes, as " *delight*, and *wit?*"

VER. 247. *Thus when we view*] This is juſtly and elegantly expreſſed. Akenſide has nobly ſucceeded, in ſpeaking of the ſame ſubject:

" Mark, how the dread Pantheon ſtands,
Amid the domes of modern hands!
Amid the toys of idle ſtate,
How ſimply, how ſeverely great!
Then pauſe!"——— WARTON.

VER. 248. *The world's juſt wonder, and ev'n thine, O Rome!*] The Pantheon, I would ſuppoſe; perhaps St. Peter's; no matter which; the obſervation is true of both. There is ſomething very Gothic in the taſte and judgment of a learned man, who deſpiſes this maſter-piece of Art, the Pantheon, for thoſe very qualities which deſerve our admiration.——" Nous eſmerveillons comme l'on fait ſi grande cas de ce Pantheon, veu que ſon edifice n'eſt de ſi grande induſtrie comme l'on crie: car chaque petit Maſſon peut bien concevoir la maniere de ſe façon tout en un inſtant: car eſtant la baſe ſi maſſive, et les murailles ſi eſpaiſſes, ne nous a

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No ſingle parts unequally ſurprize,
All comes united to th' admiring eyes;
No monſtrous height, or breadth, or length appear;
The Whole at once is bold, and regular.
Whoever thinks a faultleſs piece to ſee,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er ſhall be.
In

COMMENTARY.

VER. 253. *Whoever thinks a faultleſs piece to ſee,*] He ſhews next [from ver. 252 to 263.], that to fix our cenſure on *ſingle parts*, though they happen to *want* an exactneſs conſiſtent enough with their relation to the reſt, is even then very unjuſt: And for theſe reaſons, 1. Becauſe it implies an expectation of a *faultleſs piece*, which is a vain fancy. 2. Becauſe no more is to be expected of any work than that it fairly *attains its end*: But the end may be attained, and yet theſe trivial faults committed: Therefore in ſpight of ſuch faults, the work will merit that praiſe that is due to every thing which attains its end. 3. Becauſe ſometimes a great beauty is not to be procured, nor a notorious blemiſh to be avoided, but by ſuffering one of theſe minute and trivial errors. 4. And laſtly, becauſe the general *neglect* of them is a praiſe; as it is the indication of a Genius, attentive to great matters.

WARBURTON.

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ſemblé difficile d'y adjouſter la voute à claire voye." Pierre Belon's Obſervations, &c. The nature of the Gothic ſtructures apparently led him into this miſtake of the Architectonic art in general; that the excellency of it conſiſts in raiſing the greateſt weight on the leaſt aſſignable ſupport, ſo that the edifice ſhould have ſtrength without the appearance of it, in order to excite admiration. But to a judicious eye ſuch a building would have a contrary effect, the Appearance (as our poet expreſſes it) of a monſtrous height, or breadth, or length. Indeed did the juſt proportions in regular Architecture take off from the grandeur of a building, by all the ſingle parts coming united to the eye, as this learned traveller ſeems to inſinuate, it would be a reaſonable objection

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In ev'ry work regard the writer's End,
Since none can compaſs more than they intend;
And if the means be juſt, the conduct true,
Applauſe, in ſpite of trivial faults, is due.
As men of breeding, ſometimes men of wit,
T' avoid great errors, muſt the leſs commit:
Neglect the rules each verbal Critic lays,
For not to know ſome trifles, is a praiſe.
Moſt Critics, fond of ſome ſubſervient art,
Still make the Whole depend upon a Part:
They talk of principles, but notions prize,
And all to one lov'd Folly ſacrifice.

Once

COMMENTARY.

VER. 263. *Moſt Critics, fond of ſome ſubſervient art, &c.*] The *ſecond* way in which a *narrow capacity*, as it relates to the *matter*, ſhews itſelf, is judging by a *favourite Part*. The author has placed this [from ver. 262 to 285.], after the other of judging *by parts*, with great propriety, it being indeed a natural conſequence of it. For when men have once left the *whole* to turn their attention to the *ſeparate parts*, that regard and reverence due only to the *whole* is fondly transferred to one or other of its *parts*. WARBURTON.

NOTES.

objection to thoſe rules on which this Maſter-piece of Art was conſtructed. But it is not ſo. The Poet tells us truly,

"The Whole at once is bold, and regular." WARBURTON.

VER. 258. *in ſpite of trivial*] As if one was to condemn the divine Paradiſe Loſt, on account of ſome low puns there introduced; or ſome paſſages in Arioſto, on account of vulgar and familiar images and expreſſions, that have crept into that enchanting and original Poem. WARTON.

VER. 261. *Critic lays*] The word *lays* is very exceptionable. WARTON.

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Once on a time, La Mancha's Knight, they ſay,
A certain Bard encount'ring on the way,
Diſcours'd

NOTES.

VER. 267. *Once on a time, La Mancha's Knight, they ſay,*] By this ſhort tale Pope has ſhewed us, how much he could have excelled in telling a ſtory of humour. The incident is taken from the Second Part of Don Quixote, firſt written by Don Alonzo Fernandez de Avellanada, and afterwards tranſlated, or rather imitated and new-modelled, by no leſs an Author than the celebrated Le Sage. The Book is not ſo contemptible as ſome authors inſinuate; it was well received in France, and abounds in many ſtrokes of humour and character worthy of Cervantes himſelf. The brevity to which Pope's narration was confined, would not permit him to inſert the following humourous dialogue at length. "I am ſatisfied you'll compaſs your deſign (ſaid the ſcholar), provided you omit the combat in the lifts. Let him have a care of that, ſaid Don Quixote, interrupting him, that is the beſt part of the plot. But, Sir, quoth the Bachelor, if you would have me adhere to Ariſtotle's rules, I muſt omit the combat. Ariſtotle, replied the Knight, I grant was a man of ſome parts; but his capacity was not unbounded: and, give me leave to tell you, his authority does not extend over combats in the lift, which are far above his narrow rules. Would you ſuffer the chaſte queen of Bohemia to periſh? For how can you clear her innocence? Believe me, combat is the moſt honourable method you can purſue; and beſides, it will add ſuch grace to your play, that all the rules in the univerſe muſt not ſtand in competition with it. Well, Sir Knight, replied the Bachelor, for your ſake, and for the honour of chivalry, I will not leave out the combat; and that it may appear the more glorious, all the court of Bohemia ſhall be preſent at it, from the Princes of the blood, to the very footmen. But ſtill one difficulty remains, which is, that our common theatres are not large enough for it. There muſt be one erected on purpoſe, anſwered the Knight; and in a word, rather than leave out the combat, the play had better be acted in a field or plain."

It may be obſerved, that there is but one Tale in this eſſay, nor in Boileau's art, nor Roſcommon's eſſay, and this is ſuperior to the other two. WARTON.

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Diſcours'd in terms as juſt, with looks as ſage,
As e'er could Dennis, of the Grecian ſtage;
Concluding all were deſp'rate ſots and fools,
Who durſt depart from Ariſtotle's rules.
Our Author, happy in a judge ſo nice,
Produc'd his Play, and begg'd the Knight's advice;
Made him obſerve the ſubject, and the plot,
The manners, paſſions, unities; what not?
All which, exact to rule, were brought about,
Were but a Combat in the liſts left out.
"What! leave the Combat out?" exclaims the Knight;
Yes, or we muſt renounce the Stagirite.
"Not ſo, by Heav'n!" (he anſwers in a rage)
"Knights, ſquires, and ſteeds, muſt enter on the ſtage."
So

NOTES.

VER. 276. *Unities; what not?*] The two unities of time and place have been ſo powerfully and irreſiſtibly combated by Dr. Johnſon (in his Preface to Shakeſpear), that I do not think a critic will be found hardy enough to undertake a defence of them:

——— Non quiſquam ex agmine tanto
Audet adire virum! ———

That theſe unities have, in fact, never been obſerved by the three Greek writers of tragedy, is demonſtrated, at large, in the fifth chapter of Metaſtaſio's very judicious work, entitled, Eſtratto della Poetica D'Ariſtotile, from page 93 to 119, a work full of taſte and judgment, and which comes with double weight from ſo long and able a practitioner in the dramatic art, many of whoſe plays are planned with the greateſt ſkill, and who is, on the whole, one of the fineſt and trueſt poets Italy has produced. Whoever would thoroughly underſtand Ariſtotle, ſhould, in my opinion, very attentively peruſe his Eſtratto. WARTON.

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So vaſt a throng the ſtage can ne'er contain.
" Then build a new, or act it in a plain."
Thus Critics of leſs judgment than caprice,
Curious not knowing, not exact but nice,
Form ſhort Ideas; and offend in arts
(As moſt in manners) by a love to parts.
Some to *Conceit* alone their taſte confine,
And glitt'ring thoughts ſtruck out at ev'ry line;
Pleas'd with a work where nothing's juſt or fit;
One glaring Chaos and wild heap of wit.
Poets, like painters, thus, unſkill'd to trace
The naked nature and the living grace,
With gold and jewels cover ev'ry part,
And hide with ornaments their want of art.
True Wit is Nature to advantage dreſs'd;
What oft was thought, but ne'er ſo well expreſs'd;
Something,

NOTES.

VER. 290. *And glitt'ring thoughts*] A rage that infected Marino, Donne, and his diſciple Cowley. See Dr. Johnſon's excellent Diſſertation on Cowley, and his fantaſtic ſtyle, in the firſt volume of Lives of the Poets. Little can be added to his diſcuſſion on falſe and unnatural thoughts. It is, beyond compariſon, the beſt of all his criticiſms.

VER. 296. *hide with ornaments*] Warton compares the fine paſſage of Tully on this ſubject, in the 3d Book de Oratore; " Voluptatibus maximis, faſtidium finitimum eſt in rebus omnibus; quo hoc minus in oratione miremur. In quâ, vel ex poetis, vel oratoribus poſſumus judicare, concinnam, ornatam, feſtivam, ſine intermiſſione, quamvis claris ſit coloribus picta, vel poeſis, vel oratio, non poſſe in delectatione eſſe diuturnâ. Quare bene & præclarè, quamvis nobis ſæpe dicatur, bellè & feſtivè nimium ſæpe nolo."

VER. 297. *True Wit is Nature to advantage dreſs'd, &c.*] This definition is very exact. Mr. Locke had defined wit to conſiſt " in

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Something, whoſe truth convinc'd at ſight we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind. 300

As

NOTES.

" in the aſſemblage of ideas, and putting thoſe together, with quickneſs and variety, wherein can be found any reſemblance or congruity, whereby to make up pleaſant pictures and agreeable viſions in the fancy." But that great Philoſopher, in ſeparating Wit from Judgment, as he does in this place, has given us (and he could therefore give us no other) only an account of Wit in general: In which falſe Wit, tho' not every ſpecies of it, is included. A ſtriking image therefore of Nature is, as Mr. Locke obſerves, certainly Wit: But this image may ſtrike on ſeveral other accounts, as well as for its truth and beauty; and the Philoſopher has explained the manner how. But it never becomes that Wit which is the ornament of true Poeſy, whoſe end is to repreſent Nature, but when it dreſſes that Nature to advantage, and preſents her to us in the brighteſt and moſt amiable light. And to know when the Fancy has done its office truly, the Poet ſubjoins this admirable teſt, viz. When we perceive that it gives us back the image of our mind. When it does that, we may be ſure it plays no tricks with us: For this image is the creature of the Judgment; and whenever Wit correſponds with Judgment, we may ſafely pronounce it to be true. " Naturam intueamur, hanc ſequamur: id facillime accipiunt animi quod agnoſcunt." Quint. lib. viii. c. 3. WARBURTON.

Immediately after this the Poet adds,

For works may have more wit than does 'em good.

Warton quotes an acute critic: " Let us ſubſtitute the definition in the place of the thing, and it will ſtand thus: A work may have more of Nature dreſſed to advantage than will do it good. This is impoſſible; and it is evident that the confuſion ariſes from the Poet's having annexed two different ideas to the ſame word." Webb's Remarks on the Beauties of Poetry, p. 68.

VER. 298. *What oft was thought,*] " Pope's account of wit is undoubtedly erroneous; he depreſſes it below its natural dignity, and reduces it from ſtrength of thought to happineſs of language.

" If

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As ſhades more ſweetly recommend the light,
So modeſt plainneſs ſets off ſprightly wit.

For

NOTES.

"If by a more noble and more adequate conception that be conſidered as wit, which is at once natural and new, that which, though not obvious, is, upon its firſt production, acknowledged to be juſt; if it be that, which he that never found it, wonders how he miſſed; to wit of this kind the metaphyſical poets have ſeldom riſen. Their thoughts are often new, but ſeldom natural; they are not obvious, but neither are they juſt; and the reader, far from wondering that he miſſed them, wonders more frequently by what perverſeneſs they were ever found.

"But wit, abſtracted from its effects upon the hearer, may be more vigorouſly and philoſophically conſidered as a kind of diſcordia concors; a combination of diſſimilar images, or diſcovery of occult reſemblances in things apparently unlike. Of wit, thus defined, they have more than enough. The moſt heterogeneous ideas are yoked by violence together; nature and art are ranſacked for illuſtrations, compariſons, and alluſions; their learning inſtructs, and their ſubtilty ſurpriſes; but the reader commonly thinks his improvement dearly bought, and, though he ſometimes admires, is ſeldom pleaſed.

"From this account of their compoſitions it will be readily inferred, that they were not ſucceſsful in repreſenting or moving the affections. As they were wholly employed on ſomething unexpected and ſurprizing, they had no regard to that uniformity of ſentiment which enables us to conceive and to excite the pains and the pleaſures of other minds; they never enquired what, on any occaſion, they ſhould have ſaid or done; but wrote rather as beholders than partakers of human nature; as beings looking upon good and evil, impaſſive and at leiſure, as Epicurean deities, making remarks on the actions of men, and the viciſſitudes of life, without intereſt and without emotion. Their courtſhip was void of fondneſs, and their lamentation of ſorrow. Their wiſh was only to ſay what they hoped had never been ſaid before."

JOHNSON.

VER. 302, *modeſt plainneſs*] Xenophon in Greek, and Cæſar in Latin, are the unrivalled maſters of the beautiful ſimplicity here recom-

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For works may have more wit than does 'em good,
As bodies periſh through exceſs of blood.
Others for *Language* all their care expreſs,
And value books, as women men, for dreſs:
Their praiſe is ſtill,—The Style is excellent;
The Senſe, they humbly take upon content.
Words are like leaves; and where they moſt abound,
Much fruit of ſenſe beneath is rarely found:
Falſe eloquence, like the priſmatic glaſs,
Its gaudy colours ſpreads on ev'ry place;
The face of Nature we no more ſurvey,
All glares alike, without diſtinction gay:
But true Expreſſion, like th' unchanging Sun,
Clears and improves whate'er it ſhines upon,
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.
Expreſſion is the dreſs of thought, and ſtill
Appears more decent, as more ſuitable;
A vile conceit in pompous words expreſs'd
Is like a clown in regal purple dreſs'd:
For diff'rent ſtyles with diff'rent ſubjects ſort,
As ſev'ral garbs with country, town, and court.

Some

NOTES.

recommended. We have no Engliſh, French, or Italian Writer that can be placed in the ſame rank with them, for this uncommon excellence. WARTON.

VER. 311. *Falſe eloquence,*] Nothing can be more juſt, or more ably and eloquently expreſſed, than this obſervation and illuſtration, reſpecting the character of "*Falſe Eloquence.*" *Fine words* do not make *fine* poems, and there cannot be a ſtronger proof of the want of real genius, than thoſe high colours and meretricious embelliſhments of language, which, while they hide the poverty of ideas, impoſe on the unpractiſed eye, with a gaudy ſemblance of beauty.

I

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Some by old words to fame have made pretence,
Ancients in phraſe, meer moderns in their ſenſe;
Such labour'd nothings, in ſo ſtrange a ſtyle,
Amaze th' unlearn'd, and make the learned ſmile.
Unlucky, as Fungoſo in the Play,
Theſe ſparks with aukward vanity diſplay
What the fine gentleman wore yeſterday;
And but ſo mimic ancient wits at beſt,
As apes our grandſires, in their doublets dreſt.

In

NOTES.

VER. 324. *Some by old words, &c.*] "Abolita et abrogata retinere, inſolentiæ cujuſdam eſt, et frivolæ in parvis jactantiæ." Quint. lib. i. c. 6. POPE.

"Opus eſt, ut verba à vetuſtate repetita neque crebra ſint, neque manifeſta, quia nil eſt odioſius affectatione, nec utique ab ultimis repetita temporibus. Oratio cujus ſumma virtus eſt perſpicuitas, quam ſit vitioſa, ſi egeat interprete? Ergo ut novorum optima erunt maxime vetera, ita veterum maxime nova." Idem. POPE.

Quintilian's advice on this ſubject is as follows: "Cum ſint autem verba propria, ficta, tranſlata; propriis dignitatem dat antiquitas. Namque et ſanctiorem, et magis admirabilem reddunt orationem, quibus non quilibet fuit uſurus: eoque ornamento acerrimi judicii Virgilius unice eſt uſus. Olli enim, et quianam, et mis, et pone, pellucent, et aſpergunt illam, quæ etiam in picturis eſt gratiſſima, vetuſtatis inimitabilem arti auctoritatem. Sed utendum modo, nec ex ultimis tenebris repetenda."

"The language of the age is never the language of poetry; except among the French, whoſe verſe, where the thought or image does not ſupport it, differs in nothing from proſe. Our poetry, on the contrary, has a language peculiar to itſelf; to which almoſt every one that has written, has added ſomething by enriching it with foreign idioms and derivatives: nay, ſometimes words of their own compoſitions or invention. Shakeſpear and Milton have been great creators this way; and no one more licentious.

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In words, as faſhions, the ſame rule will hold;
Alike fantaſtic, if too new, or old:
Be not the firſt by whom the new are try'd,
Nor yet the laſt to lay the old aſide.
But moſt by Numbers judge a Poet's ſong,
And ſmooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong:
In

COMMENTARY.

VER. 337. *But moſt by Numbers judge, &c.*] The laſt ſort are thoſe [from. ver. 336 to 384.] whoſe ears are attached only to the *Harmony* of a poem. Of which they judge as ignorantly and as perverſely as the other ſort did of the Eloquence, and for the ſame reaſon. Our Author *firſt* deſcribes that *falſe Harmony* with which they are ſo much captivated; and ſhews that it is wretchedly *flat* and *unvaried:* for

"Smooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong."

He then deſcribes the *true*: As it is in *itſelf, conſtant;* with a happy mixture of *ſtrength* and *ſweetneſs,* in contradiction to the *roughneſs* and *flatneſs* of falſe Harmony: And 2. as it is *varied* in compliance to the *ſubject,* where the *ſound becomes an echo to the ſenſe,* ſo far as is conſiſtent with the preſervation of numbers, in contradiction to the *monotony* of falſe Harmony. WARBURTON.

NOTES.

tious than Pope or Dryden, who perpetually borrow expreſſions from the former. Let me give you ſome inſtances from Dryden, whom every body reckons a great maſter of our poetical tongue. Full of *muſeful mopings,*—unlike the *trim of love,*—a *pleaſant beverage,*—a *roundelay of love,*—*ſtood ſilent in his mood,*—*with knots and knares deformed,*—his *ireful mood,*—in *proud array,*—his *boon was granted,*—and *diſarray and ſhameful rout,*—*wayward but wiſe,*—*furbiſhed for the field,*—*the foiled dodderd oaks, diſherited,*—*ſmouldring flames,*—*retchleſs of laws,*—*crones old and ugly,*—*the beldam at his ſide,*—*the grandam hag,*—*villanize his father's fame.*—But they are infinite; and our language not being a ſettled thing (like the French), has an undoubted right to words of an hundred years old, provided antiquity have not rendered them unintelligible.

In

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In the bright Muſe, tho' thouſand charms conſpire,
Her voice is all theſe tuneful fools admire;
Who haunt Parnaſſus but to pleaſe their ear,
Not mend their minds; as ſome to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the muſic there.
Theſe equal ſyllables alone require,
Tho' oft the ear the open vowels tire;
While expletives their feeble aid do join;
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line:

While

NOTES.

In truth, Shakeſpear's language is one of his principal beauties; and he has no leſs advantage over your Addiſons and Rowes in this, than in thoſe great excellencies you mention. Every word in him is a picture." Gray.

VER. 328. *Unlucky, as Fungoſo, &c.*] See Ben. Jonſon's Every Man out of his Humour. POPE.

VER. 337. *But moſt by Numbers, &c.*]

" Quis populi ſermo eſt? quis enim? niſi carmine molli
Nunc demum numero fluere, ut per læve ſeveros
Effundat junctura ungues: ſcit tendere verſum
Non ſecus ac ſi oculo rubricam dirigat uno."
Perſ. Sat. i. POPE.

Having deſcribed the cauſes of falſe judgment in Critics who judge by *parts* only of a poem, who confine their taſte to CONCEITS, or to *language* inſtead of ſenſe; he proceeds to ſpeak of thoſe who judge merely by *numbers*.

VER. 345. *Tho' oft the ear, &c.*] " Fugiemus crebras vocalium concurſiones, quæ vaſtam atque hiantem orationem reddunt." Cic. ad Heren. lib. iv. Vide etiam Quintil. lib. ix. c. 4. POPE.

" Non tamen (ſays the ſenſible Quintilian) id ut crimen ingens expaveſcendum eſt; ac neſcio negligentia in hoc, an ſolicitudo ſit major; nimioſque non immeritò in hâc curâ putant omnes Iſocratem ſecutos, præcipuèque Theopompum. At Demoſthenes & Cicero modicè reſpexerunt ad hanc partem. Quintil. lib. ix. c. 9. WARTON.

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While ...ng round the ſame unvary'd chimes,
... returns of ſtill expected rhymes;
... 'er you find "the cooling weſtern breeze,"
... next line, it "whiſpers through the trees:"
... cryſtal ſtreams "with pleaſing murmurs creep,"
... ne reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with "ſleep:"
Then, at the laſt and only couplet fraught
With ſome unmeaning thing they call a thought,
A needleſs Alexandrine ends the ſong,
That, like a wounded ſnake, drags its ſlow length along.
Leave ſuch to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
What's roundly ſmooth, or languiſhingly ſlow;

And

NOTES.

VER. 347. *ten low words*] Our language is thought to be overloaded with monoſyllables; Shafteſbury, we are told, limited their number to nine in any ſentence; Quintilian condemns too great a concourſe of them; etiam monoſyllaba, ſi plura ſunt, malè continuabuntur; quia neceſſe eſt compoſitio, multis clauſulis conciſa, ſubſultet. Inſt. lib. ix. c. 4. WARTON.

VER. 356. *A needleſs Alexandrine, &c.*] Dr. Johnſon requires in an Alexandrine a pauſe invariably at the ſixth ſyllable, and objects

IMITATIONS.

VER. 346. *While expletives their feeble aid do join,*
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line:]

From Dryden. "He creeps along with ten little words in every line, and helps out his numbers with [for] [to] and [unto] and all the pretty expletives he can find, while the ſenſe is left half tired behind it." Eſſay on Dram. Poetry.

But there are many lines of monoſyllables that have much force and energy; in our author himſelf, as well as Dryden. WARTON.

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And praiſe the eaſy vigour of a line,
Where Denham's ſtrength, and Waller's ſweetneſs join.
True eaſe in writing comes from art, not chance,
As thoſe move eaſieſt who have learn'd to dance.
'Tis

NOTES.

objects to a line of Dryden, where this rule is neglected. Johnſon did not perceive that the very line he objected to was as ſtriking an inſtance of the *ſound* being an *echo to the ſenſe*, as the Engliſh language perhaps produces, in as much as it repreſents the thing deſcribed, has not the leaſt appearance of ſtudied art, and is full, majeſtic, and *ſonorous*. The line is

"And with paternal thunder vindicates his throne."

And its effect is owing to the violation of that very rule which Johnſon thinks eſſential to lines of this deſcription.

VER. 360. *And praiſe the eaſy vigour*] Fenton, in his entertaining obſervations on Waller, has given us a curious anecdote concerning the great induſtry and exactneſs with which Waller poliſhed even his ſmalleſt compoſitions. "When the court was at Windſor, theſe verſes were writ in the Taſſo of her Royal Highneſs, at Mr. Waller's requeſt, by the late Duke of Buckinghamſhire; and I very well remember to have heard his Grace ſay, that the author employed the greateſt part of a ſummer in compoſing and correcting them." WARTON.

VER. 361. *Denham's ſtrength,*] Dr Warton properly obſerves, "that ſufficient juſtice is not done to Sandys, who did more to poliſh and tune the Engliſh verſification, by his Pſalms and his Job, than thoſe two writers, who are uſually applauded on this ſubject." It is a curious circumſtance, that Dr. Johnſon ſeems ſcarcely to have conſidered Sandys as a Poet worthy of notice. I have already taken occaſion to mention the extraordinary melody and vigour of his verſification, a ſpecimen of which the reader will find at the end of this Eſſay.

VER. 362. *True eaſe*] Writers who ſeem to have compoſed with the greateſt eaſe, have exerted much labour in attaining this facility.

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'Tis not enough no harſhneſs gives offence,
The ſound muſt ſeem an Echo to the ſenſe. 365
Soft

NOTES.

facility. Virgil took more pains than Lucan, though the ſtyle of the former appears ſo natural; and Guarini and Arioſto ſpent much time in making their poems ſo ſeemingly natural and eaſy. Even Voiture wrote with extreme difficulty, though apparently without any effort; what Taſſo ſays of one of his heroines may be applied to ſuch writers;

"Non ſo ben dir s'adorna, o ſe negletta,
Se caſo, od arte, il bel volto compòſe:
Di natura, d'amor, de' cieli amici
Le negligenze ſue ſono artifici."

It is well known, that the writings of Voiture, of Saraſſin, and La Fontaine, were laboured into the facility for which they are ſo famous, with repeated alterations and many raſures. Moliere is reported to have paſt whole days in fixing upon a proper epithet or rhyme, although his verſes have all the flow and freedom of converſation. "This happy facility (ſaid a man of wit) may be compared to garden-terraces, the expence of which does not appear; and which, after the coſt of ſeveral millions, yet ſeem to be a mere work of chance and nature." I have been informed, that Addiſon was ſo extremely nice in poliſhing his proſe compoſitions, that when almoſt a whole impreſſion of a Spectator was worked off, he would ſtop the preſs, to inſert a new prepoſition or conjunction. WARTON.

To theſe inſtances may be added that of the celebrated Edmund Burke.

VER. 364. *no harſhneſs gives offence,*] We are ſurpriſed to ſee the conſtant attention of the ancients, to give melody to their periods, both in proſe and verſe; of which ſo many inſtances are given in Tully De Oratore, in Dionyſius, and Quintilian. Plato many times altered the order of the four firſt words of his Republic. Cicero records the approbation he met with for finiſhing a ſentence with the word cōmprŏbāvit, being a dichoreè. Had he finiſhed it otherwiſe, he ſays, it might have been *animo ſatis auribus non ſatis.* We may be equally mortified in finding Quintilian condemning the inharmoniouſneſs of many letters with which our language abounds; particularly the letters F, M, B, D; and Dionyſius reprobates the letter S. WARTON.

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Soft is the ſtrain when Zephyr gently blows,
And the ſmooth ſtream in ſmoother numbers flows;
But

NOTES.

VER. 365. *The ſound muſt ſeem an Echo to the ſenſe.*] Lord Roſcommon ſays,

"The ſound is ſtill a *Comment* to the ſenſe."

Theſe are both well expreſſed, although ſo differently; for Lord R. is ſhewing how the ſenſe is aſſiſted by the ſound; Mr. P. how the ſound is aſſiſted by the ſenſe. WARBURTON.

VER. 366. *Soft is the ſtrain*] See examples in Clarke's Homer, Iliad i. v. 430; ii. v. 102; iii. v. 337; vi. v. 510; vii. v. 157; viii. v. 210, 551; xi. v. 687. 697. 766; and many others.

Theſe lines are uſually cited as fine examples of adapting the ſound to the ſenſe. But that Pope has failed in this endeavour has been clearly demonſtrated by the Rambler. "The verſe intended to repreſent the whiſper of the vernal breeze muſt ſurely be confeſſed not much to excel in ſoftneſs or volubility; and the ſmooth ſtream runs with a perpetual claſh of jarring conſonants. The noiſe and turbulence of the torrent is, indeed, diſtinctly imaged; for it requires very little ſkill to make our language rough. But in the lines which mention the effort of Ajax, there is no particular heavineſs or delay. The ſwiftneſs of Camilla, is rather contraſted than exemplified. Why the verſe ſhould be lengthened to expreſs ſpeed, will not eaſily be diſcovered. In the dactyls, uſed for that purpoſe by the ancients, two ſhort ſyllables were pronounced with ſuch rapidity, as to be equal only to one long; they therefore naturally exhibit the act of paſſing through a long ſpace in a ſhort time. But the Alexandrine, by its pauſe in the midſt, is a tardy and ſtately meaſure; and the word *unbending*, one of the moſt ſluggiſh and ſlow which our language affords, cannot much accelerate its motion." Aaron Hill, long before this was publiſhed by the Rambler, wrote a letter to Pope, pointing out the many inſtances in which he had failed to accommodate

IMITATIONS.

VER. 366. *Soft is the ſtrain, &c.*]

"Tum ſi læta canunt," &c. Vida, Poet. l. iii. ver. 403.

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But when loud ſurges laſh the ſounding ſhore,
The hoarſe, rough verſe ſhould like the torrent roar:
When Ajax ſtrives ſome rock's vaſt weight to throw,
The line too labours, and the words move ſlow: 371
Not ſo, when ſwift Camilla ſcours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and ſkims along the main.
Hear how Timotheus' vary'd lays ſurprize,
And bid alternate paſſions fall and riſe! 375
While at each change, the ſon of Libyan Jove
Now burns with glory, and then melts with love;
Now

NOTES.

modate the ſound to the ſenſe, in this famous paſſage. This rule of making the ſound an echo to the ſenſe, as well as alliteration, has been carried to a ridiculous extreme by ſeveral late writers. It is worth obſerving, that it is treated of at length, and recommended by Taſſo, page 168 of his Diſcorſi del Poema Eroico.

WARTON.

VER. 374. *Hear how Timotheus', &c.*] See Alexander's Feaſt, or the Power of Muſic; an Ode by Mr. Dryden. POPE.

"Some of the lines (ſays Dr. Johnſon) are without correſpondent rhymes; a defect which the enthuſiaſm of the writer might hinder him from perceiving."

IMITATIONS.

VER. 368. *But when loud ſurges, &c.*]
"Tum longe ſale ſaxa ſonant," &c. Vida, Poet. l. iii. v. 388.

VER. 370. *When Ajax ſtrives, &c.*]
"Atque ideo ſi quid geritur molimine magno," &c.
Vida, ib. 417.

VER. 372. *Not ſo, when ſwift Camilla, &c.*]
"At mora ſi fuerit damno, properare jubebo," &c.
Vida, ib. 420.

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Now his fierce eyes with ſparkling fury glow,
Now ſighs ſteal out, and tears begin to flow:
Perſians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
And the world's victor ſtood ſubdu'd by Sound!
The pow'r of Muſic all our hearts allow,
And what Timotheus was, is DRYDEN now.

Avoid Extremes; and ſhun the fault of ſuch,
Who ſtill are pleas'd too little or too much.
At ev'ry trifle ſcorn to take offence,
That always ſhews great pride, or little ſenſe:
Thoſe heads, as ſtomachs, are not ſure the beſt,
Which nauſeate all, and nothing can digeſt.
Yet let not each gay Turn thy rapture move;
For fools admire, but men of ſenſe approve:

As

COMMENTARY.

VER. 384. *Avoid Extremes; &c.*] Our Author is now come to the *laſt cauſe of wrong Judgment*, PARTIALITY; the parent of the immediately preceding cauſe, a *bounded capacity:* nothing ſo much narrowing and contracting the mind as *prejudices* entertained for or againſt things or perſons. This therefore, as the main root of all the foregoing, he proſecutes at large [from ver. 383 to 474]. WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 391. *fools admire, but men of ſenſe approve:*] "This prudiſh ſentence has probably made as many formal coxcombs in literature, as Lord Cheſterfield's opinion on the vulgarity of laughter, has among men of high breeding. As a general maxim, it has no foundation whatever in truth.

"Proneneſs to admiration is a quality rather of temper than of underſtanding; and if it often attends light minds, it is alſo inſeparable from that warmth of imagination which is requiſite for the

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As things ſeem large which we through miſt deſcry,
Dulneſs is ever apt to magnify.

Some foreign writers, ſome our own deſpiſe;
The Ancients only, or the Moderns prize. 395

Thus

COMMENTARY.

VER. 395. *Some foreign writers, &c.*] Having explained the diſpoſition of mind which produces an *habitual partiality*, he proceeds to expoſe this *partiality* in all the ſhapes in which it appears both amongſt the *unlearned* and the *learned*.

I. In the *unlearned*, it is ſeen, *firſt*, in an unreaſonable fondneſs for, or averſion to, our *own* or *foreign*, to ancient or *modern* writers.

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

the ſtrong perception of what is excellent in art or nature. Innumerable inſtances might be produced of the rapturous admiration with which men of genius have been ſtruck at the view of great performances. It is enough here to mention the poet's favourite critic, Longinus, who is far from being contented with cool approbation, but gives free ſcope to the moſt enraptured praiſe. Few things indicate a mind more unfavourably conſtituted for the fine arts, than a flowneſs in being moved to the admiration of excellence; and it is certainly better that this paſſion ſhould at firſt be excited by objects rather inadequate, than that it ſhould not be excited at all." Aikin.

After all, nothing more is meant by Pope, than that Admiration is not Criticiſm.

VER. 394. *our own deſpiſe;*] If any proof was wanting how little the Paradiſe Loſt was read and attended to, at this time, our author's total ſilence on the ſubject would be ſufficient to ſhew it. That an Eſſay on Criticiſm could be written, without a ſingle mention of Milton, appears truly ſtrange and incredible; if we did not know that our author ſeems to have had no idea of any merit ſuperior to that of Dryden! and had no reliſh for an author, who,

" ——Omnes
" Exſtinxit ſtellas, exortus uti ætherius ſol." Lucret.

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Thus Wit, like Faith, by each man is apply'd
To one ſmall ſect, and all are damn'd beſide.
Meanly they ſeek the bleſſing to confine,
And force that ſun but on a part to ſhine,
Which not alone the ſouthern wit ſublimes,
But ripens ſpirits in cold northern climes;
Which from the firſt has ſhone on ages paſt,
Enlights the preſent, and ſhall warm the laſt;
Tho' each may feel encreaſes and decays,
And ſee now clearer and now darker days.
Regard not then if Wit be old or new,
But blame the falſe, and value ſtill the true.
Some ne'er advance a Judgment of their own,
But catch the ſpreading notion of the Town;
They

COMMENTARY.

VER. 408. *Some ne'er advance a Judgment of their own,*] A *ſecond* inſtance of *unlearned partiality* is, (as he ſhews from ver. 407 to 424.) men's going always along with the *cry*, as having no fixed nor well-grounded principles whereon to raiſe any judgment of their own. A *third* is reverence for *names*; of which ſort, as he well obſerves, the worſt and vileſt are the idolizers of *names of quality*. WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 395. *The Ancients only,*] A very ſenſible Frenchman ſays, "En un mot, touchez comme Euripide, etonnez comme Sophocle, peignez comme Homere, & compoſez d'apres vous. Ces maitres n'ont point eu de regles; ils n'en ont eté que plus grands; & ils n'ont acquis le droit de commander, que parce qu'ils n'ont jamais obei. Il en eſt tout autrement en literature qu'en politique; le talent qui a beſoin de ſubir des loix, n'en donnera jamais." WARTON.

VER. 402. *Which from the firſt, &c.*] Genius is the ſame in all ages; but its fruits are various, and more or leſs excellent as

they

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They reaſon and conclude by precedent,
And own ſtale nonſenſe which they ne'er invent.
Some judge of authors' names, not works, and then
Nor praiſe nor blame the writings, but the men.
Of all this ſervile herd, the worſt is he
That in proud dulneſs joins with Quality.
A conſtant Critic at the great man's board,
To fetch and carry nonſenſe for my Lord.
What woful ſtuff this madrigal would be,
In ſome ſtarv'd hackney ſonneteer, or me?
But let a Lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens! how the ſtile refines!
Before his ſacred name flies ev'ry fault,
And each exalted ſtanza teems with thought!
The Vulgar thus through Imitation err;
As oft the Learn'd by being ſingular;
So

COMMENTARY.

VER. 424. *The Vu'gar thus—As oft the Learn'd*] II. He comes in the *ſecond place* [from ver. 423 to 452.] to conſider the inſtances of *partiality* in the *learned*. 1. The *firſt* is *ſingularity*.
WARBURTON.

NOTES.

they are checked or matured by the influence of government or religion upon them. Hence in ſome parts of literature the Ancients excel; in others, the Moderns; juſt as thoſe accidental circumſtances occurred. WARBURTON.

VER. 403. *Enlights*] Warton calls "enlights" an improper word,—it is, I believe, in Shakeſpear.

VER. 420. *let a Lord*] "You ought not to write verſes, (ſaid George the Second, who had little taſte, to Lord Hervey,) 'tis beneath your rank; leave ſuch work to little Mr. Pope; it is his trade." But this Lord Hervey wrote ſome that were above the level of thoſe deſcribed here by our author. WARTON.

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So much they ſcorn the croud, that if the throng
By chance go right, they purpoſely go wrong:
So Schiſmatics the plain believers quit,
And are but damn'd for having too much wit.
Some praiſe at morning what they blame at night;
But always think the laſt opinion right.
A Muſe by theſe is like a miſtreſs us'd,
This hour ſhe's idoliz'd, the next abus'd;
While their weak heads, like towns unfortify'd,
'Twixt ſenſe and nonſenſe daily change their ſide.
Aſk them the cauſe; they're wiſer ſtill, they ſay;
And ſtill to-morrow's wiſer than to-day.
We think our fathers fools, ſo wiſe we grow;
Our wiſer ſons, no doubt, will think us ſo.
Once School-divines this zealous iſle o'er-ſpread;
Who knew moſt Sentences, was deepeſt read;
Faith, Goſpel, all, ſeem'd made to be diſputed,
And none had ſenſe enough to be confuted:
Scotiſts and Thomiſts, now, in peace remain,
Amidſt their kindred cobwebs in Duck-lane.

If

NOTES.

VER. 444. *Scotiſts*] So denominated from Johannes Duns Scotus. Eraſmus tells us, an eminent Scotiſt aſſured him, that it was impoſſible to underſtand one ſingle propoſition of this famous Duns, unleſs you had his whole metaphyſics by heart. This hero of incomprehenſible fame ſuffered a miſerable reverſe at Oxford in the time of Henry VIII. That grave antiquary, Mr. Antony Wood (in the Vindication of himſelf and his writings from the reproaches of the Biſhop of Saliſbury), ſadly laments the *deformation*, as he calls it, of that Univerſity by the King's Commiſſioners;

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If Faith itſelf has diff'rent dreſſes worn,
What wonder modes in Wit ſhould take their turn?
Oft,

NOTES.

miſſioners; and even records the blaſphemous ſpeeches of one of them, in his own words—"We have ſet Duns in Boccardo, with all his blind Gloſſers, faſt nailed up upon poſts in all common houſes of eaſement." Upon which our venerable Antiquary thus exclaims: "If ſo be, the Commiſſioners had ſuch diſreſpect for that moſt famous author J. Duns, who was ſo much admired by our predeceſſors, and ſo difficult to be underſtood, that the Doctors of thoſe times, namely Dr. William Roper, Dr. John Keynton, Dr. William Mowſe, &c. profeſſed, that, in twenty-eight years ſtudy, they could not underſtand him rightly, what then had they for others of inferior note?"—What indeed! But they, If ſo be, that moſt famous J. Duns was ſo difficult to be underſtood (for that this is a moſt theologic proof of his great worth, is paſt all doubt), I ſhould conceive our good old Antiquary to be a little miſtaken. And that the nailing up this Proteus of the Schools was done by the Commiſſioners in honour of the moſt famous Duns: There being no other way of catching the ſenſe of ſo ſlippery and dodging an Author, who had eluded the purſuit of three of their moſt renowned Doctors in full cry after him, for eight and twenty years together. And this Boccardo in which he was confined, ſeemed very fit for the purpoſe; it being obſerved, that men are never more ſerious and thoughtful than in that place of retirement. Scribl. WARBURTON.

VER. 444. *Thomiſts*] From Thomas Aquinas, a truly great genius, who, in thoſe blind ages, was the ſame in theology, that our Friar Bacon was in natural philoſophy; leſs happy than our countryman in this, that he ſoon became ſurrounded with a number of dark Gloſſers, who never left him till they had extinguiſhed the radiance of that light, which had pierced through the thickeſt night of Monkery, the thirteenth century, when the Waldenſes were ſuppreſſed, and Wickliffe not yet riſen. WARBURTON.

The Summa ſummæ, &c. of Thomas Aquinas, is a treatiſe well deſerving a moſt attentive peruſal, and contains an admirable view of Ariſtotle's Ethics.

Aquinas

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Oft, leaving what is natural and fit,
The current folly proves the ready wit;

And

VARIATIONS.

VER. 447. Between this and ver. 452.

The rhyming clowns that gladded Shakeſpear's age,
No more with crambo entertain the ſtage.
Who now in anagrams their patron praiſe,
Or ſing their miſtreſs in acroſtic lays?
Ev'n pulpits pleas'd with merry puns of yore;
Now all are baniſh'd to th' Hibernian ſhore!
Thus leaving what was natural and fit,
The current folly prov'd their ready wit;
And authors thought their reputation ſafe,
Which liv'd as long as fools were pleas'd to laugh.

NOTES.

Aquinas did not underſtand Greek; what he knew of Ariſtotle he got from Averroes, an Arabian, whom the Spaniſh Jews firſt tranſlated into Hebrew, and from Hebrew into Latin. WARTON.

VER. 445. *Amidſt their kindred cobwebs*] Were common ſenſe diſpoſed to credit any of the Monkiſh miracles of the dark and blind ages of the Church, it would certainly be one of the ſeventh century recorded by honeſt Bale. "In the ſixth general council (ſays he) holden at Conſtantinople, Anno Dom. 680, contra Monothelitas, where the Latin Maſs was firſt approved, and the Latin miniſters deprived of their lawful wives, ſpiders' webbs, in wonderfull copye were ſeen falling down from above, upon the heads of the people, to the marvelous aſtoniſhment of many."—The juſteſt emblem and prototype of School Metaphyſics, the divinity of Scotiſts and Thomiſts, which afterwards fell, in wonderfull copye on the heads of the people, in ſupport of Tranſubſtantiation, to the marvelous aſtoniſhment of many, as it continues to do to this day. WARBURTON.

VER. 445. *Duck-lane.*] A place where old and ſecond-hand books were ſold formerly, near Smithfield. POPE.

VER. 448. *Oft, leaving what is natural*] Ita comparatum eſt humanum ingenium, ut optimarum rerum ſatietate defatigetur.

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And authors think their reputation ſafe, 450
Which lives as long as fools are pleas'd to laugh.
Some valuing thoſe of their own ſide or mind,
Still make themſelves the meaſure of mankind:
Fondly

COMMENTARY.

VER. 452. *Some valuing thoſe, &c.*] III. The third and laſt inſtance of *partiality* in the *learned*, is *party* and *faction*, which is conſidered from verſe 451 to verſe 474.

NOTES.

Unde fit, artes, neceſſitatis vi quâdam creſcere, aut decreſcere ſemper, & ad ſummum faſtigium evectas, ibi non diu poſſe conſiſtere. Thus muſic, deſerting ſimple and pathetic expreſſion, is taken up with tricks of execution, and a ſort of ſlight of hand. Thus Borromini, to be new and original, has, as Mr. Walpole expreſſes it, twiſted and curled architecture, by inverting the volutes of the Ionic order. L'ennui du Beau, amene le gout du Singulier. This will happen in every country, every art, and every age. WARTON.

VER. 451. *as long as fools*] "Mirabile eſt (ſays Tully) De Oratore, lib. iii. quum plurimum in faciendo inter doctum & rudem, quàm non multum differant in judicando"

Horace and Milton declare againſt general approbation, and wiſh for "*fit audience though few.*" And Tully relates, in his Brutus, the ſtory of Antimachus, who, when his numerous auditors all gradually left him, except Plato, ſaid, I ſtill continue reading my work; Plato, enim mihi unus inſtar eſt omnium. The noble confidence and ſtrength of mind in Milton, is not in any circumſtance more viſible and more admirable, than his writing a poem in a ſtyle and manner that he was ſure would not be reliſhed or regarded by his corrupt contemporaries.

He was different in this reſpect from Bernardo Taſſo, the father of his beloved Torquato, who, to ſatisfy the vulgar taſte and current opinions of his country, new-modelled his epic poem Amadigi, to make it more wild and romantic, and leſs ſuited to the rules of Ariſtotle. WARTON.

VER. 452. *ſide or mind,*] Are two vulgar words, unworthy of our author. WARTON.

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Fondly we think we honour merit then,
When we but praiſe ourſelves in other men.
Parties in Wit attend on thoſe of State,
And public faction doubles private hate.
Pride, Malice, Folly, againſt Dryden roſe,
In various ſhapes of Parſons, Critics, Beaus;
But ſenſe ſurviv'd when merry jeſts were paſt;
For riſing merit will buoy up at laſt.
Might he return, and bleſs once more our eyes,
New Blackmores and new Milbourns muſt ariſe:
Nay ſhould great Homer lift his awful head,
Zoilus again would ſtart up from the dead.

Envy

NOTES.

VER. 458. *Pride, Malice, &c*] Neither has philoſophy eſcaped a ſimilar fate; witneſs the perſecution of Galileo.

VER. 459. *ſhapes of Parſons, Critics,*] The Parſon alluded to was Jeremy Collier; the Critic was the Duke of Buckingham; the firſt of whom very powerfully attacked the profligacy, and the latter the irregularity and bombaſt of ſome of Dryden's plays. Theſe attacks were much more than merry jeſts. WARTON.

VER. 463. *Milbourn*] The Rev. Mr. Luke Milbourn. Dennis ſerved Mr. Pope in the ſame office. But theſe men are of all times, and riſe up on all occaſions. Sir Walter Raleigh had Alexander Roſs; Chillingworth had Cheynel; Milton a firſt Edwards; and Locke a ſecond; neither of them related to the third Edwards of Lincoln's Inn. They were Divines of parts and learning: this a Critic without one or the other. Yet (as Mr. Pope ſays of Luke Milbourn) the faireſt of all critics; for having written againſt the Editor's remarks on Shakeſpear, he did him juſtice in printing, at the ſame time, ſome of his own. WARBURTON.

But all impartial critics allow theſe marks to have been deciſive and judicious; and his Canons of Criticiſm remain unrefuted and unanſwerable. WARTON.

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Envy will merit, as its ſhade, purſue;
But like a ſhadow, proves the Subſtance true:
For envy'd Wit, like Sol eclips'd, makes known
Th' oppoſing body's groſſneſs, not its own.
When firſt that ſun too pow'rful beams diſplays,
It draws up vapours which obſcure its rays;
But ev'n thoſe clouds at laſt adorn its way,
Reflect new glories, and augment the day.
Be thou the firſt true merit to befriend;
His praiſe is loſt, who ſtays till all commend.
Short

COMMENTARY.

VER. 474. *Be thou the firſt, &c.*] The Poet having now gone through the laſt cauſe of *wrong Judgment*, and the root of all the reſt, PARTIALITY; and ended his remarks upon it with a detection of the two rankeſt kinds, thoſe which ariſe out of PARTY-RAGE and ENVY; takes the occaſion, which this affords him, of cloſing his *ſecond diviſion* in the moſt graceful manner, [from ver. 473 to 560.] by concluding from the premiſes, and calling upon the TRUE CRITIC to be careful of his *charge*, which is the *protection* and *ſupport of it*. For, the defence of it from malevolent cenſure is its true protection; and the illuſtration of its beauties, is its true ſupport. WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 465. *Zoilus again*] In the fifth book of Vitruvius is an account of Zoilus's coming to the court of Ptolemy at Alexandria, and preſenting to him his virulent and brutal cenſures of Homer, and begging to be rewarded for his work; inſtead of which, it is ſaid, the king ordered him to be crucified, or, as ſome ſaid, ſtoned alive. His perſon is minutely deſcribed in the 11th book of Ælian's various Hiſtory. WARTON.

VER. 472, *But ev'n thoſe clouds, &c.*] A beautiful and poetical illuſtration. Pope has the art of enlivening his ſubject continually by images and illuſtrations drawn from nature, which by contraſt have a particularly pleaſing effect, and which are indeed abſolutely neceſſary in a didactic poem.

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Short is the date, alas, of modern rhymes,
And 'tis but juſt to let them live betimes.

No

NOTES.

VER. 474. *Be thou the firſt true merit to befriend;*
His praiſe is loſt, who ſtays till all commend.]

When Thomſon publiſhed his Winter, 1726, it lay a long time neglected, till Mr. Spence made honourable mention of it in his Eſſay on the Odyſſey; which becoming a popular book, made the poem univerſally known. Thomſon always acknowledged the uſe of this recommendation; and from this circumſtance an intimacy commenced between the critic and the poet, which laſted till the lamented death of the latter, who was of a moſt amiable and benevolent temper. I have before me a letter of Mr. Spence to Pitt, earneſtly begging him to ſubſcribe to the quarto edition of Thomſon's Seaſons, and mentioning a deſign which Thomſon had formed of writing a deſcriptive poem on Blenheim; a ſubject that would have ſhone in his hands. It was ſome time after publication, before the Odes of Gray were reliſhed and admired. They were even burleſqued by two men of wit and genius, who, however, once owned to me, that they repented of the attempt. The Hecyra of Terence, the Miſanthrope of Moliere, the Phædra of Racine, the Way of the World of Congreve, the Silent Woman of Ben Jonſon, were ill received on their firſt exhibitions. Out of an hundred comedies written by Menander, eight only obtained the prize; and only five of Euripides out of the ſeventy tragedies he wrote. Our author ſeems to be eminently fortunate, who never, from his early youth, publiſhed a piece that did not meet with immediate approbation, except, perhaps, the firſt Epiſtle of the Eſſay on Man. WARTON.

VER 476. *Short is the date,*] "All living languages are liable to change. The Greek and Latin, though compoſed of more durable materials than ours, were ſubject to perpetual viciſſitude, till they ceaſed to be ſpoken. The former is, with reaſon, believed to have been more ſtationary than any other; and indeed a very particular attention was paid to the preſervation of it; yet between Spenſer and Pope, Hooker and Sherlock, Raleigh and Smollet, a difference of dialect is not more perceptible, than between Homer and Apollonius, Xenophon and Plutarch, Ariſtotle

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No longer now that golden age appears,
When Patriarch-wits ſurviv'd a thouſand years:
Now length of Fame (our ſecond life) is loſt,
And bare threeſcore is all ev'n that can boaſt;
Our ſons their fathers' failing language ſee,
And ſuch as Chaucer is, ſhall Dryden be.

So

NOTES.

totle and Antoninus. In the Roman authors, the change of language is ſtill more remarkable. How different, in this reſpect, is Ennius from Virgil, Lucilius from Horace, Cato from Columella, and even Catullus from Ovid! The Laws of the Twelve Tables, though ſtudied by every Roman of condition, were not perfectly underſtood, even by antiquarians, in the time of Cicero, when they were not quite four hundred years old. Cicero himſelf, as well as Lucretius, made ſeveral improvements in the Latin tongue; Virgil introduced ſome new words; and Horace aſſerts his right to the ſame privilege; and from his remarks upon it, appears to have conſidered the immutability of living language as an impoſſible thing. It were vain then to flatter ourſelves with the hope of permanency to any of the modern tongues of Europe; which, being more ungrammatical than the Latin and Greek, are expoſed to more dangerous, becauſe leſs diſcernible, innovations. Our want of tenſes and caſes makes a multitude of auxiliary verbs neceſſary; and to theſe the unlearned are not attentive, becauſe they look upon them as the leaſt important parts of language; and hence they come to be omitted or miſapplied in converſation, and afterwards in writing. Beſides, the ſpirit of commerce, manufacture, and naval enterprize, ſo honourable to modern Europe, and to Great Britain in particular, and the free circulation of arts, ſciences, and opinions, owing, in part, to the uſe of printing, and to our improvements in navigation, muſt render the modern tongues, and eſpecially the Engliſh, more variable than the Greek or Latin." Beattie. WARTON.

VER. 482. *failing language*] "In England (ſays an ingenious Italian) the Tranſlation of the Bible is the ſtandard of their language; in Italy the ſtandard is, the Decamerone of Boccacio. WARTON.

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So when the faithful pencil has design'd
Some bright Idea of the master's mind,
Where a new world leaps out at his command,
And ready nature waits upon his hand:
When the ripe colours soften and unite,
And sweetly melt into just shade and light;
When mellowing years their full perfection give,
And each bold figure just begins to live,
The treach'rous colours the fair art betray,
And all the bright creation fades away!
Unhappy Wit, like most mistaken things,
Atones not for that envy which it brings.
In youth alone its empty praise we boast,
But soon the short-liv'd vanity is lost:
Like some fair flow'r the early spring supplies,
That gaily blooms, but ev'n in blooming dies.

What

NOTES.

VER. 484. *So when the faithful pencil, &c.*] This is again a beautiful illustration. These images and similes interspersed in a dry didactic poem, prove the Poet's great judgment; and as the subjects of each illustration are so poetical, the expressions so forcible and well-selected, and the whole image so entirely and beautifully painted, they illustrate most happily the Poet's own doctrine:

A prudent chief not always must display
His pow'rs, in equal ranks and fair array.

For if occasionally he becomes *prosaic*, he amply repays a moment's languor to the reader by his unexpected, highly polished, accurate, and poetical illustrations.

VER. 498. *Like some fair flower, &c.*] Something like this idea, and the comparison, may be found in George Herbert's elegant canzonet:

"I made

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What is this Wit, which muſt our cares employ?
The owner's wife, that other men enjoy;
Then moſt our trouble ſtill when moſt admir'd,
And ſtill the more we give, the more requir'd;
Whoſe fame with pains we guard, but loſe with eaſe,
Sure ſome to vex, but never all to pleaſe;
'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous ſhun,
By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone!
If Wit ſo much from Ign'rance undergo,
Ah let not learning too commence its foe!
Of old, thoſe met rewards who could excell,
And ſuch were prais'd who but endeavour'd well:
Though

NOTES.

" I made a poſie, while the day ran by,
" Here will I ſmell my remnant out, and tie
" My life within this band!
" But TIME did *beckon to the flow'rs*, and they
" By noon, moſt cunningly did *ſteal* away,
" And wither in my hand."

" Farewell, dear flow'rs, ſweetly your time ye ſpent,
" Fit, while ye liv'd, for ſmell or ornament,
" And after death, for cures:
" I follow ſtraight, without complaints or grief,
" Since, if my ſcent be good, I care not—if—
" It *be* as *ſhort* as yours."

VER. 508. *If Wit ſo much from Ign'rance undergo,*] Boileau going one day to receive his penſion, and the treaſurer reading theſe words in his order, " the penſion we have granted to Boileau, on account of the ſatisfaction his works have given us," aſked him of what kind were his works; " Of maſonry (replied the Poet), I am a builder!" Racine uſed to relate, that an old magiſtrate, who had never been at a play, was carried, one day, to his Andromaque. This magiſtrate was very attentive to the

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Though triumphs were to gen'rals only due,
Crowns were reſerv'd to grace the ſoldiers too.
Now, they who reach Parnaſſus' lofty crown,
Employ their pains to ſpurn ſome others down;
And while ſelf-love each jealous writer rules,
Contending wits become the ſport of fools:
But ſtill the worſt with moſt regret commend,
For each ill Author is as bad a Friend.
To what baſe ends, and by what abject ways,
Are mortals urg'd through ſacred luſt of praiſe!
Ah ne'er ſo dire a thirſt of glory boaſt,
Nor in the Critic let the Man be loſt.
Good-nature and good ſenſe muſt ever join;
To err is human, to forgive, divine.
But if in noble minds ſome dregs remain
Not yet purg'd off, of ſpleen and ſour diſdain;
Diſcharge that rage on more provoking crimes,
Nor fear a dearth in theſe flagitious times.
No pardon vile Obſcenity ſhould find,
Tho' wit and art conſpire to move your mind;
But Dulneſs with Obſcenity muſt prove
As ſhameful ſure as Impotence in love.
In the fat age of pleaſure, wealth, and eaſe,
Sprung the rank weed, and thriv'd with large increaſe:
When

NOTES.

tragedy, to which was added the Plaideurs; and going out of the theatre, he ſaid to the author, "I am extremely pleaſed, Sir, with your Andromaque: I am only amazed that it ends ſo gaily; j'avois d'abord eu quelque envie de pleurer, mais la vue des petits chiens m'a fait rire." WARTON.

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When love was all an eaſy Monarch's care;
Seldom at council, never in a war:
Jilts rul'd the ſtate, and ſtateſmen farces writ:
Nay wits had penſions, and young Lords had wit:
The Fair ſate panting at a Courtier's play,
And not a Maſk went unimprov'd away:
The modeſt fan was lifted up no more,
And Virgins ſmil'd at what they bluſh'd before.
The following licence of a Foreign reign
Did all the dregs of bold Socinus drain;
Then unbelieving Prieſts reform'd the nation,
And taught more pleaſant methods of ſalvation;
Where Heav'n's free ſubjects might their rights diſpute,
Leſt God himſelf ſhould ſeem too abſolute:
Pulpits their ſacred ſatire learn'd to ſpare,
And Vice admir'd to find a flatt'rer there!

Encou-

NOTES.

VER. 534. *In the fat age of pleaſure, wealth, and eaſe,*
Sprung the rank weed,]

"And duller ſhould'ſt thou be than the fat weed." HAMLET.

VER. 541. *And not a Maſk, &c.*] Alluding to the cuſtom in that age, of Ladies going in Maſks to the Play. When we conſider that, many even of our early *Tragedies* are polluted with the groſſeſt alluſions and ribaldry, how amiable does Shakeſpear appear, whoſe page, in compariſon of that of Beaumont and Fletcher, is *purity itſelf!*

VER. 544 *Foreign reign*] The reign of William III. The fanaticiſm of Cromwell was ſucceeded by general licentiouſneſs in Charles II.'s reign. This Pope, inſinuates, and he is followed by Warburton, was the *cauſe* of the general freedom of inquiry after the revolution. Pope, for *obvious reaſons*, ſeems to forget there was ſuch a King as James II. He here alludes to thoſe whom Warburton calls *Latitudinarian Divines*.

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Encourag'd thus, Wit's Titans brav'd the ſkies,
And the preſs groan'd with licens'd blaſphemies.
Theſe monſters, Critics! with your darts engage,
Here point your thunder, and exhauſt your rage!
Yet ſhun their fault, who ſcandalouſly nice,
Will needs miſtake an author into vice;
All ſeems infected that th' infected ſpy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye.

III.

LEARN then what MORALS Critics ought to ſhow,
For 'tis but half a Judge's taſk, to know.
'Tis not enough, taſte, judgment, learning, join;
In all you ſpeak, let truth and candour ſhine:
That not alone what to your ſenſe is due
All may allow; but ſeek your friendſhip too.
Be ſilent always, when you doubt your ſenſe;
And ſpeak, tho' ſure, with ſeeming diffidence:
Some poſitive, perſiſting fops we know,
Who, if once wrong, will needs be always ſo;

But

COMMENTARY.

VER. 560. *Learn then, &c.*] We enter now on the third part, the *Morals* of the Critic; included in Candour, Modeſty, and Good-breeding. This third and laſt part is in two diviſions. In the firſt of which [from ver. 559 to 631.] our author inculcates theſe *morals* by *precept*; In the ſecond [from ver. 630 to the end] by *example*. His firſt precept [from ver. 561 to 566.] recommends Candour, for its uſe to the Critic, and to the writer criticiſed.

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 559. *jaundic'd*] The idea, and almoſt the very expreſſions, are in Sir Philip Sydney's Arcadia.

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But you, with pleaſure own your errors paſt,
And make each day a Critique on the laſt.

'Tis not enough your counſel ſtill be true;
Blunt truths more miſchief than nice falſhoods do;
Men muſt be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown propos'd as things forgot.
Without Good-Breeding, truth is diſapprov'd;
That only makes ſuperior ſenſe belov'd.

Be niggards of advice on no pretence:
For the worſt avarice is that of ſenſe.
With mean complacence ne'er betray your truſt,
Nor be ſo civil as to prove unjuſt.

Fear

NOTES.

VER. 570. *your errors paſt,*] "Et ipſa emendatio habet finem; ſunt enim qui ad omnia ſcripta, tanquam vitioſa redeunt; & quaſi nihil fas ſit rectum eſſe quod primum eſt, melius exiſtiment quidquid eſt aliud; idque faciunt quoties librum in manus reſumpſerint; ſimiles medicis, etiam integra ſecantibus. Accidit itaque ut cicatricoſa ſint, & exanguia, & curâ pejora. Sit aliquando quod placeat; aut certè quod ſufficiat: ut plus poliat lima, non exterat." Quintil. lib. 10. WARTON.

VER. 580. *With mean complacence ne'er betray your truſt,*
Nor be ſo civil as to prove unjuſt.]

Our Poet practiſed this excellent precept in his conduct towards Wycherley, whoſe pieces he corrected with equal freedom and judgment. But Wycherley, who had an inſufferable ſhare of vanity, and was one of the profeſſed wits of the laſt age, was ſoon diſguſted at this candour and ingenuity of Pope; inſomuch that he came to an open and ungenerous rupture with him. WARTON.

Dr. Warton ſhould have ſtated that Pope, in correcting Wycherley's verſes, was ſo unmerciful to the old gentleman, as to blot out almoſt all. This was borne with great temper by the ſuperannuated Bard, till, after great pains, numerous emendations, corrections, and additions, Pope ſeriouſly adviſed him to turn the whole into *Proſe!* Patience could bear no more.

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Fear not the anger of the wiſe to raiſe;
Thoſe beſt can bear reproof, who merit praiſe.
'Twere well might Critics ſtill this freedom take,
But Appius reddens at each word you ſpeak, 585
And

COMMENTARY.

VER. 584. *'Twere well might Critics, &c.*] The Poet having thus recommended, in his general rules of conduct for the Judgment, theſe three critical Virtues to the Heart; ſhews next [from ver. 583 to 631.] upon what three ſorts of writers theſe virtues, together with the advice conveyed under them, would be thrown away; and, which is worſe, be repaid with obloquy and ſcorn. Theſe are the falſe Critic, the dull Man of Quality, and the bad Poet; each of which ſpecies of incorrigible writers he hath very exactly painted. But having drawn the laſt of them at full length, and being always attentive to the two main branches of his ſubject, which are, of writing and judging well, he re-aſſumes the character of the bad Critic (whom he had touched upon before) to contraſt him with the other; and makes the characteriſtic common to both, to be a never-ceaſing repetition of their own impertinence,

The Poet—ſtill runs on in a raging vein, &c. ver. 606, &c.

The Critic—with his own tongue ſtill edifies his ears, 614, &c.

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 582. *Fear not the anger of the wiſe to raiſe;*] The freedom and unreſervedneſs with which Boileau and Racine communicated their works to each other, is hardly to be paralleled; of which many amiable inſtances appear in their letters lately publiſhed by a ſon of the latter; particularly in the following: "J'ai trouvé que la Trompette & les Sourds etoient trop joués, & qu'il ne falloit point trop appuyer ſur votre incommodité, moins encore chercher de l'eſprit ſur ce ſujet." Boileau communicated to his friend the firſt ſketch of his Ode on the Taking Namur. It is entertaining to contemplate a rude draught by ſuch a maſter; and is no leſs pleaſing to obſerve the temper with which he receives the objections of Racine. "J'ai deja retouché à tout cela; mais je ne veux point l'achever que je n'aie reçu vos remarques, qui ſurément m'éclaireront encore l'eſprit." WARTON.

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And ſtares, tremendous, with a threat'ning eye,
Like ſome fierce tyrant in old tapeſtry.
Fear moſt to tax an Honourable fool,
Whoſe right it is, uncenſur'd, to be dull;
Such, without wit, are Poets when they pleaſe,
As without learning they can take Degrees.
Leave dang'rous truths to unſucceſsful Satires,
And flattery to ſome fulſome Dedicators,
Whom, when they praiſe, the world believes no more,
Than when they promiſe to give ſcribbling o'er.
'Tis beſt ſometimes your cenſure to reſtrain,
And charitably let the dull be vain:
Your ſilence there is better than your ſpite,
For who can rail ſo long as they can write?
Still humming on, their drouzy courſe they keep,
And laſh'd ſo long, like tops, are laſh'd aſleep.
Falſe ſteps but help them to renew the race,
As, after ſtumbling, Jades will mend their pace.
What crouds of theſe, impenitently bold,
In ſounds and jingling ſyllables grown old,

Still

NOTES.

VER. 586. *And ſtares, tremendous, &c*] This picture was taken to himſelf by John Dennis, a furious old critic by profeſſion, who, upon no other provocation, wrote againſt this Eſſay and its author, in a manner perfectly lunatic: For, as to the mention made of him in ver. 270, he took it as a compliment, and ſaid it was treacherouſly meant to cauſe him to overlook this abuſe of his perſon. POPE.

VER. 597. *And charitably let the dull be vain:*] If Cibber was the *dull* fellow Pope would have had him thought, no conduct could have been more proper towards him, than that which Pope here recommends. Pope ſeems to have anticipated Colley's ſubſequent reſolution "to write, as long" as Pope "could rail."

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Still run on Poets in a raging vein,
Ev'n to the dregs and ſqueezing of the brain,
Strain out the laſt dull droppings of their ſenſe,
And rhyme with all the rage of Impotence.
Such ſhameleſs Bards we have; and yet 'tis true,
There are as mad, abandon'd Critics too.
The bookful blockhead ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head,
With his own tongue ſtill edifies his ears,
And always liſt'ning to himſelf appears.
All books he reads, and all he reads aſſails,
From Dryden's Fables down to Durfey's Tales.
With him moſt authors ſteal their works, or buy;
Garth did not write his own Diſpenſary.
Name a new play, and he's the Poet's friend,
Nay ſhow'd his faults—but when would Poets mend?
No place ſo ſacred from ſuch fops is barr'd,
Nor is Paul's church more ſafe than Paul's church-yard:
Nay,

NOTES.

VER. 607. *ſqueezing of the brain,*] There can be no doubt, I think, reſpecting the alluſion in theſe lines to old Wycherley; whom elſe could they ſuit at that period, when Pope ſays

"Such bards *we have?*"

If Wycherley was intended, what muſt we think of Pope, who could wound, in this manner, his old friend, for whom he profeſſed ſo much kindneſs, and who firſt introduced him to notice and patronage!

VER. 619. *Garth did not write, &c.*] A common ſlander at that time in prejudice of that deſerving author. Our Poet did him this juſtice, when that ſlander moſt prevailed; and it is now (perhaps the ſooner for this very verſe) dead and forgotten. POPE.

VER. 622. *No place ſo ſacred*] This ſtroke of ſatire is literally taken from Boileau:

"Gardez

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Nay, fly to Altars; there they'll talk you dead;
For Fools rush in where Angels fear to tread. 625
Diſtruſt.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 623. Between this and ver. 624.

In vain you ſhrug and ſweat and ſtrive to fly:
Theſe know no Manners but of Poetry.
They'll ſtop a hungry Chaplain in his grace,
To treat of Unities of time and place. WARBURTON.

NOTES.

" Gardez vous d'imiter ce rimeur furieux,
Qui de ſes vains écrits lecteur harmonieux
Aborde en récitant quiconque le ſalue,
Et pourſuit de ſes vers les paſſans dans le ruë,
Il n'eſt Temple ſi ſaint, des Anges reſpecté,
Qui ſoit contre ſa muſe un lieu dû ſûreté."

Which lines allude to the impertinence of a French poet called Du Perrier, who finding Boileau one day at church, inſiſted upon repeating to him an ode, during the elevation of the hoſt; and deſired his opinion, whether or not it was in the manner of Malherbe. Without this anecdote the pleaſantry of the ſatire would be overlooked. It may here be occaſionally obſerved, how many beauties in this ſpecies of writing are loſt, for want of knowing the facts to which they allude. The following paſſage may be produced as a proof. Boileau, in his excellent epiſtle to his gardener at Anteuil, ſays,

" Mon maître, dirois-tu, paſſe pour un Docteur,
Et parle quelquefois mieux qu'un Prédicateur."

It ſeems our author and Racine returned one day, in high ſpirits, from Verſailles, with two honeſt citizens of Paris. As their converſation was full of gaiety and humour, the two citizens were greatly delighted; and one of them, at parting, ſtopt Boileau with this compliment, " I have travelled with Doctors of the Sorbonne, and even with the religious; but I never heard ſo many fine things ſaid before; en verite vous parlez cent fois mieux qu'un Predicateur."

It is but juſtice to add, that the fourteen ſucceeding verſes in the poem before us, containing the character of a True Critic, are ſuperior to any thing in Boileau's Art of Poetry; from which, however, Pope has borrowed many obſervations. WARTON.

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Diſtruſtful ſenſe with modeſt caution ſpeaks,
It ſtill looks home, and ſhort excurſions makes;
But rattling nonſenſe in full vollies breaks,
And never ſhock'd, and never turn'd aſide,
Burſts out, reſiſtleſs, with a thund'ring tide.

But where's the man, who counſel can beſtow,
Still pleas'd to teach, and yet not proud to know?
Unbiaſs'd, or by favour, or by ſpite;
Not dully prepoſſeſs'd, nor blindly right;
Tho' learn'd, well-bred; and tho' well-bred, ſincere;
Modeſtly bold, and humanly ſevere;

Who

COMMENTARY.

VER. 631. *But where's the man, &c.*] II. The *ſecond* diviſion of this laſt part, which we now come to, is of the Morals of Critics, by *example*. For, having in the firſt, drawn a picture of the *falſe Critic*, at large, he breaks out into an apoſtrophe, containing an exact and finiſhed character of the *true*; which, at the ſame time, ſerves for an eaſy and proper introduction to *this ſecond diviſion*. For having aſked [from ver. 630 to 643.] *Where's the man, &c.* he anſwers [from ver. 642 to 651.], That he was to be found in the happier ages of *Greece* and *Rome*; in the characters of *Ariſtotle* and *Horace*, *Dionyſius* and *Petronius*, *Quintilian* and *Longinus*.
WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 631. *But where's the man, &c.*] The Poet, by his manner of aſking after this Character, and telling us, when he had deſcribed it, that ſuch once were Critics, does not encourage us to ſearch for it amongſt modern writers. And indeed the diſcovery of him, if it could be made, would be but an invidious affair. However, I will venture to name the piece of Criticiſm in which all theſe marks may be found. It is entitled, Q. Hor. Fl. Ars Poetica, et ejuſd Ep. ad Aug. with an Engliſh Commentary and Notes.
WARBURTON.

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Who to a friend his faults can freely ſhow,
And gladly praiſe the merit of a foe?
Bleſt with a taſte exact, yet unconfin'd;
A knowledge both of books and human kind;
Gen'rous converſe; a ſoul exempt from pride;
And love to praiſe, with reaſon on his ſide?

Such once were Critics; ſuch the happy few,
Athens and Rome in better ages knew.

The

NOTES.

This commentary is founded on the idea that Horace writes, in his Art of Poetry, with ſyſtematic order, and the ſtricteſt method. An idea to which ſeveral capable critics will not accede, and which is directly contrary to Pope's own opinion. But it may be added, that Dr. Hurd was not the firſt who entertained this idea. A French writer, M. de Brueys, gave a paraphraſe on this epiſtle of Horace, in 1683, totally grounded on this ſuppoſition. If my partiality to my lamented friend Mr. Colman does not miſlead me, I ſhould think his account of the matter the moſt judicious of any yet publiſhed. He conceives that the elder Piſo had written or meditated a poetical work, probably a tragedy; and had communicated his piece, in confidence, to Horace; but Horace, either diſapproving of the work, or doubting of the poetical faculties of the elder Piſo, or both, wiſhed to diſſuade him from all thoughts of publication. With this view he wrote his epiſtle, addreſſing it with a courtlineſs and delicacy, perfectly agreeable to his acknowledged character, indifferently to the whole family, the father and his two ſons. Epiſtle to the Piſo's, with Notes by George Colman, 4to. 1783, p. 6. WARTON.

VER. 642. *with reaſon on his ſide?*] Not only on his ſide, but in actual employment. The Critic makes but a mean figure, who, when he has found out the beauties of his author, contents himſelf with ſhewing them to the world in only empty exclamations. His office is to explain their nature, ſhew from whence they ariſe, and what effects they produce; or in the better and fuller expreſſion of the Poet,

"To teach the world with reaſon to admire."

3 WARBURTON.

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The mighty Stagirite firſt left the ſhore,
Spread all his ſails, and durſt the deeps explore;
He ſteer'd ſecurely, and diſcover'd far,
Led by the light of the Mæonian ſtar.
Poets,

VARIATIONS.

Between ver. 646 and 649. I have found the following lines, ſince ſuppreſt by the author:

That bold Columbus of the realms of wit,
Whoſe firſt diſcovery's not exceeded yet.
Led by the Light of the Mæonian Star,
He ſteer'd ſecurely, and diſcover'd far.
He, when all Nature was ſubdu'd before,
Like his great Pupil, ſigh'd and long'd for more:
Fancy's wild regions yet unvanquiſh'd lay,
A boundleſs empire, and that own'd no ſway.
Poets, &c. WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 645. *The mighty Stagirite*] A noble and juſt character of the firſt and the beſt of critics! Whoever ſurveys the variety and perfection of his productions, all delivered in the chaſteſt ſtyle, in the cleareſt order, and the moſt pregnant brevity, is amazed at the immenſity of his genius. His logic, however at preſent neglected for thoſe rudiments and verboſe ſyſtems which took their riſe from Locke's Eſſay on the Human Underſtanding, is a mighty effort of the mind; in which are diſcovered the principal ſources of the art of reaſoning, and the dependencies of one thought on another; and where, by the different combinations he hath made of all the forms the underſtanding can aſſume in reaſoning, which he hath traced for it, he hath ſo cloſely confined it, that it cannot depart from them, without arguing inconſequentially. His Phyſics contain many uſeful obſervations, particularly his Hiſtory of Animals, which Buffon highly praiſes; to aſſiſt him in which, Alexander gave orders, that creatures of different climates and countries ſhould, at a great expence, be brought to him, to paſs under his inſpection. His Morals are, perhaps, the pureſt ſyſtem of antiquity. His Politics are a moſt valuable monument of the civil wiſdom of the ancients;

as

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Poets, a race long unconfin'd, and free,
Still fond and proud of ſavage liberty,
Receiv'd his laws; and ſtood convinc'd 'twas fit,
Who conquer'd Nature, ſhould preſide o'er Wit.
Horace

NOTES.

as they preſerve to us the deſcription of ſeveral governments, and particularly of Crete and Carthage, that otherwiſe would have been unknown. But of all his compoſitions, his Rhetoric and Poetics are moſt excellent. No writer has ſhewn a greater penetration into the receſſes of the human heart, than this philoſopher, in the ſecond book of his Rhetoric; where he treats of the different manners and paſſions that diſtinguiſh each different age and condition of man; and from whence Horace plainly took his famous deſcription in the Art of Poetry (ver. 157). La Bruyere, La Rochefoucault, and Montaigne himſelf, are not to be compared to him in this reſpect. No ſucceeding writer on eloquence, not even Tully, has added any thing new or important on this ſubject. His Poetics, which, I ſuppoſe, are here by Pope chiefly referred to, ſeem to have been written for the uſe of that prince, with whoſe education Ariſtotle was honoured, to give him a juſt taſte in reading Homer and the tragedians; to judge properly of which, was then thought no unneceſſary accompliſhment in the character of a prince. To attempt to underſtand poetry without having diligently digeſted this treatiſe, would be as abſurd and impoſſible, as to pretend to a ſkill in geometry without having ſtudied Euclid. The fourteenth, fifteenth, and ſixteenth chapters, wherein he has pointed out the propereſt methods of exciting terror and pity, convince us, that he was intimately acquainted with thoſe objects which moſt forcibly affect the heart. The prime excellence of this precious treatiſe is the ſcholaſtic preciſion, and philoſophical cloſeneſs, with which the ſubject is handled, without any addreſs to the paſſions, or imagination. It is to be lamented, that the part of the Poetics in which he had given precepts for comedy, did not likewiſe deſcend to poſterity.
WARTON.

VER. 652. *Who conquer'd*] By conquering nature, our Poet certainly meant, was a perfect maſter of all natural philoſophy, as

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Horace ſtill charms with graceful negligence,
And without method talks us into ſenſe,
Will, like a friend, familiarly convey
The trueſt notions in the eaſieſt way.
He, who ſupreme in judgment, as in wit,
Might boldly cenſure, as he boldly writ,
Yet judg'd with coolneſs, tho' he ſung with fire;
His Precepts teach but what his works inſpire.
Our Critics take a contrary extreme,
They judge with fury, but they write with flegm:
Nor ſuffers Horace more in wrong Tranſlations
By Wits, than Critics in as wrong Quotations.
See Dionyſius Homer's thoughts refine,
And call new beauties forth from ev'ry line!

Fancy

NOTES.

as far as it was then underſtood; in his own manuſcript lines quoted above he uſes the expreſſion in the very ſame ſenſe;

He, when all nature was ſubdu'd before. WARTON.

VER. 665. *See Dionyſius*] Of Halicarnaſſus. POPE.

Theſe proſaic lines, this ſpiritleſs eulogy, are much below the merit of the critic whom they are intended to celebrate. Pope ſeems here rather to have conſidered Dionyſius as the author only of reflections concerning Homer; and to have, in ſome meaſure, overlooked, or at leaſt not to have ſufficiently inſiſted on, his moſt excellent book ΠΕΡΙ ΣΥΝΘΗΣΕΩΣ ΟΝΟΜΑΤΩΝ, in which he has unfolded all the ſecret arts that render compoſition harmonious. One part of this diſcourſe, I mean from the beginning of the twenty-firſt to the end of the twenty fourth ſection, is, perhaps, one of the moſt uſeful pieces of criticiſm extant. He there diſcuſſes the three different ſpecies of compoſition; which he divides into the Nervous and Auſtere, the Smooth and Florid, and the Middle, which partakes of the nature of the two others. As examples of the firſt ſpecies, he mentions Antimachus and Empedocles

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Fancy and art in gay Petronius pleaſe,
The ſcholar's learning, with the courtier's eaſe.
In grave Quintilian's copious work, we find
The juſteſt rules, and cleareſt method join'd:
In

NOTES.

docles in heroics, Pindar in lyric, Æſchylus in tragic poetry, and Thucydides in hiſtory. As examples of the ſecond, he produces Heſiod as a writer in heroics; Sappho, Anacreon, and Simonides, in lyric; Euripides only among tragic writers; among the hiſtorians, Ephorus and Theopompus; and Iſocrates among the rhetoricians: all theſe, ſays he, have uſed words that are ΑΕΙΑ, και ΜΑΛΑΚΑ, και ΠΑΡΘΕΝΩΠΑ. The writers which he alleges as inſtances of the third ſpecies, who have happily blended the two other ſpecies of compoſition, and who are the moſt complete models of ſtyle, are Homer in epic poetry; Steſichorus and Alcæus in lyric; in tragic, Sophocles; in hiſtory, Herodotus; in eloquence, Demoſthenes; in philoſophy, Democritus, Plato, and Ariſtotle. Numberleſs are the paſſages which Quintilian has borrowed from this writer; who has lately been brought forward, and perhaps will be more read by being ſo often referred to, by the learned Lord Monboddo. The treatiſe, De Structurâ, was admirably well publiſhed by Mr. Upton, the editor alſo of Ariſtotle's Poetics, printed at Cambridge, under the inſpection of Dr. Hare, in the year 1706, and alſo of Extracts from Ælian, Polyænus, and Herodotus, and of Aſcham's Schoolmaſter. WARTON.

VER. 667. *Petronius pleaſe,*] This diſſolute and effeminate writer little deſerved a place among good critics, for only two or three pages on the ſubject of criticiſm. His fragment on the Civil War is far below Lucan, whom he endeavoured to blame and to excel. Sir George Wheeler, eſteemed an accurate traveller, informs us, that he ſaw at Trau, in the hands of a Doctor Statelius, a fragment of Petronius, in which the account of the Supper of Trimalcion was entire. Yet this fragment has been judged to be ſpurious. WARTON.

VER. 669. *In grave Quintilian's*] It is very juſtly remarked by Dr. Warton, that "to commend Quintilian barely for his *method*, is below his merit, as that elegant writer afforded copious matter for a more appropriated and poetical character." How differently

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Thus uſeful arms in magazines we place,
All rang'd in order, and diſpos'd with grace,
But leſs to pleaſe the eye, than arm the hand,
Still fit for uſe, and ready at command.
Thee, bold Longinus! all the Nine inſpire,
And bleſs their Critic with a Poet's fire.

An

NOTES.

does Leonardo Aretino ſpeak, in his letter to Poggio, upon the diſcovery of Quintilian, with Silius Italicus and Valerius Flaccus, among duſt and rubbiſh at the bottom of a tower, in the monaſtery of St. Gall! "I have the pleaſure of informing you," he ſays, "that from this diſcovery of yours we have already derived more advantages than you are aware of; for by your exertions we are at length in poſſeſſion of a perfect copy of Quintilian. I have inſpected the title of the books; we have now the entire treatiſe, of which before we had only one half, and that in a very mutilated ſtate. Oh, what a valuable acquiſition! what an unexpected pleaſure! Shall I then behold Quintilian whole and entire, who, even in his imperfect ſtate, was ſo rich a ſource of delight. I entreat you, my dear Poggio, ſend me the manuſcript as ſoon as poſſible, that I may ſee it before I die."

See Shepherd's Life of Poggio, page 105.

Nothing can ſhew more clearly the enthuſiaſm with which the buried treaſures of claſſical authors were received, when they were brought to light, at this period; and Warton juſtly obſerves, that the hiſtory of the manner in which antient MSS. were found, would be an entertaining work.

VER. 675. *Thee, bold Longinus!*] This abrupt addreſs to Longinus is more ſpirited and ſtriking, and more ſuitable to the character of the perſon addreſſed, than if he had coldly ſpoken of him in the third perſon, as it ſtood in the firſt edition. The taſte and ſenſibility of Longinus were exquiſite; but his obſervations are too general, and his method too looſe. The preciſion of the true philoſophical critic is loſt in the declamation of the florid rhetorician. Inſtead of ſhewing for what reaſon a ſentiment or image is ſublime, and diſcovering the ſecret power by which they affect a reader with pleaſure, he is ever intent on producing ſomething ſublime himſelf, and ſtrokes of his own eloquence. Inſtead

of

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An ardent Judge, who, zealous in his truſt,
With warmth gives ſentence, yet is always juſt:
Whoſe own example ſtrengthens all his laws;
And is himſelf that great Sublime he draws.

Thus long ſucceeding Critics juſtly reign'd,
Licence repreſs'd, and uſeful laws ordain'd.
Learning and Rome alike in empire grew;
And arts ſtill follow'd where her eagles flew;
From the ſame Foes, at laſt, both felt their doom,
And the ſame age ſaw Learning fall and Rome.

With

COMMENTARY.

VER. 681. *Thus long ſucceeding Critics, &c.*] The *next period* in which the true Critic (he tells us) appeared, was at the revival and reſtoration of letters in the Weſt. This occaſions his giving a ſhort hiſtory [from ver. 682 to 709.] of the decline and re-eſtabliſhment of arts and ſciences in *Italy*. WARBURTON.

NOTES.

of pointing out the foundation of the grandeur of Homer's imagery, where he deſcribes the motion of Neptune, the critic is endeavouring to rival the poet, by ſaying, that "there was not room enough in the whole earth to take ſuch another ſtep." He ſhould have ſhewn why the ſpeech of Phäeton to his ſon, in a fragment of Euripides, was ſo lively and pictureſque; inſtead of which, he ardently exclaims, "Would not you ſay, that the ſoul of the writer aſcended the chariot with the driver, and was whirled along in the ſame flight and danger with the rapid horſes?" I have frequently wondered, that Longinus, who mentions Tully, ſhould have taken no notice of Virgil or Horace. I ſuppoſe he thought them only ſervile copiers of the Greeks. Neither Herodotus nor Thucydides ever once mention the Romans. WARTON.

VER. 680. *And is himſelf that great Sublime he draws.*] It is remarked in Smith's Tranſlation, that the Prince of Conde, when he heard a fine paſſage repeated from the ſeventh ſection of Longinus's Treatiſe on the Sublime, exclaimed, "Voila le ſublime! voila ſon veritable caractere!"

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With Tyranny, then Superſtition join'd,
As that the body, this enſlav'd the mind;
Much was believ'd, but little underſtood,
And to be dull was conſtru'd to be good;
A ſecond deluge Learning thus o'er-run,
And the Monks finiſh'd what the Goths begun.

At

VARIATIONS.

Between ver. 690 and 691, the author omitted theſe two:

Vain Wits and Critics were no more allow'd,
When none but Saints had licence to be proud. POPE.

NOTES.

VER. 686. *ſaw Learning*] There was a gradual declination of the light of literature and the arts, except what might be called occaſional coruſcations of ſuperior brilliancy from the genius of Tacitus, Juvenal, &c. from the time of Auguſtus, to the tenth century, which ſeemed to envelope all Europe in the darkneſs of ignorance and barbariſm. The baptiſm of bells, the inſtitution of the Roſary, and various other abſurd ſuperſtitions, were introduced at this time. Gilbert, otherwiſe known by the denomination of Sylveſter the Second, firſt endeavoured, according to Maclaine, to revive the drooping ſciences; in the following century, the effects of his zeal appeared. In the twelfth century, the MS. of the famous Pandect of Juſtinian was found in the ruins of Amalphi, or Melfi, when that city was taken by Lotharius the Second, in 1137; it was preſented to the city of Piſa, by the conqueror. This famous work moſt eſſentially contributed (but it ſurely was not the *ſole cauſe*, as Dr. Warton ſeems to think) "to awaken and enlarge the minds of men, by laying before them an art which would give ſtability and ſecurity to all the other arts that ſupport and embelliſh Life."

VER. 692. *what the Goths begun.*] Leontius Pilatus was the perſon that reſtored Greek learning in Italy; Gregoris Tiphernas in France; William Grocyn of New College, Oxford, in England. The nine Grecians that came firſt from Conſtantinople into the Weſt, were Beſſarion, Chryſoloras, Demet. Calchondylas, Gaza, J. Argyropulus, G. Trapezuntius, Mar. Muſurus, M. Marullus, J. Laſcaris. WARTON.

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At length Eraſmus, that great injur'd name,
(The glory of the Prieſthood, and the ſhame!)
Stem'd

NOTES.

VER. 693. *At length Eraſmus, &c.*] Nothing can be more artful than the application of this example: or more happy than the turn of the compliment. To throw glory quite round the character of this admirable Perſon, he makes it to be (as in fact it really was) by his aſſiſtance chiefly, that Leo was enabled to reſtore letters and the fine arts in his Pontificate. WARBURTON.

This is not exactly true; others had a ſhare in this great and important work.

"I have been aſked, whether I would decide the queſtion, What was the religion of Eraſmus? In one reſpect, I account myſelf qualified for the undertaking; for I am unprejudiced, and have nothing to bias me. But I think it beſt to leave the reader to judge for himſelf, and to make his inferences from the premiſes. Therefore I ſhall only obſerve, that Eraſmus, if he had had an abſolute power to eſtabliſh a form of religion in any country, would have been a moderate man, and a Latitudinarian, as to the credenda. He would have propoſed few articles of faith, and thoſe with a primitive ſimplicity." This is the candid opinion of Dr. Jortin, in his Life of Eraſmus, p. 609.

"I am afraid (ſaid Eraſmus) in one of his epiſtles, that not having the firmneſs and ſpirit of Luther, I ſhould have behaved like St. Peter in the ſame circumſtances." WARTON.

It is known that Pope gave great offence to the Catholics, by this liberal and handſome praiſe of Eraſmus.

VER. 694. (*The glory of the Prieſthood, and the ſhame!*)] Our author elſewhere lets us know what he eſteems to be the glory of the Prieſthood as well as of a chriſtian in general, where, comparing himſelf to Eraſmus, he ſays,

"In Moderation placing all my glory,"

and conſequently what he regards as the ſhame of it. The whole of this character belonged eminently and almoſt ſolely to Eraſmus: For the other Reformers, ſuch as Luther, Calvin, and their followers, underſtood ſo little in what true chriſtian liberty conſiſted, that they carried with them, into the reformed churches, that very ſpirit of perſecution, which had driven them from the church of Rome. WARBURTON.

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Stem'd the wild torrent of a barb'rous age,
And drove thoſe holy Vandals off the ſtage.
But ſee! each Muſe, in LEO's golden days,
Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd bays,
Rome's

COMMENTARY.

VER. 697. *But ſee! each Muſe, in* LEO's *golden days,*] This preſents us with the *ſecond period* in which the *true Critic* appeared; of whom he has given us a complete idea in the ſingle example of Marcus Hieronymus Vida. WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 696. *And drove thoſe holy Vandals off the ſtage.*] In this attack on the eſtabliſhed ignorance of the times, Eraſmus ſucceeded ſo well, as to bring good letters into faſhion: to which he gave new ſplendor, by preparing for the preſs correct editions of many of the beſt ancient writers, both eccleſiaſtical and prophane. But having laughed and ſhamed his age out of one folly, he had the mortification of ſeeing it run headlong into another. The Virtuoſi of Italy, in a ſuperſtitious dread of that monkiſh barbarity which he had ſo ſeverely handled, would uſe no term, (for now almoſt every man was become a Latin writer,) not even when they treated of the higheſt myſteries of religion, which had not been conſecrated in the Capitol, and diſpenſed unto them from the ſacred hand of Cicero. Eraſmus obſerved the growth of this claſſical folly with the greater concern, as he diſcovered under all their attention to the language of old Rome, a certain fondneſs for its religion, in a growing impiety which diſpoſed them to think irreverently of the Chriſtian Faith. And he no ſooner diſcovered it than he ſet upon reforming it; which he did ſo effectually in the Dialogue, entitled Ciceronianus, that he brought the age back to that juſt temper, which he had been, all his life, endeavouring to mark out to it: Purity, but not pedantry, in Letters; and zeal, but not bigotry, in Religion. In a word, by employing his great talents of genius and literature on ſubjects of general importance; and by oppoſing the extremes of all parties in their turns; he completed the real character of a true Critic and an honeſt Man. WARBURTON.

VER. 697. *But ſee! each Muſe, in* LEO's *golden days,*] Hiſtory has recorded five ages of the world, in which the human mind has

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Rome's ancient Genius, o'er its ruins ſpread, 699
Shakes off the duſt, and rears his rev'rend head.

Then

NOTES.

has exerted itſelf in an extraordinary manner; and in which its productions in literature and the fine arts have arrived at a perfection, not equalled in other periods.

The Firſt, is the age of Philip and Alexander; about which time flouriſhed Socrates, Plato, Demoſthenes, Ariſtotle, Lyſippus, Apelles, Phidias, Praxiteles, Thucydides, Xenophon, Æſchylus, Euripides, Sophocles, Ariſtophanes, Menander, Philemon. The Second age, which ſeems not to have been taken ſufficient notice of, was that of Ptolomy Philadelphus, king of Egypt, in which appeared Lycophron, Aratus, Nicander, Apollonius Rhodius, Theocritus, Callimachus, Eratoſthenes, Philichus, Eraſiſtratus the phyſician, Timæus the hiſtorian, Cleanthes, Diogenes the painter, and Soſtrates the architect. This prince, from his love of learning, commanded the Old Teſtament to be tranſlated into Greek. The Third age is that of Julius Cæſar, and Auguſtus; marked with the illuſtrious names of Laberius, Catullus, Lucretius, Cicero, Livy, Varro, Virgil, Horace, Propertius, Tibullus, Ovid, Phædrus, Vitruvius, Dioſcorides. The Fourth age was that of Julius II, and Leo X, which produced Arioſto, Taſſo, Fracaſtorius, Sannazarius, Vida, Bembo, Sadolet, Machiavel, Guiccardin, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Titian. The Fifth age is that of Louis XIV, in France, and of King William and Queen Anne, in England; in which, or thereabouts, are to be found, Corneille, Moliere, Racine, Boileau, La Fontaine, Boſſuet, La Rochefoucault, Paſchal, Bourdaloue, Patru, Malbranche, De Retz, La Bruyere, St. Real, Fenelon, Lully, Le Sæur, Pouſſin, Le Brun, Puget, Theodon, Gerradon, Edelinck, Nanteuill, Perrault the architect, Dryden, Tillotſon, Temple, Pope, Addiſon, Garth, Congreve, Rowe, Prior, Lee, Swift, Bolingbroke, Atterbury, Boyle, Locke, Newton, Clarke, Kneller, Thornhill, Jervas, Purcell, Mead, Friend.*

Leo

* I fear Dr. Warton has been a little fanciful in his enumeration of the conſtellations of genius that ſhone out in particular periods of the world. He has admitted many names of characters, ſuch as may be found in almoſt every age, and omitted ſome

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Then Sculpture and her ſiſter-arts revive;
Stones leap'd to form, and rocks began to live;
With ſweeter notes each riſing Temple rung;
A Raphael painted, and a Vida ſung.

Immortal

NOTES.

Leo the Tenth little imagined, that by promoting the revival of ancient literature, and by the diſcovery and diffuſion of that manly and liberal knowledge which it contained, and which opened and enlarged the bigoted minds of men, into boldneſs of thought, and freedom of inquiry on all important ſubjects, he was gradually undermining the abſurdity and the tyranny of the Romiſh church, and emancipating its wretched devotees from ignorance and ſuperſtition. In vain, under ſuch circumſtances, was the Complutenſian edition of the bible given. Cardinal Pole, it is ſaid, with great ſhrewdneſs, warned Leo of the conſequences of thus enlightening Europe.

In Bayle may be ſeen, the pains he took, and the expences he incurred, by purchaſing curious manuſcripts from every country where they could be found; and his liberalities to men of genius need not be enlarged upon. One cannot but lament that the charming Arioſto, who was once ſo favoured and careſſed by him, was afterwards neglected and forgotten by this Pope, and denied a preferment which he had promiſed him, which occaſioned the ſeverity with which he treated Leo in his Fifth Satire. It is remarkable, that in the bull which this Pope gave to Arioſto, on the printing his Orlando, he ſpeaks of it as a kind of burleſque poem; as deſcribing, Equitum errantium Itinera, ludicro more, longo tamen ſtudio, &c. WARTON.

VER. 699. *o'er its ruins ſpread,*] In the ninth century, it was ſaid, there were more ſtatues than inhabitants, at Rome.

VER. 703. *With ſweeter notes*] I have the beſt authority, that of the learned, accurate, and ingenious Dr. Burney, for obſerving, that, in the age of Leo the Tenth, muſic did not keep pace with

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that ſingly caſt a ſplendor round them ſuperior to that of the *collected gallaxy* (at leaſt, of the Engliſh and French periods) which he has brought together, with the exceptions of Newton, Locke, Boyle, &c. Let us remember ſuch names as Spenſer, Sir Walter Ralegh, Shakeſpear, &c.

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Immortal Vida: on whoſe honour'd brow
The Poet's bays and Critic's ivy grow:
Cremona now ſhall ever boaſt thy name,
As next in place to Mantua, next in fame!

But

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with poetry in advancing towards perfection. Conſtantio Feſta was the beſt Italian compoſer during the time of Leo, and Pietro Aron the beſt theoriſt. Paleſtrina was not born till eight years after the death of Leo. See Hiſtory of Muſic, Vol. II. p. 336. In the year 1521, Luther wrote a ſerious and preſſing letter to Leo, exhorting him to retire from the ſplendor and vanity of the court, to ſome religious ſolitude, after the example of St. Bernard. We may eaſily imagine how much our polite ſucceſſor of St. Peter was diverted with this remonſtrance of Luther. Leo did not receive the ſacrament before he died; on which, Sannazarius wrote this diſtich:

"Sacra ſub extremâ ſi forte requiritis horâ,
Cur Leo non potuit ſumere? vendidérat." WARTON.

VER. 703. *With ſweeter notes, &c.*] Whether muſic kept exact pace with other arts, or not, in the time of Leo the Tenth, the idea may be poetically admitted, and Pope has touched it with great propriety, and beauty.

VER. 705. *Immortal Vida:*] But Vida was by no means the moſt celebrated poet that adorned the age of Leo the Tenth; and muſic received not ſo many improvements, as the other fine arts, at that period. When Vida was advanced to a biſhopric, he went to pay a viſit to his aged parents, who were in very low circumſtances; but unhappily found they were juſt deceaſed. An action more meritorious than writing his Poetics.

The merits of Vida ſeem not to have been particularly attended to in England, till Pope had beſtowed this commendation upon him; although the Poetics had been correctly publiſhed at Oxford, by Baſil Kennet, ſome time before. The Silk-worms of Vida are written with claſſical purity, and with a juſt mixture of the

IMITATIONS.

VER. 708. *As next in place to Mantua,*] Alluding to
"Mantua væ miſeræ nimium vicina Cremonæ." VIRG.
This application is made in Kennet's edition of Vida.
WARTON.

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But soon by impious arms from Latium chas'd,
Their ancient bounds the baniſh'd Muſes paſs'd. 710
Thence

COMMENTARY.

VER. 709. *But ſoon by* impious arms, *&c.*] This brings us to the *third period*, after learning had travelled ſtill farther Weſt; when the arms of the Emperor, in the ſack of Rome by the duke of Bourbon, had driven it out of Italy, and forced it to paſs the *Mountains*.—The examples he gives in this period, are of Boileau in France, and of the Lord Roſcommon and the Duke of Buckingham in England: And theſe were all Poets, as well as Critics in verſe. It is true, the laſt inſtance is of one who was no eminent poet, the late Mr. *Walſh*. This ſmall deviation might be well overlooked, were it only for its being a pious office to the memory of his friend: But it may be further juſtified, as it was an homage paid in particular to the MORALS of the Critic, nothing being more amiable than the character here drawn of this excellent perſon. He being our Author's Judge and Cenſor as well as Friend, it gives him a graceful opportunity to add himſelf to the number of the later Critics; and with a character of his own genius and temper, ſuſtained by that modeſty and dignity which it is ſo difficult to make conſiſtent, this performance concludes.

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the ſtyles of Lucretius and Virgil. It was a happy choice to write a poem on Cheſs; nor is the execution leſs happy. The various ſtratagems and manifold intricacies of this ingenious game, ſo difficult to be deſcribed in Latin, are here expreſſed with the greateſt perſpicuity and elegance. Amidſt many proſaic flatneſſes there are many fine ſtrokes in the Chriſtiad; particularly his angels, with reſpect to their perſons and inſignia, are drawn with that dignity which we ſo much admire in Milton; who ſeems to have had his eye on thoſe paſſages.

Gravina (Della Ragion. Poet. p. 127.) applauds Vida, for having found out a method to introduce the whole hiſtory of our Saviour's life, by putting it into the mouth of St. Joſeph and St. John, who relate it to Pilate. But ſurely this ſpeech, conſiſting of as many lines as that of Dido to Æneas, was too long to be made

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Thence Arts o'er all the northern world advance,
But Critic-learning flouriſh'd moſt in France;

The

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made on ſuch an occaſion, when Chriſt was brought before the tribunal of Pilate, to be judged and condemned to death. The Poetics are, perhaps, the moſt perfect of his compoſitions*; they are excellently tranſlated by Pitt. Vida had formed himſelf upon Virgil, who is therefore his hero; he has too much depreciated Homer, and alſo Dante. Although his precepts principally regard epic poetry, yet many of them are applicable to every ſpecies of compoſition. This poem has the praiſe of being one of the * firſt, if not the very firſt, pieces of criticiſm, that appeared in Italy ſince the revival of learning; for it was finiſhed, as is evident from a ſhort advertiſement prefixed to it, in the year 1520. It is remarkable, that moſt of the great poets, about this time, wrote an Art of Poetry. Triſſino, a name reſpected for giving to Europe the firſt regular epic poem, and for firſt daring to throw off the bondage of rhyme, publiſhed at Vicenza, in the year 1529, Della Poetica, diviſioni quattro, ſeveral years before his Italia Liberata. We have of Fracaſtorius, Naugerius, ſive de arte poeticâ dialogus, Venetiis, 1555. Minturnus, De Poeta, libri ſex, appeared at Venice 1559. Bernardo Taſſo, the father of Torquato, and author of an epic poem, entitled, L'Amadigi, wrote Raggionamento della Poeſia, printed at Venice, 1562. And to pay the higheſt honour to criticiſm, the great Torquato Taſſo himſelf wrote Diſcorſi del poema Eroico, printed at Venice, 1587. Theſe diſcourſes are full of learning and taſte. But I muſt not omit a curious anecdote, which Menage has given us in his Anti-Baillet; namely, that Sperone claimed theſe diſcourſes as his own; for he thus ſpeaks of them, in one of his Letters to Felice Paciotto; "Laudo voi infinitamente di voler ſcrivere della poetica; della quale interrogato molto fiate dal Taſſo, e riſpondendogli io libramente, ſi come ſoglio, egli n'a fatto un volume, e mandato al Signior Scipio Gonzago per coſa ſua, e non mea: ma io ne chiarirò il mondo."

Hence

* Victorius's Latin tranſlation of Ariſtotle's Poetics was publiſhed at Florence, 1560. Caſtelvetro's Italian one at Vienna, 1570.

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The rules a nation, born to ſerve, obeys;
And Boileau ſtill in right of Horace ſways.
But we, brave Britons, foreign laws deſpis'd,
And kept unconquer'd, and unciviliz'd;

Fierce

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Hence it appears, that our author was miſtaken in ſaying, line 712, that "Critic-learning flouriſhed moſt in France." For theſe critical works here mentioned, by ſo many capital writers in Italy, far exceed any which the French, at that period of time, had produced. "'Tis hard (ſaid Akenſide) to conceive by what means the French acquired this character of ſuperior correctneſs. We have claſſic authors in Engliſh, older than in any modern language, except the Italian; and Spenſer and Sidney wrote with the trueſt taſte, when the French had not one great poet they can bear to read. Milton and Chapelain were contemporaries; the Pucelle and Paradiſe Loſt were in hand, perhaps frequently, at the ſelf ſame hour. One of them was executed in ſuch a manner, that an Athenian of Menander's age would have turned his eyes from the Minerva of Phidias, or the Venus of Apelles, to obtain more perfect conceptions of beauty from the Engliſh Poet; the other, though foſtered by the French court for twenty years with the utmoſt indulgence, does honour to the Leonine, and the Runic poetry. It was too great an attention to French criticiſm, that hindered our poets, in Charles the Second's time, from comprehending the genius, and acknowledging the Authority of Milton; elſe, without looking abroad, they might have acquired a manner more correct and perfect, than French authors could or can teach them. In ſhort, unleſs correctneſs ſignify a freedom from little faults, without enquiring after the moſt eſſential beauties, it ſcarce appears on what foundation the French claim to that character is eſtabliſhed." WARTON.

VER. 714. *And Boi'eau ſtill in right of Horace ſways.*] May I be pardoned for declaring it as my opinion, that Boileau's is the beſt Art of Poetry * extant. The brevity of his precepts, enlivened by proper imagery, the juſtneſs of his metaphors, the harmony of his numbers, as far as Alexandrine lines will admit, the exactneſs of

* It was tranſlated into Portugueſe verſe by Count d'Ericeyra.

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Fierce for the liberties of wit, and bold,
We ſtill defy'd the Romans, as of old.
Yet ſome there were, among the ſounder few
Of thoſe who leſs preſum'd, and better knew,
Who durſt aſſert the juſter ancient cauſe,
And here reſtor'd Wit's fundamental laws.
Such was the Muſe, whoſe rules and practice tell,
"Nature's chief Maſter-piece is writing well."

Such

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of his method, the perſpicacity of his remarks, and the energy of his ſtyle, all duly conſidered, may render this opinion not unreaſonable. It is ſcarcely to be conceived, how much is comprehended in four ſhort cantos. He that has well digeſted theſe, cannot be ſaid to be ignorant of any important rule of poetry. The tale of the Phyſician turning Architect, in the fourth canto, is told with true pleaſantry. It is to this work Boileau owes his immortality; which was of the higheſt utility to this nation, in diffuſing a juſt way of thinking and writing; baniſhing every ſpecies of falſe wit, and introducing a general taſte for the manly ſimplicity of the ancients, on whoſe writings this poet had formed his taſte. WARTON.

VER. 723. *Such was the Muſe,*] *Eſſay on Poetry* by the Duke of Buckingham. Our Poet is not the only one of his time who complimented this *Eſſay*, and its noble Author. Mr. Dryden had done it very largely in the Dedication to his tranſlation of the Æneid; and Dr. Garth in the firſt Edition of his Diſpenſary ſays,

"The Tyber now no courtly Gallus ſees,
"But ſmiling Thames enjoys his Normanbys;"

though afterwards omitted, when parties were carried ſo high in the reign of Queen Anne, as to allow no commendation to an oppoſite in Politics. The Duke was all his life a ſteady adherent to the Church of England Party, yet an enemy to the extravagant Meaſures of the Court in the reign of Charles II. On which account, after having ſtrongly patronized Mr. Dryden, a coolneſs ſucceeded between them on that Poet's abſolute attachment to the Court, which carried him ſome length beyond what the Duke could approve of. This nobleman's true character had been very well marked by Mr. Dryden before:

"The

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Such was Roſcommon, not more learn'd than good,
With manners gen'rous as his noble blood;
To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,
And ev'ry author's merit, but his own.

Such

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" The Muſe's friend,
" Himſelf a Muſe. In Sanadrin's debate
" True to his prince, but not a ſlave of ſtate."

Abſ. and Achit.

Our Author was more happy; he was honoured very young with his friendſhip, and it continued till his death in all the circumſtances of a familiar eſteem. POPE.

VER. 723. *Such was the Muſe, whoſe rules and practice tell,*
" Nature's chief Maſter-piece is writing well."]

This high panegyric, which was not in the firſt edition, procured to Pope the acquaintance, and afterwards the conſtant friendſhip, of the Duke of Buckingham; who, in his eſſay here alluded to, has followed the method of Boileau, in diſcourſing on the various ſpecies of poetry in their different gradations, to no other purpoſe than to manifeſt his own inferiority. WARTON.

VER. 725. *Such was Roſcommon,*] An Eſſay on Tranſlated Verſe ſeems, at firſt ſight, to be a barren ſubject; yet Roſcommon has decorated it with many precepts of utility and taſte, and enlivened it with a tale in imitation of Boileau. It is indiſputably better written, in a cloſer and more vigorous ſtyle, than the laſt-mentioned eſſay. Roſcommon was more learned than Buckingham. He was bred under Bochart, at Caen in Normandy. He had laid a deſign of forming a ſociety for the refining, and fixing the ſtandard of, our language; in which project, his intimate friend Dryden was a principal aſſiſtant.

It may be remarked, to the praiſe of Roſcommon, that he was the firſt critic who had taſte and ſpirit publicly to praiſe the Paradiſe Loſt; with a noble encomium of which, and a rational recommendation of blank verſe, he concludes his performance, though this paſſage was not in the firſt edition. Fenton, in his Obſervations on Waller, has accurately delineated his character. " His imagination might have, probably, been more fruitful, and ſprightly, if his judgment had been leſs ſevere; but that ſeverity, delivered in a maſculine, clear, ſuccinct ſtyle, contributed to make him

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Such late was Walſh—the Muſe's judge and friend,
Who juſtly knew to blame or to commend;
To failings mild, but zealous for deſert;
The cleareſt head, and the ſincereſt heart.
This humble praiſe, lamented ſhade! receive,
This praiſe at leaſt a grateful Muſe may give:
The Muſe, whoſe early voice you taught to ſing,
Preſcrib'd her heights, and prun'd her tender wing,
(Her

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him ſo eminent in the didactical manner, that no man, with juſtice, can affirm, he was ever equalled by any of our own nation, without confeſſing, at the ſame time, that he is inferior to none. In ſome other kinds of writing, his genius ſeems to have wanted fire to attain the point of perfection; but who can attain it?" Edit. 12mo. p. 136. WARTON.

VER. 729.] Several lines were here added to the firſt edition, concerning Walſh. WARTON.

VER. 729. *Such late was Walſh—the Muſe's judge and friend,*] If Pope has here given too magnificent an eulogy to Walſh, it muſt be attributed to friendſhip, rather than to judgment. Walſh was, in general, a flimſy and frigid writer. The Rambler calls his works, pages of inanity. His three letters to Pope, however, are well written. His remarks on the nature of paſtoral poetry, on borrowing from the ancients, and againſt florid conceits, are worthy peruſal. Pope owed much to Walſh; it was he who gave him a very important piece of advice, in his early youth; for he uſed to tell our author, that there was one way ſtill left open for him, by which he might excel any of his predeceſſors, which was, by correctneſs: that though, indeed, we had ſeveral great poets, we as yet could boaſt of none that were perfectly correct; and that therefore he adviſed him to make this quality his particular ſtudy.

Correctneſs is a vague term, frequently uſed without meaning and preciſion. It is perpetually the nauſeous cant of the French critics, and of their advocates and pupils, that the Engliſh writers are generally incorrect. If correctneſs implies an abſence of petty

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(Her guide now loſt) no more attempts to riſe,
But in low numbers ſhort excurſions tries:
Content, if hence th' unlearn'd their wants may view,
The learn'd reflect on what before they knew:
Careleſs of cenſure, nor too fond of fame;
Still pleas'd to praiſe, yet not afraid to blame;
Averſe

NOTES.

petty faults, this perhaps may be granted. If it means, that, becauſe their tragedians have avoided the irregularities of Shakeſpear, and have obſerved a juſter œconomy in their fables, therefore the Athalia, for inſtance, is preferable to Lear, the notion is groundleſs and abſurd. Though the Henriade ſhould be allowed to be free from any very groſs abſurdities, yet who will dare to rank it with the Paradiſe Loſt? Some of their moſt perfect tragedies abound in faults as contrary to the nature of that ſpecies of poetry, and as deſtructive to its end, as the fools or grave-diggers of Shakeſpear. That the French may boaſt ſome excellent critics, particularly Boſſu, Boileau, Fenelon, and Brumoy, cannot be denied; but that theſe are ſufficient to form a taſte upon, without having recourſe to the genuine fountains of all polite literature, I mean the Grecian writers, no one but a ſuperficial reader can allow. WARTON.

VER. 741. *Careleſs of cenſure,*] Theſe concluding lines bear a great reſemblance to Boileau's concluſion of his Art of Poetry, but are perhaps ſuperior.

"Cenſeur un peu facheux, mais ſouvent neceſſaire;
Plus enclin à blâmer, que ſçavant à bien faire."

Our author has not, in this piece, followed the examples of the ancients, in addreſſing their didactic poems to ſome particular perſon; as Heſiod to Perſes; Lucretius to Memmius; Virgil to Mecænas; Horace to the Piſos; Ovid, his Faſti, to Germanicus; Oppian to Caracalla. In later times, Fracaſtorius addreſſed P. Bembo; Vida, the Dauphin of France. But neither Boileau in his Art, nor Roſcommon nor Buckingham in their Eſſays, * nor Akenſide nor Armſtrong, have followed this practice. WARTON.

* Akenſide's laſt copy of the Pleaſures of Imagination, is addreſſed to his friend Dyſon, and he mentions the circumſtance of their early friendſhip, in a moſt intereſting manner, and with uncommon ſweetneſs of verſe.

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Averſe alike to flatter, or offend;
Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.

I CONCLUDE theſe remarks with a remarkable fact. In no poliſhed nation, after criticiſm has been much ſtudied, and the rules of writing eſtabliſhed, has any very extraordinary work appeared. This has viſibly been the caſe in Greece, in Rome, and in France; after Ariſtotle, Horace, and Boileau, had written their Arts of Poetry. In our own country the rules of the drama, for inſtance, were never more completely underſtood than at preſent; yet what unintereſting, though faultleſs, tragedies have we lately ſeen? So much better is our judgment than our execution. How to account for the fact here mentioned, adequately and juſtly, would be attended with all thoſe difficulties that await diſcuſſions relative to the productions of the human mind; and to the delicate and ſecret cauſes that influence them. Whether or no, the natural powers be not confined and debilitated by that timidity and caution which is occaſioned by a rigid regard to the dictates of art? or whether that philoſophical, that geometrical, and ſyſtematical ſpirit ſo much in vogue, which has ſpread itſelf from the ſciences even into polite literature, by conſulting only reaſon, has not diminiſhed and deſtroyed ſentiment; and made our poets write from and to the head, rather than the heart? or whether, laſtly, when juſt models, from which the rules have neceſſarily been drawn, have once appeared, ſucceeding writers, by vainly and ambitiouſly ſtriving to ſurpaſs thoſe juſt models, and to ſhine and ſurpriſe, do not become ſtiff, and forced and affected, in their thoughts and diction?

It is not improper to obſerve what great improvements the Art of Criticiſm has received ſince this Eſſay was written. For without recurring to pieces of earlier date, and nearer the time in which it was written; namely, the eſſays in the Spectator and Guardian; Shafteſbury's Advice to an Author; Spence on the Odyſſey; Fenton on Waller; Blackwell's Enquiry into the Life and Writings of Homer: even of late years, we have had the Treatiſes of Harris; Hurd's Remarks on Horace; Obſervations on the Fairy Queen; Wa[illegible]on Poetry and Muſic; Brown's Diſſertation on the ſame; th[illegible] Diſſertations of Beattie; the Elements of Criticiſm, of Kaims; the Lectures of Blair; the Editions of

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Milton, by Newton and Warton; and of Shakeſpear and Spenſer, by Malone, Steevens, and Upton: the Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry; the critical papers of the Rambler, Adventurer, World, and Connoiſſeur; and The Lives of the Poets, by Johnſon; the Biographia Britannica; and the Poetics of Ariſtotle, tranſlated, and accompanied with judicious notes, by Twining and Pye; and the tranſlation, with notes, of Horace's Art of Poetry, by Hurd and Colman; and the Epiſtles of Hayley. WARTON.

Dr. Warton's obſervation that few poetical pieces of high merit have appeared, after criticiſm has been ſtudied, and the rules of writing eſtabliſhed, is undoubtedly juſt; but there is nothing very extraordinary in the circumſtance. As the wildeſt countries are by nature more *picturesque*, the rude banks, the aged foreſts, and *unſubdued* ſcenery of the Miſſiſippi, more romantic, than the courſe of the *Thames* through its domain of elegant cultivation; ſo in Poetry, thoſe ages that are comparatively rude and ſimple, in which the language is figurative, the traditions wild, the caſt of manners original, or tinctured with ideas of ſuperſtition, chivalry, and romance, are moſt favourable to works of fancy. When we conſider the works of genius which imply great art and deſign in the ſtructure, ſuch as Epic Poems and Tragedies, we ſhall find in general that the time moſt favourable to their production, is when civilization has advanced beyond the limits of ſimplicity and rudeneſs, but ſtill is marked with energy, originality, and native vigour. This period is peculiarly friendly to works of high yet cultivated imagination. Criticiſm implies an age of reaſon and refinement, when Imagination is ſubdued to Truth. This is as it ſhould be, for Poetry is certainly *ſecondary* to Truth, and we cannot have from the ſame tree, at the ſame time, bloſſoms and fruits. It often however happens, that an age becomes *too refined* either for *Poetry* or *Truth*, and we know *extravagant Philoſophy* is much more dangerous than romantic Poetry; it is for this reaſon that the mind often flies from vain and viſionary ſyſtems of licentious philoſophy, to repoſe upon the ideas of virtue, the dignified conſolations, the enchanting pictures, or the pathetic incidents which the Muſe preſents. Let me here be indulged in ſaying a word, concerning my predeceſſor in this work, the late editor, Dr. Warton, my maſter and friend. No one excelled him in pure critic's taſte, and an accurate appreciation of whatever was truly poetical. To his criticiſms, and to thoſe of his brother Thomas Warton, we are indebted, in ſome reſpects, I ſincerely believe, for a juſter idea of genuine poetic excel-

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excellence; and though the preſent age be not that of romance or chivalry, it is by no means deficient in compoſitions that are fanciful, pathetic, and in ſome inſtances ſublime.

This may be owing to our attention having been more ſtrongly excited to the poetic character of Milton. His great genius has at leaſt been more fully appreciated. When he firſt wrote, not only the part he took in Politics, but the general "chidings" of the times, were unfavourable to Poetry. After the Reſtoration, the

——— "barbarous diſſonance
Of Bacchus, and his revellers,—drown'd
Both harp and voice."

When the public taſte became habituated to the elegant, but totally different, melodies of Dryden and Pope, he, of whom it might moſt truly have been ſaid, that Heaven,

Οφθαλμων μεν αμειρε, δοσε δ' αοιδων αοιδην,

was ſcarcely ever conſidered in that ſupereminent light in which he now appears. With reſpect to language, the different verſification of Dryden and Pope has been conſidered as having completed the poliſhed melody of the Engliſh couplet, while the earlier refiners of our language have been degraded, or forgotten. Johnſon, ſpeaking of Dryden's improvement of Engliſh verſification, ſays, "Lateritiam invenit, marmoream reliquit:" He found it "brick," and he left it "marble."—I have already mentioned Sandys, and I ſubjoin ſome ſpecimens of his verſe, that the reader may judge how far it may be called "Lateritiam:"

In his deſcent bow'd Heav'n with Earth did meet,
And gloomy darkneſſe roll'd beneath his feet,
A golden-winged Cherubim beſtrid,
And on the ſwiftly-flying tempeſt rid.

I follow'd, overtook, nor made retreat,
Until victorious in my foes defeat;
So charg'd with wounds that they no longer ſtood,
But at my feet lay bathed in their blood.

They cried aloud;—but found no ſuccour near;
To THEE, JEHOVAH; but thou would'ſt not hear.

The whole of his verſification of the Pſalms is equally correct and melodious.

Soon after this Eſſay was publiſhed, "Addiſon, in the Spectator, ſpeaking of it, (Dec. 20th, 1711;) ſays:

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" In our country a man ſeldom ſets up for a Poet, without attacking the reputation of all his brothers in the art, &c."

I am ſorry to find that an Author who is juſtly eſteemed among the beſt judges, has admitted ſome ſtrokes of this nature into a very fine Poem, " The Art of Criticiſm." This gave offence to Pope. The perſons whom Addiſon conſidered as deſcribed by Pope, moſt probably were Dennis, and Pope's own friend, Wycherley.

" But Appius reddens, &c."
and
" Such Bards we have, &c."

There was another circumſtance which perhaps cauſed Addiſon to ſpeak ſomewhat ſeverely; I mean, Pope's attack upon Burnet; for the line

" When unbelieving Prieſts reform'd the nation,"

I have no doubt alluded to him. Jortin imagines the ſatire of the paſſage was levelled againſt Burnet and Kennet, whom Warburton probably means, when he ſpeaks of *latitudinarian Divines!* Notwithſtanding Pope's conſtant boaſt of " Moderation," it is well known what was his *Creed*, and what were his *Politics;* and his petulant hoſtility to Dr. Burnet, a man deſervedly raiſed to his high ſtation in the church, might be eaſily accounted for.

Theſe circumſtances, I have no doubt, occaſioned Addiſon to ſpeak as he did; but it muſt be added, reſpecting Pope's general charge of Socinianiſm,

(" The following licence of a foreign reign,
Did all the dregs of bold Socinus drain,")

that it was, in William's reign, undoubtedly juſt; in conſequence of the diſpoſition of man to run from one extreme into another. An addreſs was preſented by the Houſe of Commons to the King *, Feb. 17th, 1698; " Beſeeching his majeſty to give effectual orders for ſuppreſſing all pernicious books and pamphlets, which contained impious doctrines againſt the Holy Trinity, and other fundamental articles of the Proteſtant Faith, tending to the ſubverſion of the Chriſtian Religion."

Nothing can more clearly demonſtrate the ſpeculative licentiouſneſs of the times.

* Tindal.

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THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

AN HEROI-COMICAL POEM.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCXII.

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Engraved by C. Knight from a Drawing by Gardner.

ARABELLA FERMOR,

From a Picture by Sir Peter Lely,
in the Collection of W. Fermor, Esq.r Tusmore Oxfordshire.

Published by Cadell & Davies, Strand, and the other Proprietors, May 1 1807.

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TO MRS. ARABELLA FERMOR.

MADAM,

IT will be in vain to deny that I have ſome regard for this piece, ſince I dedicate it to You. Yet you may bear me witneſs, it was intended only to divert a few young Ladies, who have good ſenſe and good humour enough to laugh not only at their ſex's little unguarded follies, but at their own. But as it was communicated with the air of a Secret, it ſoon found its way into the world. An imperfect copy having been offered to a Bookſeller, you had the good-nature for my ſake to conſent to the publication of one more correct: This I was forced to, before I had executed half my deſign, for the Machinery was entirely wanting to complete it.

The Machinery, Madam, is a term invented by the Critics, to ſignify that part which the Deities, Angels, or Demons, are made to act in a Poem: For the ancient Poets are in one reſpect like many modern Ladies; let an action be never ſo trivial in itſelf, they always make it appear of the utmoſt importance. Theſe Machines I determined to raiſe on a very new and odd foundation, the Roſicrucian doctrine of Spirits.

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I know how disagreeable it is to make use of hard words before a Lady; but 'tis so much the concern of a Poet to have his works understood, and particularly by your Sex, that you must give me leave to explain two or three difficult terms.

The Rosicrucians are a people I must bring you acquainted with. The best account I know of them is in a French book called Le Comte de Gabalis, which both in its title and size is so like a Novel, that many of the Fair Sex have read it for one by mistake. According to these Gentlemen the four Elements are inhabited by Spirits, which they call Sylphs, Gnomes, Nymphs, and Salamanders. The Gnomes or Demons of Earth delight in mischief; but the Sylphs, whose habitation is in the Air, are the best conditioned Creatures imaginable. For they say, any mortals may enjoy the most intimate familiarities with these gentle Spirits, upon a condition very easy to all true Adepts, an inviolate preservation of Chastity.

(As to the following Cantos, all the passages of them are as fabulous, as the Vision at the beginning, or the Transformation at the end; (except the loss of your Hair, which I always mention with reverence.)) The Húman persons are as fictitious as the Airy ones; and the character of Belinda, as it is now managed, resembles you in nothing but in Beauty.

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If this Poem had as many Graces as there are in your Perſon, or in your Mind, yet I could never hope it ſhould paſs through the world half ſo Uncenſured as You have done. But let its fortune be what it will, mine is happy enough, to have given me this occaſion of aſſuring you that I am, with the trueſt eſteem,

MADAM,

Your moſt obedient, humble ſervant,

A. POPE.

THIS Lady was alſo celebrated by Parnell in a poem not publiſhed by Pope, as follows, on her leaving London:

"From town fair Arabella flies:
The beaux unpowder'd grieve;
The rivers play before her eyes;
The breezes, ſoftly-breathing, riſe;
The ſpring begins to live.

Her lovers ſwore, they muſt expire:
Yet quickly find their eaſe;
For, as ſhe goes, their flames retire,
Love thrives before a nearer fire,
Eſteem by diſtant rays.

Yet ſoon the fair-one will return,
When ſummer quits the plain;
Ye rivers pour the weeping urn;
Ye breezes, ſadly-ſighing, mourn;
Ye lovers, burn again.

'Tis conſtancy enough in love
That nature's fairly ſhewn:
To ſearch for more, will fruitleſs prove,
Romances and the turtle-dove,
That virtue boaſt alone."

WARTON.

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It has been ſaid *, that the Lady did not conſider herſelf much flattered by Pope. If any thing could have diſpleaſed her, it muſt have been, the preliminary Epiſtle, and not the Poem. Pope never, I think, is ſo unſucceſsful, as when he is writing to the Ladies. He talks of the impropriety of uſing *hard words* before a Lady. He muſt bring "her acquainted with the Roſicrucians," and explain what is meant by "Machinery." This is done with ſuch an air of conceited ſuperiority, and of affected condeſcenſion, that it appears to me as *pedantic*, as the *pedantry* he pretended to deſpiſe.

Yet Dr. Warton thinks this Epiſtle ſuperior to any of Voiture's. The latter part of it is certainly urbane, elegant, and unaffected.

* Johnſon's Life.

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IF the moderns have excelled the ancients in any ſpecies of writing, it ſeems to be in ſatire; and, particularly in that kind of ſatire which is conveyed in the form of the epopee, a pleaſing vehicle of ſatire, ſeldom, if ever, uſed by the ancients; for we know ſo little of the Margites of Homer, that it cannot well be produced as an example. As the poet diſappears in this way of writing, and does not deliver the intended cenſure in his own proper perſon, the ſatire becomes more delicate, becauſe more oblique. Add to this, that a tale or ſtory more ſtrongly engages and intereſts the reader, than a ſeries of precepts or reproofs, or even of characters themſelves, however lively or natural. An heroi-comic poem may therefore be juſtly eſteemed the moſt excellent kind of ſatire. The invention of it is uſually aſcribed to Aleſſandro Taſſoni; who, in the year 1622, publiſhed at Paris a poem compoſed by him, in a few months of the year 1611, entitled, La Secchia Rapita, or The Rape of the Bucket. To avoid giving offence, it was firſt printed under the name of Androvini Meliſoni. It was afterwards reprinted at Venice, corrected with the name of the author, and with ſome illuſtrations of Gaſparo Salviani. But the learned and curious Creſcimbeni, in his Iſtoria della Volgar Poeſia *, informs us, that it is doubtful whether the invention of the † heroi-comic poem ought to be aſcribed to Taſſoni, or to Franceſco Bracciolini, who wrote Lo Scherno degli Dei, which performance, though it was printed four years after La Secchia, is nevertheleſs declared, in an epiſtle prefixed, to have been written many years ſooner. The real ſubject of Taſſoni's poem was the war which the inhabitants of Modena declared againſt thoſe of Bologna, on the refuſal of the latter to reſtore to them ſome towns, which had been detained ever ſince the time of the Emperor Frederic II. The author artfully made

* Lib. i. p. 78. In Roma, per il Characas, 1698.

† E tal poeſia puo diffinirſi, e chiamarſi, immitazione d'azione ſeria fatta con riſo. Creſcimbeni, ibid. See Quadrio alſo.

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made uſe of a popular tradition, according to which it was believed, that a certain wooden bucket, which is kept at Modena, in the treaſury of the cathedral, came from Bologna, and that it had been forcibly taken away by the Modeneſe. Creſcembini adds, that becauſe Taſſoni had ſeverely ridiculed the Bologneſe, Bartolomeo Bocchini, to revenge his countrymen, printed, at Venice, 1641, a tragico-heroi-comic poem, entitled, Le Pazzie dei Savi, ovvero, Il Lambertaccio, in which the Modeneſe are ſpoken of with much contempt. The Italians have a fine turn for works of humour, in which they abound. They have another poem of this ſpecies, called Malmantile Racquiſtato, written by Lorenzo Lippi, in the year 1676, which Creſcembini highly commends, calling it, "Spiritoſiſſimo e leggiadriſſimo poema giocoſo." It was afterwards reprinted at Florence, 1688, with the uſeful annotations of Puccio Lamoni, a Florentine painter, who was himſelf no contemptible poet. To theſe muſt be added, the lively and amuſing poem called Ricciardetto. In the Adventurer, No. 133, I formerly endeavoured to ſhew the ſuperiority of the moderns over the ancients, in all the ſpecies of ridicule, and to point out ſome of the reaſons for this ſuppoſed ſuperiority. It is a ſubject that deſerves a much longer diſcuſſion. Among other reaſons given, it is there ſaid, that though democracies may be the nurſes of true ſublimity, yet monarchy and courts are more productive of politeneſs. Hence the arts of civility, and the decencies of converſation, as they unite men more cloſely, and bring them together more frequently, multiply opportunities of obſerving thoſe incongruities and abſurdities of behaviour, on which ridicule is founded. The ancients had more liberty and ſerioufneſs; the moderns more luxury and laughter. In a word, our forms of government, the various conſequent ranks in ſociety, our commerce, manners, habits, riches, courts, religious controverſies, intercourſe with women, late age of the world in which we live, and new arts, have opened ſources of ridicule unavoidably unknown to the ancients.

The Rape of the Lock is the fourth *, and moſt excellent of the heroi-comic poems. The ſubject was a quarrel, occaſioned by

* Dr. Warton has forgotten to mention the *Lutrin* of Boileau, and the Diſpenſary of Garth. He means the Rape of the Lock is the moſt excellent of thoſe Poems of this ſpecies which have been moſt diſtinguiſhed; namely, La Secchia Rapita, Lutrin, Diſpenſary, Rape of the Lock.

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by a little piece of gallantry of Lord Petre, who, in a party of pleaſure, found means to cut off a favourite lock of Mrs. Arabella Fermor's hair.) On ſo ſlight a foundation has he raiſed this beautiful ſuperſtructure; like a Fairy palace in a deſart. Pope was accuſtomed to ſay, "what I wrote faſteſt always pleaſed moſt." The firſt ſketch of this exquiſite piece, which Addiſon called Merum Sal, was written in leſs than a fortnight, in two Cantos only; but it was ſo univerſally applauded, that, in the next year, our poet enriched it with the machinery of the Sylphs, and extended it to five Cantos; when it was printed, with a Letter to Mrs. Fermor, far ſuperior to any of Voiture. The inſertion of the machinery of the Sylphs in proper places, without the leaſt appearance of its being awkwardly ſtitched in, is one of the happieſt efforts of judgment and art. He took the idea of theſe inviſible beings, ſo proper to be employed in a poem of this nature, from a little French book entitled, Le Comte de Gabalis, of which is given the following account, in an entertaining writer: "The Abbé Villars, who came from Thouloufe to Paris, to make his fortune by preaching, is the author of this diverting work. The five dialogues of which it conſiſts, are the reſult of thoſe gay converſations, in which the Abbé was engaged, with a ſmall circle of men, of fine wit and humour, like himſelf. When this book firſt appeared, it was univerſally read, as innocent and amuſing. But at length its conſequences were perceived, and reckoned dangerous, at a time when this ſort of curioſities began to gain credit. Our devout preacher was denied the chair, and his book forbidden to be read. It was not clear whether the author intended to be ironical, or ſpoke all ſeriouſly. The ſecond volume, which he promiſed, would have decided the queſtion; but the unfortunate Abbé was ſoon afterwards aſſaſſinated by ruffians, on the road to Lyons. The laughers gave out, that the Gnomes and Sylphs, diſguiſed like ruffians, had ſhot him, as a puniſhment for revealing the ſecrets of the Cabala; a crime not to be pardoned by theſe jealous ſpirits, as Villars himſelf has declared in his book."

The motto to the ſecond edition, when it was enlarged into five cantos, printed in octavo for Lintot, 1714, was from Ovid; as was that to the firſt:

——— "a tonſo eſt hoc nomen adepta capillo."

Both mottos ſeem to be happily choſen. No writer has equalled Addiſon in the happy and dextrous application of paſſages from

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the claſſics for his mottos. Such as that prefixed to the fine paper on the Hoop-petticoat, No. 116 of the Tatler;

" Pars minima eſt ipſa puella ſibi."

To the account of the Spectator's Club, No. 2.

——— " aſt alii ſex
Et plures uno conclamant ore." ———

To No. 8, On Maſquerades;

" At Venus obſcuro gradientes aëre ſepſit,
Et multo nebulæ circum Dea fudit amictu:
Cernere ne quis eos." ——— VIRG.

To No. 23, On Anonymous Satires;

" Sævit atrox Volſcens, nec teli conſpicit uſquam
Auctorem, nec quo ſe ardens immittere poſſit." VIRG.

and many others. The mottos prefixed to the papers in the Rambler and Adventurer, were not ſo happy. The attempt to tranſlate them was abſurd The one prefixed to Philips's Cyder was elegant.

——— " Honos erit huic quoque pomo?"

Atterbury ſuggeſted the interrogation point. Warburton was commended for deſpiſing common antagoniſts, and ſaying,

" Optat aprum, aut fulvum deſcendere monte leonem."

But Harrington had ſaid this, in his Oceana, of an adverſary. Mr. Walpole, to intimate his high and juſt opinion of Gray's Ode on Eton College as a firſt production, wrote on it this line of Lucan;

" Nec licuit populis parvum te Nile videre."

I dare believe the learned and amiable author did not know that Fontenelle had applied the very ſame line to Newton. A motto to Mr. Gray's few, but exquiſite, poems might be, from Lucretius, lib. 4.

" Suavidicis potius quàm multis verſibus edam,
Parvus ut eſt cycni melior canor."—— WARTON.

I know not whether theſe obſervations on various claſſical mottos are worth retaining, they may be however amuſing to ſome readers. Dr. Warton has not mentioned one, which is ſingularly happy and beautiful, applied by Addiſon to the *Fragments* of Sappho:

" O ſuavis anima, qualem te dicam bonam antehac fuiſſe, tales cum ſint reliquiæ!"

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THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

[a] Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos;
Sed juvat, hoc precibus me tribuiſſe tuis. MART.

CANTO I.

WHAT dire offence from am'rous cauſes ſprings,
What mighty conteſts riſe from trivial things,
I ſing—This verſe to CARYL, Muſe! is due:
This, ev'n Belinda may vouchſafe to view:
Slight

NOTES.

[a] It appears by this Motto, that the following Poem was written or publiſhed at the Lady's requeſt. But there are ſome further circumſtances not unworthy relating. Mr. Caryl (a Gentleman who was Secretary to Queen Mary, wife of James II. whoſe fortunes he followed into France, Author of the Comedy of Sir Solomon Single, and of ſeveral tranſlations in Dryden's Miſcellanies) originally propoſed the ſubject to him, in a view of putting an end, by this piece of ridicule, to a quarrel that was riſen between two noble Families, thoſe of Lord Petre and of Mrs Fermor, on the trifling occaſion of his having cut off a lock of her hair. The Author ſent it to the Lady, with whom he was acquainted; and ſhe took it ſo well as to give about copies of it. That firſt ſketch (we learn from one of his Letters) was written in leſs than a fortnight, in 1711, in two Cantos only, and it was ſo printed; firſt, in a Miſcellany of Bern. Lintot's, without the name of the Author. But it was received ſo well, that he made it more conſiderable the next year by the addition of the machinery of the Sylphs, and extended it to five Cantos. We ſhall give the reader the pleaſure of ſeeing in what manner theſe additions were inſerted, ſo as to ſeem not to be added, but to grow out of the Poem. See Notes, Cant. I. ver. 19, &c. POPE.

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Slight is the ſubject, but not ſo the praiſe,
If She inſpire, and He approve my lays.

Say what ſtrange motive, Goddeſs! could compel
A well-bred Lord t' aſſault a gentle Belle?
O ſay what ſtranger cauſe, yet unexplor'd,
Could make a gentle Belle reject a Lord?
In taſks ſo bold, can little men engage,
And in ſoft boſoms, dwell ſuch mighty Rage?

Sol through white curtains ſhot a tim'rous ray,
And oped thoſe eyes that muſt eclipſe the day:
Now lap-dogs give themſelves the rouſing ſhake,
And ſleepleſs lovers, juſt at twelve, awake:

Thrice

VARIATIONS.

VER. 11, 12. It was in the firſt editions,

And dwells ſuch rage in ſofteſt boſoms then,
And lodge ſuch daring Souls in little Men? POPE.

VER. 13, &c. ſtood thus in the firſt edition,

Sol through white curtains did his beams diſplay,
And ope'd thoſe eyes which brighter ſhone than they:
Shock juſt had given himſelf the rouſing ſhake,
And Nymphs prepar'd their Chocolate to take;
Thrice the wrought ſlipper knock'd againſt the ground,
And ſtriking watches the tenth hour reſound. POPE.

NOTES.

VER. 10. *Could make a gentle Belle*] "The characters introduced in this poem were Mr. Caryl, juſt before mentioned; Belinda was Mrs. Arabella Fermor; the Baron was Lord Petre, of ſmall ſtature, who ſoon after married a great heireſs, Mrs. Warmſley, and died leaving a poſthumous ſon; Thaleſtris was Mrs. Morly; Sir Plume was her brother, Sir George Brown, of Berkſhire." Copied from a MS. in a book preſented by R. Lord Burlington, to Mr William Sherwin. WARTON.

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Engraved by C Picart from a Drawing by Gardner.

SIR GEORGE BROWN.

The Sir Plume of the Rape of the Lock.

From a Picture by Sir Peter Lely,
in the Collection of W. Fermor, Esq.r Tusmore, Oxfordshire.

Published by Cadell & Davies, Strand, and the other Proprietors, May 1.1807.

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Thrice rung the bell, the ſlipper knock'd the ground,
And the preſs'd watch return'd a ſilver ſound.
Belinda ſtill her downy pillow preſt,
Her guardian SYLPH prolong'd the balmy reſt:
'Twas He had ſummon'd to her ſilent bed
The morning-dream that hover'd o'er her head,
A Youth more glitt'ring than a Birth-night Beau,
(That e'en in ſlumber caus'd her cheek to glow)
Seem'd

NOTES.

VER. 18. *ſilver ſound.*] Boileau, at an entertainment given by Segrais, was engaged to read his Lutrin; when he came to this paſſage in the firſt canto,

"Les cloches dans les airs de leur voix argentines,"

Chapelle, who was one of the company, and who, as uſual, had drank freely, ſtopt him, and objected ſtrongly to the expreſſion, *ſilver ſounds*. Boileau diſregarded his objections, and continued to read; but Chapelle again interrupting him, "You are drunk," ſaid Boileau; "I am not ſo much intoxicated with wine (returned Chapelle) as you are with your own verſes." It is a ſingular circumſtance, that Boileau was buried in the very ſpot on which the Lutrin ſtood. WARTON.

"*Silver ſound,*" is a combination often uſed by the early Engliſh Poets. Spenſer uſes it, Shakeſpear, Dryden, and our Author very frequently. Hence Shakeſpear's humourous dialogue in Romeo and Juliet:

"*Peter.* Why muſic with her *ſilver ſound?*—What ſay you, Simon Catling?

1 *Muſ.* Marry, Sir; becauſe ſilver hath a ſweet ſound.

Peter. Pretty!—What ſay you, Hugh Rebeck?—

2 *Muſ.* I ſay, *ſilver ſound*; becauſe Muſicians ſound for ſilver.

Peter. Pretty too!—What ſay you, James Sound-poſt?

3 *Muſ.* Faith, I know not what to ſay." (Act 4th.)

VER. 19. *Belinda ſtill, &c.*] All the verſes from hence to the end of this Canto were added afterwards. POPE.

VER. 20. *Her guardian* SYLPH] When Mr. Pope had projected to give The Rape of the Lock its preſent form of a mock-heroic poem, he was obliged to find it with its machinery. WARBURTON.

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Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay,
And thus in whiſpers ſaid, or ſeem'd to ſay.
Faireſt of mortals, thou diſtinguiſh'd care
Of thouſand bright Inhabitants of Air!
If e'er one Viſion touch'd thy infant thought,
Of all the Nurſe and all the Prieſt have taught;
Of airy Elves by moonlight ſhadows ſeen,
The ſilver token, and the circled green,
Or virgins viſited by Angel-pow'rs
With golden crowns and wreaths of heav'nly flow'rs;
Hear and believe! thy own importance know,
Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.

Some

NOTES.

VER. 27. *Faireſt of mortals,*] Theſe machines are vaſtly ſuperior to the allegorical perſonages of Boileau and Garth; not only on account of their novelty, but for the exquiſite poetry, and oblique ſatire, which they have given the poet an opportunity to diſplay. The buſineſs and petty concerns of a fine lady, receive an air of importance from the notion of their being perpetually overlooked and conducted by the interpoſition of celeſtial agents. The firſt time theſe beings were mentioned by any writer in our language was by Sir W. Temple, Eſſays, 4. p. 255. "I ſhould (ſays he) as ſoon fall into the ſtudy of the Roſycruſian philoſophy, and expect to meet a Nymph or a Sylph for a wife or a miſtreſs." They are alſo mentioned in a letter of Dryden to Mrs. Thomas, 1699; "Whether Sylph or Nymph I know not; theſe fine creatures, as your author Count Gabalis aſſures us, have a mind to be chriſtened, and ſince you deſire a name from me, take that of Corinna, if you pleaſe:" Sylphs are mentioned, as inviſible attendants, and as intereſted in the affairs of the ladies, in the 101ſt, 104th, and 195th, of Madame de Sevigné's celebrated Letters; as they are alſo in the ſecond chapter of Le Sage's Diable Boiteaux. M. De Sevigné ſays, remarkably enough, letter 90, "If we had a few Sylphs at our command now, one might furniſh out a ſtory to divert you with." WARTON.

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Some ſecret truths, from learned pride conceal'd,
To Maids alone and Children are reveal'd:
What tho' no credit doubting Wits may give?
The Fair and Innocent ſhall ſtill believe.
Know then, unnumber'd Spirits round thee fly,
The light Militia of the lower ſky:
Theſe, tho' unſeen, are ever on the wing,
Hang o'er the Box, and hover round the Ring.
Think what an equipage thou haſt in Air,
And view with ſcorn two Pages and a Chair.
As now your own, our beings were of old,
And once inclos'd in Woman's beauteous mould;
Thence, by a ſoft tranſition, we repair
From earthly Vehicles to theſe of air.
Think not, when Woman's tranſient breath is fled,
That all her vanities at once are dead;
Succeeding vanities ſhe ſtill regards,
And tho' ſhe plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.
Her joy in gilded Chariots, when alive,
And love of Ombre, after death ſurvive.

For

PARALLEL PASSAGES.

VER. 51. *Think not, &c.*] Epilogue to Dryden's Tyrannic Love:

"For after death we ſprites are juſt ſuch creatures."

STEVENS.

NOTES.

VER. 47. *As now your own, &c.*] The Poet here forſakes the Roſicruſian ſyſtem; which, in this part, is too extravagant even for ludicrous Poetry; and gives a beautiful fiction of his own, on the Platonic Theology, of the continuance of the paſſions in another ſtate, when the mind, before its leaving this, has not been well purged and purified by philoſophy; which furniſhes an occaſion for much uſeful ſatire. WARBURTON.

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For when the Fair in all their pride expire,
To their firſt elements their Souls retire:
The Sprites of fiery Termagants in Flame
Mount up, and take a Salamander's name.
Soft yielding minds to Water glide away,
And ſip, with Nymphs, their elemental Tea.
The graver Prude ſinks downward to a Gnome,
In ſearch of miſchief ſtill on Earth to roam.
The light Coquettes in Sylphs aloft repair,
And ſport and flutter in the fields of Air.

Know further yet; whoever fair and chaſte
Rejects mankind, is by ſome Sylph embrac'd:
For Spirits, freed from mortal laws, with eaſe
Aſſume what ſexes and what ſhapes they pleaſe.

What

NOTES.

VER. 67. *Know further yet;*] Marmontel has, on this idea, framed one of his moſt popular Tales. I muſt again and again repeat, that it is on account of the exquiſite ſkill, and humour and pleaſantry of the uſe made of the machinery of the Sylphs, that this poem has excelled all the heroi-comic poems in all languages. The Ver-vert of Greſſet, in point of delicate ſatire, is perhaps next to it, but far inferior for the want of ſuch machinery.

WARTON.

VER. 68. *Is by ſome Sylph embrac'd:*] Here again the Author reſumes the Roſicruſian ſyſtem. But this tenet, peculiar to that wild philoſophy, was founded on a principle very unfit to be employed in ſuch a ſort of poem, and therefore ſuppreſſed, though a leſs judicious writer would have been tempted to expatiate upon it.

WARBURTON.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 54, 55. "Quæ gratia currûm
Armorumque fuit vivis, quæ cura nitentes
Paſcere equos, eadem ſequitur tellure repoſtos."

VIRG. Æneid. vi. POPE.

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What guards the purity of melting Maids,
In courtly balls, and midnight maſquerades,
Safe from the treach'rous friend, the daring ſpark,
The glance by day, the whiſper in the dark,
When kind occaſion prompts their warm deſires,
When muſic ſoftens, and when dancing fires?
'Tis but their Sylph, the wiſe Celeſtials know,
Though Honour is the word with Men below.

Some nymphs there are, too conſcious of their face,
For life predeſtin'd to the Gnomes embrace.
Theſe ſwell their proſpects and exalt their pride,
When offers are diſdain'd, and love deny'd:
Then gay Ideas croud the vacant brain,
While Peers, and Dukes, and all their ſweeping train,
And Garters, Stars, and Coronets appear,
And in ſoft ſounds, YOUR GRACE ſalutes their ear.
'Tis theſe that early taint the female ſoul,
Inſtruct the eyes of young Coquettes to roll,
Teach Infant-cheeks a bidden bluſh to know,
And little hearts to flutter at a Beau.

Oft, when the world imagine women ſtray,
The Sylphs through myſtic mazes guide their way,
Through all the giddy circle they purſue,
And old impertinence expell by new.
What tender maid but muſt a victim fall
To one man's treat, but for another's ball?

When

NOTES.

VER. 78. *Though Honour is the word with Men below.*] Parody of Homer.

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When Florio ſpeaks, what virgin could withſtand,
If gentle Damon did not ſqueeze her hand?
With varying vanities, from ev'ry part,
They ſhift the moving Toyſhop of their heart;
Where wigs with wigs, with ſword-knots ſword-knots ſtrive,
Beaux baniſh beaux, and coaches coaches drive.
This erring mortals Levity may call,
Oh blind to truth! the Sylphs contrive it all.
Of theſe am I, who thy protection claim,
A watchful ſprite, and Ariel is my name.
Late, as I rang'd the cryſtal wilds of air,
In the clear mirror of thy ruling Star
I ſaw, alas! ſome dread event impend,
Ere to the main this morning ſun deſcend,
But heav'n reveals not what, or how, or where:
Warn'd by the Sylph, oh pious maid, beware!
This to diſcloſe is all thy guardian can:
Beware of all, but moſt beware of Man!

He

NOTES.

VER. 108. *In the clear mirror*] The language of the Platoniſts, the writers of the intelligible world of Spirits, &c. POPE.

VER. 113. *This to diſcloſe, &c.*] There is much pleaſantry in the conduct of this ſcene. The Roſicruſian Doctrine was delivered only to Adepts, with the utmoſt caution, and under the moſt ſolemn injunctions of ſecrecy. It is here communicated to a Woman,

IMITATIONS.

VER. 101.

"Jam clypeus clypeis, umbone repellitur umbo,
Enſe minax enſis, pede pes, et cuſpide cuſpis," &c. STAT.
WARBURTON.

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He ſaid; when Shock, who thought ſhe ſlept too long,
Leap'd up, and wak'd his miſtreſs with his tongue.
'Twas then, Belinda, if report ſay true,
Thy eyes firſt open'd on a Billet-doux;
Wounds, Charms, and Ardours, were no ſooner read,
But all the Viſion vaniſh'd from thy head.

And now, unveil'd, the Toilet ſtands diſplay'd,
Each ſilver Vaſe in myſtic order laid.

First,

NOTES.

Woman, and in that way of conveyance, which a Woman moſt delights to make the ſubject of her converſation; that is to ſay, her Dreams. WARBURTON.

VER. 121. *And now, unveil'd, &c.*] The tranſlation of theſe verſes, containing the deſcription of the toilette, by our Author's friend Dr. Parnell, deſerve, for their humour, to be here inſerted. POPE.

" Et nunc dilectum ſpeculum, pro more retectum,
Emicat in menſa, quæ ſplendet pyxide denſa:
Tum primum lympha ſe purgat candida Nympha,
Jamque ſine menda, cœleſtis imago videnda,
Nuda caput, bellos retinet, regit, implet ocellos.
Hæc ſtupet implorans, ceu cultûs numen adorans.
Inferior claram Pythoniſſa apparet ad aram,
Fertque tibi caute, dicatque Superbia! laute,
Dona venuſta; oris, quæ cunctis, plena laboris,
Excerpta explorat, dominamque deamque decorat.
Pyxide devota, ſe pandit hic India tota,
Et tota ex iſta tranſpirat Arabia ciſta;
Teſtudo hic flectit dum ſe mea Leſbia pectit;
Atque elephas lente, te pectit Leſbia dente;
Hunc maculis noris, nivei jacet ille coloris.
Hic jacet et munde, mundus muliebris abunde;
Spinula reſplendens aëris longo ordine pendens,
Pulvis ſuavis odore, et epiſtola ſuavis amore,

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Firſt, rob'd in white, the Nymph intent adores,
With head uncover'd, the Coſmetic pow'rs.
A heav'nly Image in the glaſs appears,
To that ſhe bends, to that her eyes ſhe rears;
Th' inferior Prieſteſs, at her altar's ſide,
Trembling begins the ſacred rites of Pride.
Unnumber'd treaſures ope at once, and here
The various off'rings of the world appear;
From each ſhe nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the Goddeſs with the glitt'ring ſpoil.

This

NOTES.

Induit arma ergo Veneris plucherrima virgo;
Pulchrior in præſens tempus de tempore creſcens,
Jam reparat riſus, jam ſurgit gratia viſus,
Jam promit cultu, mirac'la latentia vultu;
Pigmina jam miſcet, quo plus ſua Purpura gliſcet,
Et geminans bellis ſplendet mage fulgor ocellis.
Stant Lemures muti, Nymphæ intentique ſaluti,
Hic figit Zonam, capiti locat ille Coronam,
Hæc manicis formam, plicis dat et altera normam,
Et tibi, vel *Betty* tibi vel nitidiſſima *Letty!*
Gloria factorum temere conceditur horum."

WARBURTON.

Warton obſerves, that "ſome of theſe Latin lines are not claſſical;" perhaps this was intended, as being more like the Monkiſh. The accents of "*Sinĕ*, *Arăbia*," &c. are wrong.

VER. 122. *Each ſilver Vaſe*] Parnell accidentally hearing Pope repeat this deſcription of the Toilette, privately turned them into theſe Monkiſh Latin verſes, and Pope, to whom he immediately communicated them, was aſtoniſhed at the reſemblance, till Parnell undeceived him. Mr. Harte told me, that Dryden had been impoſed on by a ſimilar little ſtratagem. One of his friends tranſlated into Latin verſe, printed, and paſted on the bottom of an old hat-box, that celebrated paſſage,

"To die is landing on ſome ſilent ſhore," &c.

and that Dryden, on opening the box, was alarmed and amazed.

WARTON.

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This caſket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
The tortoiſe here and elephant unite,
Transform'd to combs, the ſpeckled, and the white.
Here files of pins extend their ſhining rows,
Puffs, Powders, Patches, Bibles, Billet-doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;
The fair each moment riſes in her charms,
Repairs her ſmiles, awakens ev'ry grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face;
Sees by degrees a purer bluſh ariſe,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The buſy Sylphs ſurround their darling care,
Theſe ſet the head, and thoſe divide the hair,
Some fold the ſleeve, whilſt others plait the gown;
And Betty's prais'd for labours not her own.

NOTES.

VER. 131. *From each ſhe*] Evidently from Addiſon's Spectator, No. 69; "The ſingle dreſs of a woman of quality is often the product of an hundred climates. The muff and the fan come together from the different ends of the earth. The ſcarf is ſent from the Torrid Zone, and the tippet from beneath the Pole. The brocade petticoat ariſes out of the mines of Peru, and the diamond necklace out of the bowels of Indoſtan." WARTON.

VER. 145. *The buſy Sylphs, &c.*] Ancient Traditions of the Rabbi's relate, that ſeveral of the fallen Angels became amorous of Women, and particularize ſome; among the reſt Aſael, who lay with Naamah, the wife of Noah, or of Ham; and who continuing impenitent, ſtill preſides over the Women's Toilets. Bereſhi Rabbi in Geneſ. vi. 2. POPE.

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THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

CANTO II.

NOT with more glories, in th' ethereal plain,
The Sun firſt riſes o'er the purpled main,
Than, iſſuing forth, the rival of his beams
Launch'd on the boſom of the ſilver Thames.
Fair Nymphs, and well-dreſt Youths around her ſhone,
But ev'ry eye was fix'd on her alone.
On her white breaſt a ſparkling Croſs ſhe wore,
Which Jews might kiſs, and Infidels adore.
Her lively looks a ſprightly mind diſcloſe,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as thoſe:
Favours to none, to all ſhe ſmiles extends;
Oft ſhe rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the ſun, her eyes the gazers ſtrike,
And like the ſun, they ſhine on all alike.
Yet graceful eaſe, and ſweetneſs void of pride,
Might hide her faults, if Belles had faults to hide:
If to her ſhare ſome female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em all.

This

VARIATIONS.

VER. 4. *Launch'd on the boſom, &c.*] From hence the poem continues, in the firſt Edition, to ver. 46.

" The reſt the winds diſpers'd in empty air;"

all after, to the end of this Canto, being additional. POPE.

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This Nymph, to the deſtruction of mankind,
Nouriſh'd two Locks, which graceful hung behind
In equal curls, and well conſpir'd to deck
With ſhining ringlets the ſmooth iv'ry neck.
Love in theſe labyrinths his ſlaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in ſlender chains.
With hairy ſpringes we the birds betray,
Slight lines of hair ſurpriſe the finny prey,
Fair treſſes man's imperial race inſnare,
And beauty draws us with a ſingle hair.

Th' advent'rous Baron the bright locks admir'd;
He ſaw, he wiſh'd, and to the prize aſpir'd.
Reſolv'd to win, he meditates the way,
By force to raviſh, or by fraud betray;
For when ſucceſs a Lover's toil attends,
Few aſk, if fraud or force attain'd his ends.

For this, ere Phœbus roſe, he had implor'd
Propitious heav'n, and ev'ry pow'r ador'd,
But chiefly Love—to Love an Altar built,
Of twelve vaſt French Romances, neatly gilt.

There

PARALLEL PASSAGES.

VER. 28. *And beauty draws us, &c.*] Steevens quotes Buchanan's Epigrams, Lib. I. xiv. p. 77.

"Et modo membra *pilo vinctus* miſer abſtrahor *uno*."

"One hair of thine in fetters ties." SANDYS.

NOTES.

VER. 28. *with a ſingle hair.*] In alluſion to thoſe lines of Hudibras, applied to the ſame purpoſe:

"And tho' it be a two foot Trout,
"'Tis with a ſingle hair pull'd out." WARBURTON.

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There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves,
And all the trophies of his former loves;
With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,
And breathes three am'rous ſighs to raiſe the fire.
Then proſtrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
Soon to obtain, and long poſſeſs the prize:
The Pow'rs gave ear, and granted half his pray'r,
The reſt, the winds diſpers'd in empty air.

But now ſecure the painted Veſſel glides,
The ſun-beams trembling on the floating tides:
While melting muſic ſteals upon the ſky,
And ſoften'd ſounds along the waters die;
Smooth flow the waves, the Zephyrs gently play,
Belinda ſmil'd, and all the world was gay.
All but the Sylph—with careful thoughts oppreſt,
Th' impending woe ſat heavy on his breaſt.
He ſummons ſtraight his Denizens of air;
The lucid ſquadrons round the ſails repair:
Soft o'er the ſhrouds aërial whiſpers breathe,
That ſeem'd but Zephyrs to the train beneath.
Some to the ſun their inſect-wings unfold,
Waft on the breeze, or ſink in clouds of gold;
Tranſparent forms, too fine for mortal ſight,
Their fluid bodies half diſſolv'd in light,

Looſe

PARALLEL PASSAGES.

VER. 50. *And ſoften'd ſounds, &c.*] Steevens quotes Milton: "And *Muſic dying* in remoter ſounds."

IMITATIONS.

VER 45. *The Pow'rs gave ear,*] VIRG. Æneid. xi. POPE.

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Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
Thin glitt'ring textures of the filmy dew,
Dipt in the richest tincture of the skies,
Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes;
While ev'ry beam new transient colours flings,
Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings.
Amid the circle, on the gilded mast,
Superior by the head, was Ariel plac'd;
His purple pinions op'ning to the sun,
He rais'd his azure wand, and thus begun.
Ye Sylphs and Sylphids, to your chief give ear,
Fays, Fairies, Genii, Elves, and Demons hear!
Ye know the spheres, and various tasks assign'd
By laws eternal to th' aërial kind.
Some in the fields of purest Ether play,
And bask and whiten in the blaze of day.

Some

PARALLEL PASSAGES.

VER. 65. *tincture of the skies,*] "Sky-tinctur'd grain." MILTON.

NOTES.

VER. 75. *Ye know*] Those who are fond of tracing images and sentiments to their source, may, perhaps, be inclined to think, that the hint of ascribing tasks and offices to such imaginary beings, is taken from the Fairies, and the Ariel of Shakespear; let the impartial critic determine, which has the superiority of fancy. The employment of Ariel in the Tempest, is said to be

——"To tread the ooze
Of the salt deep;
To run upon the sharp wind of the north;
To do business in the veins of th' earth,
When it is bak'd with frost;
——To dive into the fire; to ride
On the curl'd clouds."

And

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Some guide the courſe of wand'ring orbs on high,
Or roll the planets through the boundleſs ſky.
Some leſs refin'd, beneath the moon's pale light
Purſue the ſtars that ſhoot athwart the night,

Or

NOTES.

And again,

—— "In the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dſt me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the ſtill vext Bermoothes."

Nor muſt I omit that exquiſite ſong, in which his favourite and peculiar paſtime is expreſſed:

"Where the bee ſucks, there ſuck I,
In a cowſlip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry,
On the bat's back I do fly,
After ſun-ſet, merrily;
Merrily, merrily, ſhall I live now,
Under the bloſſom that hangs on the bough."

With what wildneſs of imagination, but yet, with what propriety, are the amuſements of the fairies pointed out in the Midſummer Night's Dream; amuſements proper for none but fairies!

——— "For the third part of a minute, hence:
Some to kill cankers in the muſk-roſe buds:
Some war with rear-mice for their leathern wings
To make my ſmall elves coats; and ſome keep back
The clamourous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
At our quaint ſpirits."———

Shakeſpear only could have thought of the following gratifications for Titania's lover; and they are fit only to be offered to her lover by a fairy-queen.

"Be kind and courteous to this gentleman,
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricots and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries,
The honey-bags ſteal from the humble bees,
And for night tapers crop their waxen thighs,

And

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Or ſuck the miſts in groſſer air below,
Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
Or brew fierce tempeſts on the wintry main,
Or o'er the glebe diſtil the kindly rain.
Others on earth o'er human race preſide,
Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide:
Of theſe the chief the care of Nations own,
And guard with Arms divine the Britiſh Throne.

Our humbler province is to tend the Fair,
Not a leſs pleaſing, tho' leſs glorious care;
To ſave the powder from too rude a gale,
Nor let th' impriſon'd eſſences exhale;
To draw freſh colours from the vernal flow'rs;
To ſteal from Rainbows ere they drop in ſhow'rs
A brighter

NOTES.

And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed, and to ariſe;
And pluck the wings from painted butter-flies,
To fan the moon-beams from his ſleeping eyes." WARTON.

Nothing can be more appropriate, and elegant, than the lines which deſcribe the employment aſſigned to the Sylphs in this Poem. But how can Warton think, that in fancy they equal *any thing of the kind?* but there is no compariſon between beings who

—"pluck the wings from painted butterflies
To fan the moon beams," &c.

And thoſe

——"who invention beſtow
To change a flounce."

VER. 90. *And guard with Arms*] The Poet was too judicious to deſire this ſhould be underſtood as a compliment. He intended it for a meer piece of raillery; ſuch as he more openly purſues on another occaſion; when he ſays,

"Where's now the Star which lighted Charles to riſe?
With that which follow'd Julius to the ſkies.
Angels, that watch'd the Royal Oak ſo well,
How chanc'd you ſlept when luckleſs Sorrel fell?"

WARBURTON.

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A brighter wash; to curl their waving hairs,
Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs;
Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,
To change a Flounce, or add a Furbelow.

This day, black Omens threat the brightest Fair
That e'er deserv'd a watchful spirit's care;
Some dire disaster, or by force, or slight;
But what, or where, the fates have wrapt in night.
Whether the Nymph shall break Diana's law,
Or some frail China jar receive a flaw;
Or stain her honour, or her new brocade;
Forget her pray'rs, or miss a masquerade;
Or lose her heart, or necklace, at a ball;
Or whether Heav'n has doom'd that Shock must fall.
Haste then, ye spirits! to your charge repair:
The flutt'ring fan be Zephyretta's care;
The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign;
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine;
Do thou, Crispissa, tend her fav'rite Lock;
Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.

To

NOTES.

VER. 105. *Whether the nymph, &c.*] The disaster, which makes the subject of this poem, being a trifle, taken seriously; it naturally led the Poet into this fine satire on the female estimate of human mischances. WARBURTON.

VER. 112. *Zephyretta*] The names of his Sylphs are happily chosen. Castlevetro mentions an odd circumstance, that the names which Boiardo gave to his heroes in his Orlando Inamorato, were only the names of some of the principal tenants and peasants on his estate of Scandiano. WARTON.

VER. 116 *Ariel himself, &c.*] Ruffhead very justly observes, that Ariel should have been assigned some more important employment.

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To fifty chofen Sylphs, of ſpecial note,
We truſt th' important charge, the Petticoat:
Oft have we known that ſeven-fold fence to fail,
Tho' ſtiff with hoops and arm'd with ribs of whale;
Form a ſtrong line about the ſilver bound,
And guard the wide circumference around.

Whatever ſpirit, careleſs of his charge,
His poſt neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
Shall feel ſharp Vengeance ſoon o'ertake his ſins,
Be ſtop'd in vials, or transfix'd with pins;
Or plung'd in lakes of bitter waſhes lie,
Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye:

Gums

NOTES.

VER. 118. *the Petticoat:*] It is impoſſible here not to recollect that matchleſs piece of raillery and exquiſite humour, of Addiſon, in the 127th Spectator, on this important part of female dreſs. WARTON.

VER. 125. *Shall feel ſharp Vengeance*] Our Poet ſtill riſes in the delicacy of his ſatire, where he employs, with the utmoſt judgment and elegance, all the implements and furniture of the toilette, as inſtruments of puniſhment to thoſe ſpirits, who ſhall be careleſs of their charge; of puniſhment, ſuch as Sylphs alone could undergo. WARTON.

This is indeed one of the moſt happy ſpecimens of Pope's poetical fancy, and invention.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 119. —clypei dominus ſeptemplicis Ajax. OVID. WARBURTON.

VER. 121. *about the ſilver bound,*] In alluſion to the ſhield of Achilles:

"Thus the broad ſhield complete the Artiſt crown'd,
With his laſt hand, and pour'd the Ocean round:
In living Silver ſeem'd the waves to roll,
And beat the Buckler's verge, and bound the whole.
WARBURTON.

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Gums and Pomatums ſhall his flight reſtrain,
While clog'd he beats his ſilken wings in vain;
Or Alum ſtyptics with contracting pow'r
Shrink his thin eſſence like a rivel'd flow'r:
Or, as Ixion fix'd, the wretch ſhall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling Mill,
In fumes of burning Chocolate ſhall glow,
And tremble at the ſea that froths below!

He ſpoke; the ſpirits from the ſails deſcend;
Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend;
Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair;
Some hang upon the pendants of her ear;
With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
Anxious, and trembling for the birth of Fate.

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THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

CANTO III.

CLOSE by thoſe meads, for ever crown'd with flow'rs,
Where Thames with pride ſurveys his riſing tow'rs,
There ſtands a ſtructure of majeſtic frame,
Which from the neighb'ring Hampton takes its name.
Here Britain's ſtateſmen oft the fall foredoom
Of foreign Tyrants, and of Nymphs at home;
Here thou, great ANNA! whom three realms obey,
Doſt ſometimes counſel take—and ſometimes Tea.

Hither the Heroes and the Nymphs reſort,
To taſte a while the pleaſures of a Court;
In various talk th' inſtructive hours they paſt,
Who gave the ball, or paid the viſit laſt;
One ſpeaks the glory of the Britiſh Queen,
And one deſcribes a charming Indian ſcreen;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
At ev'ry word a reputation dies.

Snuff,

VARIATIONS.

VER. 1. *Cloſe by thoſe meads,*] The firſt Edition continues from this line to ver. 24. of this Canto. POPE.

VER. 11, 12. Originally in the firſt Edition,

In various talk the chearful hours they paſt,
Of, who was bit, or who capotted laſt. POPE.

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Snuff, or the fan, ſupply each pauſe of chat,
With ſinging, laughing, ogling, *and all that.*

Mean while, declining from the noon of day,
The ſun obliquely ſhoots his burning ray;
The hungry Judges ſoon the ſentence ſign,
And wretches hang that Jury-men may dine;
The merchant from th' Exchange returns in peace,
And the long labours of the Toilet ceaſe.
Belinda now, whom thirſt of fame invites,
Burns to encounter two advent'rous Knights,
At Ombre ſingly to decide their doom;
And ſwells her breaſt with conqueſts yet to come.
Straight the three bands prepare in arms to join,
Each band the number of the ſacred Nine.
Soon as ſhe ſpreads her hand, th' aërial guard
Deſcend, and ſit on each important card:
Firſt Ariel perch'd upon a Matadore,
Then each according to the rank they bore;
For Sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,
Are, as when women, wond'rous fond of place.

Behold, four Kings, in majeſty rever'd,
With hoary whiſkers and a forky beard;

And

VARIATIONS.

VER. 24. *And the long labours of the Toilet ceaſe.*] All that follows of the game at Ombre, was added ſince the firſt Edition, till ver. 105. which connected thus,

Sudden the board with cups and ſpoons is crown'd. POPE.

NOTES.

VER. 22. *And wretches hang*] From Congreve. WARTON.

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And four fair Queens whoſe hands ſuſtain a flow'r,
Th' expreſſive emblem of their ſofter pow'r;
Four Knaves in garbs ſuccinct, a truſty band;
Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand;
And party-colour'd troops, a ſhining train,
Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain.
The ſkilful Nymph reviews her force with care:
Let Spades be trumps! ſhe ſaid, and trumps they were.
Now move to war her ſable Matadores,
In ſhow like leaders of the ſwarthy Moors.
Spadillio firſt, unconquerable Lord!
Led off two captive trumps, and ſwept the board.
As many more Manillio forc'd to yield,
And march'd a victor from the verdant field.
Him Baſto follow'd, but his fate more hard
Gain'd but one trump and one Plebeian card.
With his broad ſabre next, a chief in years,
The hoary Majeſty of Spades appears,
Puts forth one manly leg, to ſight reveal'd,
The reſt, his many-colour'd robe conceal'd.
The rebel Knave, who dares his prince engage,
Proves the juſt victim of his royal rage.
Ev'n mighty Pam, that Kings and Queens o'erthrew,
And mow'd down armies in the fights of Lu,
Sad chance of war! now deſtitute of aid,
Falls undiſtinguiſh'd by the victor Spade!

Thus

NOTES.

VER. 53. *Him Baſto follow'd,*] The magnificent and majeſtic ſtyle in which this game of cards is deſcribed, artfully and finely heightens the ridicule. WARTON.

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Thus far both armies to Belinda yield;
Now to the Baron fate inclines the field.
His warlike Amazon her hoſt invades,
Th' imperial conſort of the crown of Spades.
The Club's black Tyrant firſt her victim dy'd,
Spite of his haughty mien, and barb'rous pride:
What boots the regal circle on his head,
His giant limbs, in ſtate unwieldy ſpread;
That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
And, of all monarchs, only graſps the globe?

The Baron now his Diamonds pours apace;
Th' embroider'd King who ſhews but half his face,
And his refulgent Queen, with pow'rs combin'd
Of broken troops an eaſy conqueſt find.
Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild diſorder ſeen,
With throngs promiſcuous ſtrow the level green.

Thus

NOTES.

VER. 65. *Belinda yield;*] It is finely contrived that ſhe ſhould be victorious; as it occaſions a change of fortune in the dreadful loſs ſhe was ſpeedily to undergo, and gives occaſion to the Poet to introduce a moral reflection from Virgil, which adds to the pleaſantry of the ſtory. In one of the paſſages where Pope has copied Vida, he has loſt the propriety of the original, which ariſes from the different colours of the men, at Cheſs.

Thus, when diſpers'd, a routed army runs, &c.

"Non aliter, campis legio ſe buxea utrinque
Compoſuit, duplici digeſtis ordine turmis,
Adverſiſque ambæ fulſere coloribus alæ;
Quam Gallorum acies, Alpino frigore lactea
Corpora, ſi tendant albis in prælia ſignis,
Auroræ populos contra, et Phæthonte peruſtos
Inſano Æthiopas, et nigri Memnonis alas."

WARTON.

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Thus when diſpers'd a routed army runs,
Of Aſia's troops, and Afric's ſable ſons,
With like confuſion different nations fly,
Of various habit, and of various die;
The pierc'd battalions diſunited fall,
In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all.
The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins (oh ſhameful chance!) the Queen of Hearts.
At this, the blood the Virgin's cheek forſook,
A livid paleneſs ſpreads o'er all her look;
She ſees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,
Juſt in the jaws of ruin, and Codille.
And now (as oft in ſome diſtemper'd State)
On one nice Trick depends the gen'ral fate:
An Ace of Hearts ſteps forth: The King unſeen
Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive Queen:
He ſprings to vengeance with an eager pace,
And falls like thunder on the proſtrate Ace.
The nymph exulting fills with ſhouts the ſky;
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.

Oh

NOTES.

VER. 95. *An Ace of Hearts ſteps forth:*] Nothing can exceed Pope's powers of deſcription, as diſplayed in this game of Cards. His mock-heroic paintings of the Kings, their enſigns, and characters, are inimitable. Warton in his Eſſay, ſpeaking of Windſor Foreſt, ſays, deſcriptive Poetry was by no means the ſhining talent of Pope. Of rural objects Pope was not an able *deſcriber*, as he could not be an *accurate obſerver*; but in deſcription of ſcenes taken from *artificial Life*, his powers are very manifeſt. This diſtinction ſhould be always attended to, in eſtimating Pope's poetical character.

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Oh thoughtleſs mortals! ever blind to fate,
Too ſoon dejected, and too ſoon elate.
Sudden theſe honours ſhall be ſnatch'd away,
And curs'd for ever this victorious day.

For lo! the board with cups and ſpoons is crown'd,
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round;
On ſhining altars of Japan they raiſe
The ſilver lamp; the fiery ſpirits blaze:
From ſilver ſpouts the grateful liquors glide,
While China's earth receives the ſmoaking tide:
At once they gratify their ſcent and taſte,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repaſt.
Straight hover round the Fair her airy band;
Some, as ſhe ſipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd,
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes diſplay'd,
Trembling, and conſcious of the rich brocade.
Coffee (which makes the politician wiſe,
And ſee through all things with his half-ſhut eyes)
Sent up in vapours to the Baron's brain
New Stratagems, the radiant Lock to gain.

Ah

VARIATIONS.

VER. 105. *Sudden the board, &c.*] From hence, the firſt Edition continues to ver. 134. POPE.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 101.]

" Neſcia mens hominum fati ſortiſque futuræ;
Et ſervare modum, rebus ſublata ſecundis!
Turno tempus erit magno cum optaverit emptum
Intactum Pallanta; et cum ſpolia iſta diemque
Oderit." VIRG.

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Ah ceaſe, raſh youth! deſiſt ere 'tis too late,
Fear the juſt Gods, and think of Scylla's Fate!
Chang'd to a bird, and ſent to flit in air,
She dearly pays for Niſus' injur'd hair!
But when to Miſchief mortals bend their will,
How ſoon they find fit Inſtruments of ill?
Juſt then, Clariſſa drew with tempting grace
A two-edg'd weapon from her ſhining caſe:
So Ladies in Romance aſſiſt their Knight,
Preſent the ſpear, and arm him for the fight.
He takes the gift with rev'rence, and extends
The little engine on his fingers' ends;
This juſt behind Belinda's neck he ſpread,
As o'er the fragrant ſteams ſhe bends her head.
Swift to the Lock a thouſand Sprites repair,
A thouſand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;
And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear;
Thrice ſhe look'd back, and thrice the foe drew near.
Juſt in that inſtant, anxious Ariel ſought
The cloſe receſſes of the Virgin's thought:
As on the noſegay in her breaſt reclin'd,
He watch'd th' ideas riſing in her mind,
Sudden he view'd, in ſpite of all her art,
An earthly Lover lurking at her heart.
Amaz'd,

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 134.] In the firſt Edition it was thus,
As o'er the fragrant ſtream ſhe bends her head. Pope.

NOTES.

Ver. 122. *and think of Scylla's Fate!*] Vide Ovid's Metam. viii. Pope.

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Amaz'd, confus'd, he found his pow'r expir'd,
Reſign'd to fate, and with a ſigh retir'd.
The Peer now ſpreads the glitt'ring Forfex wide,
T' incloſe the Lock; now joins it, to divide.
Ev'n then, before the fatal engine clos'd,
A wretched Sylph too fondly interpos'd;
Fate urg'd the ſheers, and cut the Sylph in twain,
(But airy ſubſtance ſoon unites again,)

The

VARIATIONS.

VER. 147.]
Firſt he expands the glitt'ring Forfex wide
T' incloſe the Lock; then joins it to divide:
The meeting points the ſacred hair diſſever,
From the fair head, for ever, and for ever.

All that is between was added afterwards. POPE.

NOTES.

VER. 152. *But airy ſubſtance*] See Milton, lib. vi. of Satan cut aſunder by the Angel Michael. POPE.

This line is an admirable parody on that paſſage of Milton, which, perhaps oddly enough, deſcribes Satan wounded:

"The griding ſword, with diſcontinuous wound,
Paſs'd thro' him; but th' etherial ſubſtance clos'd,
Not long diviſible."

The parodies are ſome of the moſt exquiſite parts of this poem. That which follows from the "Dum juga montis aper," of Virgil, contains ſome of the moſt artful ſtrokes of ſatire, and the moſt poignant ridicule imaginable.

The introduction of frequent parodies on ſerious and ſolemn paſſages of Homer and Virgil, gives much life and ſpirit to heroi-comic poetry. "Tu dors, Prelat? tu dors?" in Boileau, is the "Ευδεις Αλεξ' υιε" of Homer, and is full of humour. The wife of the barber talks in the language of Dido in her expoſtulations to her Æneas, at the beginning of the ſecond Canto of the Lutrin. Pope's parodies of Sarpedon in Homer, and of the deſcription

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The meeting points the ſacred hair diſſever
From the fair head, for ever, and for ever!
Then flaſh'd the living light'ning from her eyes,
And ſcreams of horror rend th' affrighted ſkies.
Not louder ſhrieks to pitying heav'n are caſt,
When huſbands, or when lap-dogs breathe their laſt;
Or when rich China veſſels fall'n from high,
In glitt'ring duſt, and painted fragments lie!
Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,
(The Victor cry'd,) the glorious prize is mine!
While fiſh in ſtreams, or birds delight in air,
Or in a coach and ſix the Britiſh Fair,
As long as Atalantis ſhall be read,
Or the ſmall pillow grace a Lady's bed,
While

NOTES.

deſcription of Achilles's ſceptre, together with the ſcales of Jupiter, from Homer, Virgil, and Milton, are judiciouſly introduced in their ſeveral places; are perhaps ſuperior to thoſe Boileau or Garth have uſed, and are worked up with peculiar pleaſantry. The mind of the reader is engaged by novelty, when it ſo unexpectedly finds a thought or object it had been accuſtomed to ſurvey in another form, ſuddenly arrayed in a ridiculous garb. A mixture alſo of comic and ridiculous images, with ſuch as are ſerious and important, adds no ſmall beauty to this ſpecies of poetry, when real and imaginary diſtreſſes are coupled together.

" Not youthful kings, in battle ſeiz'd alive,
Not ſcornful virgins who their charms ſurvive," &c.

Which is much ſuperior to a ſimilar paſſage in the Diſpenſary, Canto v. WARTON.

VER. 165. *Atâlantis*] A famous book written about th... by a woman: full of Court and Party ſcandalom. Iliad. xviii. of effeminacy of ſtyle and ſentiment, which ..." POPE.

taſte of the better vulgar. ...ATIONS,] Alludes to a real fact, ...ina gravi," &c. Vn this condition. POPE.

I

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While viſits ſhall be paid on ſolemn days,
When num'rous wax-lights in bright order blaze,
While nymphs take treats, or aſſignations give,
So long my honour, name, and praiſe ſhall live!
What Time would ſpare, from Steel receives its date,
And monuments, like men, ſubmit to fate!
Steel could the labour of the Gods deſtroy,
And ſtrike to duſt th' imperial tow'rs of Troy;
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
What wonder then, fair nymph! thy hairs ſhould feel
The conqu'ring force of unreſiſted Steel?

NOTES.

Mrs. Manley, the author of it, was the daughter of Sir Roger Manley, Governor of Guernſey, and the author of the firſt volume of the famous Turkiſh Spy, publiſhed, from his papers, by Dr. Midgley. She was known and admired by all the wits of the times. She wrote three plays; Lucius, the laſt, 1717, was dedicated to Sir Richard Steele, with whom ſhe had quarrelled ſome time before. He wrote the prologue to it, and Prior the epilogue. She was alſo celebrated by Lord Lanſdown. She died in the houſe of Alderman Barber, Swift's friend; and was ſaid to have been the miſtreſs of the Alderman. WARTON.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 163, 170.]

"Dum juga montis aper, fluvios dum piſcis amabit,
Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudeſque manebunt."

VIRG.

VER. 177.]

"Ille quoque everſus mons eſt, &c.
"Ευδεις [illegible] faciant crines, cum ferro talia cedant?"
of the barber talks [illegible] CATULL. de com. Berenices. POPE.
to her Æneas, at the [illegible]
Lutrin. Pope's parodies of Sa[illegible]

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

CANTO IV.

But anxious cares the penſive nymph oppreſs'd,
And ſecret paſſions labour'd in her breaſt.
Not youthful kings in battle ſeiz'd alive,
Not ſcornful virgins who their charms ſurvive,
Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliſs,
Not ancient ladies when refus'd a kiſs,
Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
Not Cynthia when her manteau's pinn'd awry,
E'er felt ſuch rage, reſentment, and deſpair,
As thou, ſad Virgin! for thy raviſh'd Hair.
For, that ſad moment, when the Sylphs withdrew,
And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,
Umbriel, a duſky, melancholy ſprite,
As ever ſully'd the fair face of light,

Down

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 11. *For, that ſad moment, &c.*] All the lines from hence to the 94th verſe, that deſcribe the houſe of Spleen, are not in the firſt Edition; inſtead of them followed only theſe,

While her rack'd Soul repoſe and peace requires,
The fierce Thaleſtris fans the riſing fires.

And continued at the 94th verſe of this Canto. Iliad. xviii. of Pope.

IMITATIONS.] Alludes to a real fact,

Ver. 1.] "At regina gravi," &c. Vn this condition. Pope.

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Down to the central earth, his proper ſcene,
Repair'd to ſearch the gloomy Cave of Spleen.
  Swift on his ſooty pinions flits the Gnome,
And in a vapour reach'd the diſmal dome.
No chearful breeze this ſullen region knows,
The dreaded Eaſt is all the wind that blows.
Here in a grotto, ſhelter'd cloſe from air,
And ſcreen'd in ſhades from day's deteſted glare,
She ſighs for ever on her penſive bed,
Pain at her ſide, and Megrim at her head.
  Two handmaids wait the throne: alike in place,
But diff'ring far in figure and in face.
Here ſtood Ill-nature like an ancient maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd!
With ſtore of pray'rs, for mornings, nights, and noons,
Her hand is fill'd; her boſom with lampoons.
  There Affectation with a ſickly mien,
Shows in her cheek the roſes of eighteen,

Practis'd

NOTES.

VER. 16. *Cave of Spleen.*]

"Thro' me ye paſs to Spleen's terrific dome,
Thro' me, to Diſcontent's eternal home!
Thro' me, to thoſe who ſadden'd human life,
By ſullen humour or vaxatious ſtrife;
And here thro' ſcenes of endleſs vapour hurl'd,
Are puniſh'd in the forms they plagu'd the world;
Juſtly they feel no joy, who none beſtow,
All ye who enter, every hope forego!"

It is thus Mr. Hayley, in alluſion to Dante's ſtriking inſcrip-
of the barber talks [illegible] gate, begins his deſcription of the dwelling of
to her Æneas, at the [illegible] attendants are afterwards painted with force
Lutrin. Pope's parodie[illegible] 200 verſes, and more. His mild and enga-
[illegible] and ſour aunt Penelope, and the good old
[illegible] portraits. WARTON.

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Practis'd to lisp, and hang the head aside,
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride,
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe,
Wrapt in a gown, for sickness, and for show.
The fair-ones feel such maladies as these,
When each new night-dress gives a new disease.

A constant Vapour o'er the palace flies;
Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise;
Dreadful, as hermits' dreams in haunted shades,
Or bright, as visions of expiring maids.
Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,
Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires:
Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes,
And crystal domes, and Angels in machines.

Unnumber'd throngs, on ev'ry side are seen,
Of bodies chang'd to various forms by Spleen.
Here living Tea-pots stand, one arm held out,
One bent; the handle this, and that the spout:
A Pipkin there, like Homer's Tripod walks;
Here sighs a Jar, and there a Goose-pye talks;

Men

NOTES.

VER. 41. *Dreadful, as hermits' dreams in haunted shades,*
Or bright, as visions of expiring maids.]

The Poet by this comparison would insinuate, that the temptations of the mortified Recluses in the Church of Rome, and the extatic visions of their female Saints, were as much the effects of

IMITATIONS.

VER. 51. *Homer's Tripod walks;*] See Hom. Iliad. xviii. of Vulcan's walking Tripods. POPE.

VER. 52. *and there a Goose-pye talks;*] Alludes to a real fact, a Lady of distinction imagined herself in this condition. POPE.

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Men prove with child, as pow'rful fancy works,
And maids turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks.

Safe paſt the Gnome through this fantaſtic band,
A branch of healing Spleenwort in his hand.
Then thus addreſs'd the pow'r—Hail, wayward Queen!
Who rule the ſex to fifty from fifteen:
Parent of vapours and of female wit,
Who give th' hyſteric, or poetic fit,
On various tempers act by various ways,
Make ſome take phyſic, others ſcribble plays;
Who cauſe the proud their viſits to delay,
And ſend the godly in a pet to pray.
A nymph there is, that all thy pow'r diſdains,
And thouſands more in equal mirth maintains.
But oh! if e'er thy Gnome could ſpoil a grace,
Or raiſe a pimple on a beauteous face,
Like Citron-waters matrons' cheeks inflame,
Or change complexions at a loſing Game;
If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds,

Or

NOTES.

of hypochondriac diſorders, the Spleen, or, what was then the faſhionable word, the *Vapours*, as any of the imaginary transformations he ſpeaks of afterwards. WARBURTON.

VER. 53. *When prove with child,*] Van Swieten, in his Commentaries on Boerhaave, relates, that he knew a man who had ſtudied till he fancied his legs to be of glaſs; his maid bringing wood to his fire, threw it careleſsly down; our ſage was angry and terrified for his legs of glaſs; the girl, out of patience with his megrims, gave him a blow with a log on the parts affected; he inſtantly ſtarted up in a rage, and from that moment recovered the uſe of his glaſs legs! WARTON.

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Or caus'd ſuſpicion when no ſoul was rude,
Or diſcompos'd the head-dreſs of a Prude,
Or e'er to coſtive lap-dog gave diſeaſe,
Which not the tears of brighteſt eyes could eaſe:
Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin,
That ſingle act gives half the world the ſpleen.

The Goddeſs with a diſcontented air
Seems to reject him, tho' ſhe grants his pray'r.
A wond'rous Bag with both her hands ſhe binds,
Like that where once Ulyſſes held the winds;
There ſhe collects the force of female lungs,
Sighs, ſobs, and paſſions, and the war of tongues.
A Vial next ſhe fills with fainting fears,
Soft ſorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
The Gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,
Spreads his black wings, and ſlowly mounts to day.

Sunk in Thaleſtris' arms the nymph he found,
Her eyes dejected, and her hair unbound.
Full o'er their heads the ſwelling bag he rent,
And all the Furies iſſu'd at the vent.
Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
And fierce Thaleſtris fans the riſing fire.
O wretched maid! ſhe ſpread her hands, and cry'd,
(While Hampton's echoes, Wretched maid! reply'd)
Was it for this you took ſuch conſtant care
The bodkin, comb, and eſſence to prepare?
For this your Locks in paper durance bound?
For this with tort'ring irons wreath'd around?

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For this with fillets ſtrain'd your tender head?
And bravely bore the double loads of lead?
Gods! ſhall the raviſher diſplay your hair,
While the Fops envy, and the Ladies ſtare!
Honour forbid! at whoſe unrival'd ſhrine
Eaſe, pleaſure, virtue, all our ſex reſign.
Methinks already I your tears ſurvey,
Already hear the horrid things they ſay,
Already ſee you a degraded toaſt,
And all your honour in a whiſper loſt!
How ſhall I, then, your hapleſs fame defend?
'Twill then be infamy to ſeem your friend!
And ſhall this prize, th' ineſtimable prize,
Expos'd through cryſtal to the gazing eyes,
And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays,
On that rapacious hand for ever blaze?
Sooner ſhall graſs in Hyde-park Circus grow,
And wits take lodgings in the ſound of Bow;
Sooner let earth, air, ſea, to Chaos fall,
Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, periſh all!
She ſaid; then raging to Sir Plume repairs,
And bids her beau demand the precious hairs:

(Sir

NOTES.

VER. 121. *Sir Plume repairs,*] Sir George Brown. He was the only one of the Party who took the thing ſeriouſly. He was angry that the Poet ſhould make him talk nothing but nonſenſe; and in truth one could not well blame him. WARBURTON.

An engraving of Sir Plume, with ſeven other figures, by Hogarth, was executed on the lid of a gold ſnuff-box, and preſented to one of the parties concerned; the original impreſſion of a print of it was ſold, at Mr. Gulſton's ſale, for thirty-three pounds. WARTON.

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(Sir Plume, of amber ſnuff-box juſtly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane)
With earneſt eyes, and round unthinking face,
He firſt the ſnuff-box open'd, then the caſe,
And thus broke out—"My Lord, why, what the devil!
"Z—ds! damn the Lock! 'fore Gad, you muſt be civil
"Plague on't! 'tis paſt a Jeſt—nay prithee, pox!
"Give her the hair"—he ſpoke, and rapp'd his box.

It grieves me much (reply'd the Peer again)
Who ſpeaks ſo well ſhould ever ſpeak in vain.
But by this Lock, this ſacred Lock I ſwear,
(Which never more ſhall join its parted hair;
Which never more its honours ſhall renew,
Clip'd from the lovely head where late it grew)
That while my noſtrils draw the vital air,
This hand, which won it, ſhall for ever wear.
He ſpoke, and ſpeaking, in proud triumph ſpread
The long-contended honours of her head.

But Umbriel, hateful Gnome! forbears not ſo;
He breaks the Vial whence the ſorrows flow.

Then

NOTES.

VER. 141. *But Umbriel, hateful Gnome! forbears not ſo;*
He breaks the Vial whence the ſorrows flow.]

Theſe two lines are additional; and aſſign the cauſe of the different operation on the Paſſions of the two Ladies. The poem went on before without that diſtinction, as without any Machinery, to the end of the Canto. POPE.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 133. *But by this Lock,*] In alluſion to Achilles's oath in Homer, Il. i. POPE.

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Then see! the nymph in beauteous grief appears,
Her eyes half-languishing, half-drown'd in tears;
On her heav'd bosom hung her drooping head,
Which, with a sigh, she rais'd; and thus she said.

For ever curs'd be this detested day,
Which snatch'd my best, my fav'rite curl away!
Happy! ah ten times happy had I been,
If Hampton-Court these eyes had never seen!
Yet am not I the first mistaken maid,
By love of Courts to num'rous ills betray'd.
Oh had I rather un-admir'd, remain'd
In some lone Isle, or distant Northern land;
Where the gilt Chariot never marks the way,
Where none learn Ombre, none e'er taste Bohea!
There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal eye,
Like roses, that in deserts bloom and die.
What mov'd my mind with youthful Lords to roam?
O had I stay'd, and said my pray'rs at home!
'Twas this the morning omens seem'd to tell,
Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell;
The tott'ring China shook without a wind,
Nay Poll sat mute, and Shock was most unkind!
A Sylph too warn'd me of the threats of fate,
In mystic visions, now believ'd too late!
See the poor remnants of these slighted hairs!
My hands shall rend what ev'n thy rapine spares:
These in two sable ringlets taught to break,
Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck;

The

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The ſiſter-lock now ſits uncouth, alone,
And in its fellow's fate foreſees its own;
Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal ſheers demands,
And tempts, once more, thy ſacrilegious hands.
Oh hadſt thou, cruel! been content to ſeize
Hairs leſs in ſight, or any hairs but theſe!

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THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

CANTO V.

She ſaid: the pitying audience melt in tears,
But Fate and Jove had ſtopp'd the Baron's ears.
In vain Thaleſtris with reproach aſſails,
For who can move when fair Belinda fails?
Not half ſo fix'd the Trojan could remain,
While Anna begg'd and Dido rag'd in vain.
Then grave Clariſſa graceful wav'd her fan;
Silence enſu'd, and thus the Nymph began.
Say, why are Beauties prais'd and honour'd moſt,
The wiſe man's paſſion, and the vain man's toaſt?
Why

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 7. *Then grave Clariſſa, &c.*] A new Character introduced in the ſubſequent Editions, to open more clearly the Moral of the Poem, in a parody of the ſpeech of Sarpedon to Glaucus in Homer. Pope.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 9. *Say, why are beauties, &c.*] Homer.

"Why boaſt we, Glaucus! our extended reign,
Where Xanthus' ſtreams enrich the Lycian plain;
Our num'rous herds that range the fruitful field,
And hills where vines their purple harveſt yield;
Our foaming bowls with purer nectar crown'd,
Our feaſts enhanc'd with muſic's ſprightly ſound;
Why on thoſe ſhores are we with joy ſurvey'd,
Admir'd as heroes, and as Gods obey'd;
Unleſs

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Why deck'd with all that lives the Gods engage,
Why Angels call'd, and Angel-like in passions rage;
Why round our coaches crowd the white arms;
Why bows the side-box from its inmost rooms:
How vain are all these glories, all our pains, unsound,
Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains:
That men may say, when we the front-box grace,
Behold the first in virtue as in face!
Oh! if to dance all night, and dress all day,
Charm'd the small-pox, or chas'd old-age away;
Who would not scorn what housewife's cares produce,
Or who would learn one earthly thing of use?
To patch, nay ogle, might become a Saint,
Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint.

But

IMITATIONS.

Unless great acts superior merit prove,
And vindicate the bounteous pow'rs above?
'Tis ours, the dignity they give, to grace;
The first in valour, as the first in place:
That when with wond'ring eyes our martial bands
Behold our deeds transcending our commands,
Such, they may cry, deserve the sov'reign state,
Whom those that envy, dare not imitate.
Could all our care elude the gloomy grave,
Which claims no less the fearful than the brave,
For lust of fame I should not vainly dare
In fighting fields, nor urge thy soul to war.
But since, alas! ignoble age must come,
Disease, and death's inexorable doom;
The life which others pay, let us bestow,
And give to fame what we to nature owe;
Brave tho' we fall, and honour'd if we live,
Or let us glory gain, or glory give." WARBURTON.

This passage was the first specimen our author gave of his translation of Homer; and it appeared first in the sixth volume of Dryden's Miscellanies. WARTON.

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ty muſt decay,
nce Locks will turn to grey;
not painted, all ſhall fade,
ſcorns a man, muſt die a maid;
n remains but well our pow'r to uſe,
keep good-humour ſtill whate'er we loſe?
nd truſt me, dear! good-humour can prevail,
When airs, and flights, and ſcreams, and ſcolding fail.
Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
Charms ſtrike the ſight, but merit wins the ſoul.
So ſpoke the Dame, but no applauſe enſu'd;
Belinda frown'd, Thaleſtris call'd her Prude.
To arms, to arms! the fierce Virago cries,
And ſwift as lightning to the combat flies.
All ſide in parties, and begin th' attack;
Fans clap, ſilks ruſtle, and tough whalebones crack;
Heroes' and Heroines' ſhouts confus'dly riſe,
And baſe and treble voices ſtrike the ſkies.
No common weapons in their hands are found,
Like Gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.
So

THE R

VARIATIONS.

VER. 37. *To arms, to arms!*] From hence the firſt Edition goes on to the concluſion, except a very few ſhort inſertions added, to keep the Machinery in view to the end of the poem. POPE.

NOTES.

VER. 26. *Curl'd or uncurl'd,*] Fontenelle writes a gallant and pleaſant letter to a beautiful young lady on diſcovering *one* grey hair on her head. WARTON.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 35. *So ſpoke the Dame,*] It is a verſe frequently repeated in Homer after any ſpeech,

"So ſpoke—and all the Heroes applauded." POPE.

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So when bold Homer makes the Gods engage,
And heav'nly breasts with human passions rage;
'Gainst Pallas, Mars; Latona, Hermes arms;
And all Olympus rings with loud alarms:
Jove's thunder roars, heav'n trembles all around,
Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps resound:
Earth shakes her nodding tow'rs, the ground gives way,
And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day!

Triumphant

NOTES.

VER 45. *So when bold Homer*] Homer, Il. xx. POPE.

The ridicule is most artfully heightened by introducing one of the most sublime passages in Homer;

"Ἀμφι δ' εσαλπιγξεν μεγας ουρανος, ουλυμπος τε
Εδδεισεν δ' υπενερθεν αναξ ενερων Αιδωνευς,
Δεισας δ' εκ θρονου αλτο και ιαχε, μη οι επειτα
Γαιαν αναρρηξειε Ποσειδαων ενοσιχθων
Οικια δε θνητοισι καί αθανατοισι φανειη,
Σμερδαλε', ευρωεντα, τα τε στυγεουσι θεοι περ."

Well might Longinus exclaim, "Do you see, O my friend, how the earth bursts asunder to its centre, Tartarus itself is laid open and naked, all things mortal and immortal combat together, and share the danger of this tremendous conflict?

In none of his many imitations has Virgil shewn his inferiority to Homer so much as in this passage;

"Non secus ac si qua penitus vi terra dehiscens
Infernas reseret sedes, et regna recludat
Pallida, Dîs invisa; superque immane barathrum
Cernatur, trepidentque immisso lumine Manes."

Æneid. viii. v. 243.

For not to mention that what is part of the Action in Homer, is only a simile in Virgil, how tame is superque immane barathrum (even though a magnificent image) to

Δεισας δ εκ θρονου αλτο και ιαχε ——

How or where has terror ever been so strongly painted as by this circumstance of Pluto himself, suddenly leaping from his throne and shrieking aloud? WARTON.

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Triumphant Umbriel on a ſconce's height
Clap'd his glad wings, and ſate to view the fight:
Prop'd on their bodkin ſpears, the Sprites ſurvey
The growing combat, or aſſiſt the fray.

While through the preſs enrag'd Thaleſtris flies,
And ſcatters death around from both her eyes,
A Beau and Witling periſh'd in the throng,
One dy'd in metaphor, and one in ſong.
"O cruel Nymph! a living death I bear,"
Cry'd Dapperwit, and ſunk beſide his chair.
A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards caſt,
"Thoſe eyes are made ſo killing"—was his laſt.

Thus

VARIATIONS.

VER. 53. *Triumphant Umbriel*] Theſe four lines added, for the reaſon before mentioned. POPE.

Added with great dexterity, beauty, and propriety! WARTON.

NOTES.

VER. 55. *Prop'd on their*] Like the heroes in Homer, when they are ſpectators of a combat. WARTON.

VER. 64. "*Thoſe eyes*] It was the common cant of all the wits and poets of this time to depreciate and laugh at Italian operas. See what Addiſon has ſaid of them, Spectator 18. They would have been of a different opinion, if they could have read what Dr. Burney has ſaid on this ſubject in his Hiſtory of Muſic. WARTON.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 53. *Triumphant Umbriel*] Minerva in like manner, during the battle of Ulyſſes with the Suitors in the Odyſſ. perches on a beam of the roof to behold it. POPE.

VER. 64. "*Thoſe eyes are made ſo killing*"] The words of a ſong in the Opera of Camilla. POPE.

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Thus on Mæander's flow'ry margin lies
Th' expiring Swan, and as he ſings he dies.
When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clariſſa down,
Chloe ſtepp'd in, and kill'd him with a frown;
She ſmil'd to ſee the doughty hero ſlain,
But, at her ſmile, the Beau reviv'd again.
Now Jove ſuſpends his golden ſcales in air,
Weighs the Men's wits againſt the Lady's hair;
The doubtful beam long nods from ſide to ſide;
At length the wits mount up, the hairs ſubſide.
See fierce Belinda on the Baron flies,
With more than uſual lightning in her eyes:
Nor fear'd the Chief th' unequal fight to try,
Who fought no more than on his foe to die.
But this bold Lord with manly ſtrength endu'd,
She with one finger and a thumb ſubdu'd:
Juſt where the breath of life his noſtrils drew,
A charge of ſnuff the wily virgin threw;

The

NOTES.

VER. 71. *Now Jove, &c.*] Vid. Homer, Il. viii. and Virg. Æn. xii. POPE.

VER. 74. *At length the wits*] This parody from Homer and Virgil is admirable. WARTON.

But when Dr. Warton adds, that "Milton *improved* on this fine fiction," by making the Almighty weigh Satan in ſuch ſcales, and that he alluded to the ſign Libra, one might ſuppoſe that Dr. Warton, whoſe poetical taſte is in general ſo juſt, had for a moment put on Warburton's *critical ſpectacles!*

IMITATIONS.

VER. 65. *Thus on Mæander's flow'ry margin lies*]

"Sic ubi fata vocant, udis abjectus in herbis,
Ad vada Mæandri concinit albus olor."

Ov. Ep. POPE.

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The Gnomes direct, to ev'ry atom juſt,
The pungent grains of titillating duſt.
Sudden, with ſtarting tears each eye o'erflows,
And the high dome re-echoes to his noſe.

Now meet thy fate, incens'd Belinda cry'd,
And drew a deadly bodkin from her ſide.
(The ſame, his ancient perſonage to deck,
Her great great grandſire wore about his neck,
In three ſeal-rings; which after, melted down,
Form'd a vaſt buckle for his widow's gown:
Her infant grandame's whiſtle next it grew,
The bells ſhe jingled, and the whiſtle blew;

Then

VARIATIONS.

VER. 83. *The Gnomes direct,*] Theſe two lines added, for the above reaſon. POPE.

NOTES.

VER. 84. *titillating duſt.*] Boileau and Garth have alſo each of them enlivened their pieces with a mock-fight. But Boileau has laid the ſcene of his action in a neighbouring bookſeller's ſhop; where the combatants encounter each other by chance. This conduct is a little inartificial; but has given the ſatiriſt an opportunity of indulging his ruling paſſion, the expoſing bad poets, with which France, at that time, abounded. Swift's Battle of the Books, at the end of the Tale of a Tub, is evidently taken from this battle of Boileau (Cant. v.), which is excellent in its kind. The fight of the Phyſicians in the Diſpenſary, is one of its moſt ſhining parts. There is a vaſt deal of propriety in the weapons Garth has given to his warriors. They are armed, much in character, with cauſtics, emetics, and cathartics; with buck-thorn, and ſteel-pills; with ſyringes, bed-pans, and urinals. The execution is exactly proportioned to the deadlineſs of ſuch irreſiſtible weapons; and the wounds inflicted, are ſuitable to the nature of each different inſtrument ſaid to inflict them. WARTON.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 89 (*The ſame, his ancient perſonage to deck,*] In imitation of the progreſs of Agamemnon's ſceptre in Homer, Il. ii. POPE

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Then in a bodkin grac'd her mother's hairs,
Which long ſhe wore, and now Belinda wears.)

Boaſt not my fall (he cry'd) inſulting foe!
Thou by ſome other ſhalt be laid as low.
Nor think, to die dejects my lofty mind;
All that I dread is leaving you behind!
Rather than ſo, ah let me ſtill ſurvive,
And burn in Cupid's flames—but burn alive.

Reſtore the Lock! ſhe cries; and all around
Reſtore the Lock! the vaulted roofs rebound.
Not fierce Othello in ſo loud a ſtrain
Roar'd for the handkerchief that caus'd his pain.
But ſee how oft ambitious aims are croſs'd,
And chiefs contend till all the prize is loſt!
The Lock, obtain'd with guilt, and kept with pain,
In ev'ry place is ſought, but ſought in vain:

With

NOTES.

VER. 10. *fierce Othello*] Rhymer, with a taſteleſs inſenſibility, laughed at the incident of loſing the handkerchief, as trifling. Neither he, nor the Spectator, ſeem to have known, that this incident, ſo beautifully natural, is in the Italian novel, which Shakeſpeare copied. WARTON.

VER. 109. *obtain'd with guilt.*] We are now arrived at the grand cataſtrophe of the poem; the invaluable Lock which is ſo eagerly ſought, is irrecoverably loſt! And here our Poet has made a judicious uſe of that celebrated fiction of Arioſto; that all things loſt on earth, are treaſured in the moon. How ſuch a fiction can properly have place in an epic poem, it becomes the defenders of this agreeably extravagant writer to juſtify; but in a comic poem, it appears with grace and conſiſtency. The whole paſſage in Arioſto is full of wit and ſatire; for wit and ſatire were, perhaps, among the chief and characteriſtical excellencies of this incomparable Italian.

In

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With ſuch a prize no mortal muſt be bleſt,
So heav'n decrees! with heav'n who can conteſt?
Some thought it mounted to the Lunar ſphere,
Since all things loſt on earth are treaſur'd there.
There Heroes' wits are kept in pond'rous vaſes,
And Beaux in ſnuff-boxes and tweezer-caſes.
There broken vows, and death-bed alms are found,
And lovers' hearts with ends of riband bound,
The courtier's promiſes, and ſick men's pray'rs,
The ſmiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs,
Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
Dry'd butterflies, and tomes of caſuiſtry.
But truſt the Muſe—ſhe ſaw it upward riſe,
Tho' mark'd by none but quick, poetic eyes:
(So Rome's great founder to the heav'ns withdrew,
To Proculus alone confeſs'd in view)
A ſudden Star, it ſhot through liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
Not Berenice's Locks firſt roſe ſo bright,
The heav'ns beſpangling with diſhevel'd light.

The

NOTES.

In this repoſitory in the lunar ſphere, ſays the ſprightly Italian, were to be found,

" Cio che in ſomma quà giù perdeſti mai,
Là ſu ſaltendo ritrovar potrai."

It is very remarkable, that the Poet had the boldneſs to place among theſe imaginary treaſures, the famous deed of Conſtantine to Pope Silveſter; " if (ſays he) I may be allowed to ſay this,"

" Queſto era il dono (ſe pero dir lece)
Che Conſtantino al buon Silveſtro fece." WARTON.

VER. 114. *Since all things loſt*] Vide Arioſto, Canto xxxiv. POPE.

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The Sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
And pleas'd purſue its progreſs through the ſkies.
This the Beau monde ſhall from the Mall ſurvey,
And hail with muſic its propitious ray;
This the bleſt Lover ſhall for Venus take,
And ſend up vows from Roſamonda's lake;
This Partridge ſoon ſhall view in cloudleſs ſkies,
When next he looks through Galilæo's eyes;
And hence th' egregious wizard ſhall foredoom
The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome.
Then ceaſe, bright Nymph! to mourn thy raviſh'd hair,
Which adds new glory to the ſhining ſphere!
Not

VARIATIONS.

VER. 131. *The Sylphs behold*] Theſe two lines added, for the ſame reaſon, to keep in view the Machinery of the Poem. POPE.

NOTES.

VER. 132. *through the ſkies.*] One cannot ſufficiently applaud the art of the Poet, in conſtantly keeping in the reader's view, the Machinery of the Poem, to the very laſt: even when the Lock is transform'd, the Sylphs, who had ſo carefully guarded it, are here once again artfully mentioned, as finally rejoicing in its honourable transformation.

In reading the Lutrin, I have always been ſtruck with the impropriety of ſo ſerious a concluſion as Boileau has given to ſo ludicrous a poem. Piety and Juſtice are beings rather too awful to have any concern in the celebrated Deſk. WARTON.

VER. 137. *This Partridge ſoon*] John Partridge was a ridiculous Star-gazer, who in his Almanacks every year never failed to predict the downfal of the Pope, and the King of France, then at war with the Engliſh. WARBURTON.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 128. "Flammiferumque trahens ſpatioſo limite crinem
Stella micat." Ovid. POPE.

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Not all the treſſes that fair head can boaſt,
Shall draw ſuch envy as the Lock you loſt.
For after all the murders of your eye,
When, after millions ſlain, yourſelf ſhall die;
When thoſe fair ſuns ſhall ſet, as ſet they muſt,
And all thoſe treſſes ſhall be laid in duſt,
This Lock, the Muſe ſhall conſecrate to fame,
And 'midſt the ſtars inſcribe Belinda's name.

Upon the whole, I hope it will not be thought an exaggerated panegyric to ſay, that the Rape of the Lock is the beſt Satire extant; that it contains the trueſt and livelieſt picture of modern life; and that the ſubject is of a more elegant nature, as well as more artfully conducted, than any other heroi-comic poem.

Our nation can boaſt alſo, of having produced ſome other poems of the burleſque kind, that are excellent; particularly the Splendid Shilling, that admirable copy of the ſolemn irony of Cervantes, who is the father and unrivalled model of the true mock heroic; and the Muſcipula, written with the purity of Virgil, whom the author ſo perfectly underſtood, and with the pleaſantry of Lucian; to which I cannot forbear adding, the Scribleriad of Mr. Cambridge, the Machinæ Geſticulantes of Addiſon, the Hobbinol of Somerville, and the Trivia of Gay; the Battle of the Wigs of Thornton, and the Triumph of Temper of Hayley.

If ſome of the moſt candid among the French critics begin to acknowledge, that they have produced nothing in point of ſublimity and majeſty equal to the Paradiſe Loſt, we may alſo venture to affirm, that in point of delicacy, elegance, and fine-turned raillery, on which they have ſo much valued themſelves, they have produced nothing equal to the Rape of the Lock. What comes neareſt to it, is the pleaſing and elegant Ver-vert of Greſſet, in which the foibles of the Nuns are touched with ſo delicate a hand, and ſuch nice ridicule, that it cannot diſguſt the moſt religious prude.

The

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The learned and ingenious Mr. Cambridge has, in the Preface to his Scribleriad, made a remark ſo new and ſo ſolid, as to deſerve examination and attention.

He ſays, that in firſt reading the four celebrated mock heroic poems, he perceived they had all ſome radical defect. That at laſt he found, by a diligent peruſal of Don Quixote, that propriety was the fundamental excellence of that work. That all the marvellous was reconcileable to probability, as the author leads his hero into that ſpecies of abſurdity only, which it was natural for an imagination, heated with the continual reading of books of chivalry, to fall into. That the want of attention to this was the fundamental error of thoſe poems. For with what propriety do Churchmen, Phyſicians, Beaux, and Belles, or Bookſellers, in the the Lutrin, Diſpenſary, Rape of the Lock, and Dunciad, addreſs themſelves to heathen gods, offer ſacrifices, conſult oracles, or talk the language of Homer, and of the heroes of antiquity?

This acute obſervation bears hard on the conduct of more than one of the heroi comic poems above mentioned.

Nothing is here ſaid of Hudibras; becauſe its unrivalled excellence could not be diſcuſſed in a note. It is one of the poems that gives peculiar luſtre to our nation and language. One circumſtance only I will here mention, that the ancients had no notion of ſuch ſort of Poems. The cruel wars between Pompey and Cæſar, and the execrable proſcriptions of Auguſtus, were never treated in a burleſque ſtyle, as the horrors of the league in France, and the bloody civil war in England, were deſcribed in the Satyre Menippée, and in Hudibras. One of the moſt accurate Greek ſcholars of our time and nation, is of opinion, that the Batracomuomachia is not by Homer, but a burleſque poem in imitation of his manner, by ſome ancient poet, who, though he adopted the words and expreſſions of the Greek Bard, formed his metre according to the pronunciation of his own country. With equal confidence we may pronounce the Margites to have been a forgery, though there are only four lines of it extant, three of which are quoted by Plato and Ariſtotle; but in theſe we have a compound verb, with the augment upon the prepoſition (πιϛατο), which Homer's grammar did not admit. Knight's Analytical Eſſay on the Greek Alphabet, page 30 WARTON.

Dr. Johnſon truly ſays of the Rape of the Lock, that it is the moſt airy, the moſt ingenious, and the moſt delightful of all

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Pope's compoſitions. Indeed, upon this ſubject there cannot be two opinions; and Dr. Warton has praiſed it as warmly as Johnſon.

This Poem is founded, however, upon *local manners*. And of all Poems of that kind it is undoubtedly far the beſt; whether we conſider the exquiſite tone of raillery, a certain muſical ſweetneſs and *ſuitableneſs* in the verſification, the management of the ſtory, or the kind of fancy and airineſs given to the whole: but what entitles it to its high claim of peculiar poetic excellencies? — the powers of imagination and the felicity of invention diſplayed, in adopting and moſt artfully conducting a *machinery*, ſo fanciful, ſo appropriate, ſo novel, and ſo poetical. The introduction of Diſcord, &c. as machinery in the Lutrin, &c. is not to be mentioned at the ſame time. Such a being as Diſcord, will ſuit a hundred ſubjects; but the elegant, the airy Sylph,

> Looſe to the wind, whoſe airy garments flew,
> Thin glittering textures of the filmy dew,
> Dipt in the richeſt tincture of the ſkies,
> Where light diſports in ever-mingling dyes:

ſuch a being as this, is ſuited alone to the identical and peculiar Poem in which it is employed.

I will now go a ſtep farther in appreciating the elegance and beauty of this Poem; and I would aſk the queſtion: "Let any other poet, Dryden, Waller, Cowley, or Gray, *be aſſigned* this ſubject, and this *machinery*: could they have produced a work *altogether ſo correct*, and *beautiful*, from the ſame given materials?" Let us however ſtill remember, that this Poem is founded on *local manners*, and the employment of the Sylphs is in *artificial life*; for this reaſon, the Poem muſt have a ſecondary rank, when conſidered ſtrictly and truly with regard to its poetry.

Whether Pope would have excelled as much in loftier ſubjects, of a general nature, in the "high mood" of Lycidas, the rich colourings of Comus, and the magnificent deſcriptions and ſublime images of Paradiſe Loſt; or in painting the characters and employments of aërial beings,

> That tread the ooſe of the ſalt deep,
> Or run upon the ſharp wind of the north;

is another queſtion. He has not attempted it: I have no doubt he would have failed. But to have produced a Poem, infinitely the higheſt

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higheſt of its kind, and which no other Poet could perhaps altogether have done ſo well, is ſurely very high praiſe. The excellence is Pope's own, the inferiority is in the ſubject; no one underſtood better that excellent rule of Horace:

Sumite materiam veſtris, qui ſcribitis æquam
Viribus.

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ELEGY

TO THE MEMORY OF

AN UNFORTUNATE LADY*.

WHAT beck'ning ghoſt, along the moon-light ſhade
Invites my ſteps, and points to yonder glade?
'Tis ſhe!—but why that bleeding boſom gor'd,
Why dimly gleams the viſionary ſword!

Oh

NOTES.

* See the Duke of Buckingham's Verſes to a Lady deſigning to retire into a Monaſtery, compared with Mr. Pope's Letters to ſeveral Ladies, p. 206. quarto Edition. She ſeems to be the ſame perſon whoſe unfortunate death is the ſubject of this poem. POPE.

VER. 1. *What beck'ning ghoſt,*]

" What gentle ghoſt beſprent with April dew,
Hails me ſo ſolemnly to yonder yew?
And beck'ning wooes me?"—— BEN JOHNSON.

The cruelties of her relations, the deſolation of the family, the being deprived of the rites of ſepulture, the circumſtance of dying in a country remote from her relations, are all touched with great tenderneſs and pathos, particularly the four lines from the 51ſt:

By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd;

Which lines may remind one of that exquiſite ſtroke in the Philoctetes of Sophocles, who, among other afflicting circumſtances, had not near him any *σύνδρομον ὄμμα*. ver. 171. The true cauſe of the excellence of this Elegy is, that the occaſion of it was real; ſo true is the maxim, that nature is more powerful than fancy; and

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Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,
Is it, in heav'n, a crime to love too well?
To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,
To act a Lover's or a Roman's part?
Is there no bright reverſion in the ſky,
For thoſe who greatly think, or bravely die?
Why bade ye elſe, ye Pow'rs! her ſoul aſpire
Above the vulgar flight of low deſire?
Ambition firſt ſprung from your bleſt abodes;
The glorious fault of Angels and of Gods:
Thence to their images on earth it flows,
And in the breaſts of Kings and Heroes glows.
Moſt ſouls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull ſullen pris'ners in the body's cage:
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years
Uſeleſs, unſeen, as lamps in ſepulchres;
Like

NOTES.

and that we can always feel more than we can imagine; and that the moſt artful fiction muſt give way to truth, for this Lady was beloved by Pope. After many and wide enquiries, I have been informed that her name was Wainſbury; and that (which is a ſingular circumſtance) ſhe was as ill-ſhaped and deformed as our author. Her death was not by a ſword, but, what would leſs bear to be told poetically, *ſhe hanged herſelf.* Johnſon has too ſeverely cenſured this Elegy, when he ſays, "that it has drawn much attention by the illaudable ſingularity, of treating ſuicide with reſpect;" and, "that poetry has not often been worſe employed, than in dignifying the amorous fury of a raving girl." She ſeems to have been driven to this deſperate act by the violence and cruelty of her uncle and guardian, who forced her to a convent abroad; and to which circumſtance Pope alludes in one of his letters. WARTON.

VER. 6. *to love too well?*] Steevens quotes Craſhaw, "To love *too well.*" It is ſurely an expreſſion ſufficiently common.

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Like Eaſtern Kings a lazy ſtate they keep,
And, cloſe confin'd to their own palace, ſleep.
From theſe perhaps (ere nature bade her die)
Fate ſnatch'd her early to the pitying ſky.
As into air the purer ſpirits flow,
And ſep'rate from their kindred dregs below;
So flew the ſoul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her Race.

But thou, falſe guardian of a charge too good,
Thou, mean deſerter of thy brother's blood!
See on theſe ruby lips the trembling breath,
Theſe cheeks now fading at the blaſt of death;
Cold is that breaſt which warm'd the world before,
And thoſe love-darting eyes muſt roll no more.
Thus, if eternal juſtice rules the ball,
Thus ſhall your wives, and thus your children fall:
On all the line a ſudden vengeance waits,
And frequent herſes ſhall beſiege your gates;
There paſſengers ſhall ſtand, and pointing ſay,
(While the long fun'rals blacken all the way)
Lo! theſe were they, whoſe ſouls the Furies ſteel'd,
And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield.
Thus unlamented paſs the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
So periſh all, whoſe breaſt ne'er learn'd to glow
For others good, or melt at others woe.

That

NOTES.

VER. 41. *Lo! theſe were they,*] Iliad. ix. 749.
"The gods that unrelenting mind have ſteel'd,
And curs'd thee with a mind that cannot yield."

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What can atone (oh ever-injur'd ſhade!)
Thy fate unpity'd, and thy rites unpaid?
No friend's complaint, no kind domeſtic tear
Pleas'd thy pale ghoſt, or grac'd thy mournful bier.
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By ſtangers honour'd, and by ſtrangers mourn'd!
What tho' no friends in ſable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances, and the public ſhow?
What tho' no weeping Loves thy aſhes grace,
Nor poliſh'd marble emulate thy face?

What

NOTES.

VER. 59. *What tho' no weeping Loves, &c.*] This beautiful little Elegy had gained the unanimous admiration of all men of taſte. When a Critic comes—But hold; to give his obſervation fair play, let us firſt analize the Poem. The Ghoſt of the injured perſon appears to excite the Poet to revenge her wrongs. He deſcribes her Character—execrates the author of her misfortunes—expatiates on the ſeverity of her fate—the rites of ſepulture denied her in a foreign land: Then follows,

"What tho' no weeping Loves thy aſhes grace," &c.
"Yet ſhall thy grave with riſing flowers be dreſt," &c.

Can any thing be more naturally pathetic? Yet the Critic tells us, He can give no quarter to this part of the poem, which is eminently, he ſays, diſcordant with the ſubject, and not the language of the heart. But when he tells us, That it is to be aſcribed to imitation, copying indiſcreetly what has been ſaid by others, [Elements of Crit. vol. ii. p. 182.] his Criticiſm begins to ſmell furiouſly of old John Dennis. Well might our Poet's laſt wiſh be, to commit his writings to the candour of a ſenſible and reflecting judge, rather than to the malice of every ſhort-ſighted and malevolent critic." WARBURTON.

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What tho' no ſacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb?
Yet ſhall thy grave with riſing flow'rs be dreſt,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breaſt:
There ſhall the morn her earlieſt tears beſtow,
There the firſt roſes of the year ſhall blow;
While Angels with their ſilver wings o'erſhade
The Ground, now ſacred by the reliques made.

So peaceful reſts, without a ſtone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of duſt alone remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud ſhall be!

Poets themſelves muſt fall like thoſe they ſung,
Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
Ev'n he, whoſe ſoul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall ſhortly want the gen'rous tear he pays;
Then from his cloſing eyes thy form ſhall part,
And the laſt pang ſhall tear thee from his heart,
Life's idle buſineſs at one gaſp be o'er,
The Muſe forgot, and thou belov'd no more!

Johnſon ſays, "Poetry has been ſeldom worſe employed, than in dignifying the amorous fury of a raving girl." This ſeems ſevere, contemptuous, and unfeeling. Johnſon, however, chiefly adverted, I imagine, to the falſe reaſoning, and abſurd attempt, in the lines, "Is there no bright," &c. to make *ſuicide* the natural conſequence of more elevated feelings. Johnſon ſpoke as a ſevere moraliſt, and a rigid philoſopher, againſt ſuch contemptible *reaſoning*, as Pope employs upon this ſubject, from the 5th to the 22d verſe

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22d verſe. Having been, as might naturally be expected from his ſuperior underſtanding, diſguſted with the *reaſoning* part of the poem, the gentler touches of fancy and tenderneſs were *loſt*, if I may ſay ſo, on him. He would turn with diſdain from ſuch images as

"There ſhall the morn her earlieſt tears beſtow;"

or perhaps exclaim, as upon another occaſion, "*Incredu'us odi.*" Notwithſtanding, however, his ſeverity, and the abſurd criticiſms of Lord Kaims, which Warburton ſpeaks of, the animated paſſages of this poem,

"But thou, falſe guardian," &c.

and the lines of tenderneſs and poetic fancy interſperſed, cannot be read without ſympathy. The verſes, "Yet ſhall thy grave," &c. are poſſibly too *common p'ace*, but they are ſurely beautiful. If any expreſſion might be objected to, perhaps it would be "*ſilver*" for "*white*" wings of an angel.

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PROLOGUE TO MR. ADDISON'S TRAGEDY OF CATO.

THE Tragedy of Cato itſelf, is a glaring inſtance of the force of party; ſo ſententious and declamatory a drama would never have met with ſuch rapid and amazing ſucceſs, if every line and ſentence had not been particularly tortured, and applied to recent events, and the reigning diſputes of the times. The purity and energy of the diction, and the loftineſs of the ſentiments, copied, in a great meaſure, from Lucan, Tacitus, and Seneca the philoſopher, merit approbation. But I have always thought, that thoſe pompous Roman ſentiments are not ſo difficult to be produced, as is vulgarly imagined; and which, indeed, dazzle only the vulgar. A ſtroke of nature is, in my opinion, worth a hundred ſuch thoughts as

"When vice prevails, and impious men bear ſway,
The poſt of honour is a private ſtation."

Cato is a fine dialogue on liberty, and the love of one's country; but conſidered as a dramatic performance, nay, as a model of a juſt tragedy, as ſome have affectedly repreſented it, it muſt be owned to want action and pathos; the two hinges, I preſume, on which a juſt tragedy ought neceſſarily to turn, and without which it cannot ſubſiſt. It wants alſo character, although that be not ſo eſſentially neceſſary to a tragedy as action. Syphax, indeed, in his interview with Juba, bears ſome marks of a rough African; the ſpeeches of the reſt may be tranſferred to any of the perſonages concerned. The ſimile drawn from Mount Atlas, and the deſcription of the Numidian travellers ſmothered in the deſart, are indeed in character, but ſufficiently obvious. How Addiſon could fall into the falſe and unnatural cuſtom of ending his three firſt

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firſt acts with ſimilies, is amazing in ſo chaſte and correct a writer. The loves of Juba and Marcia, of Portius and Lucia, are vicious and inſipid epiſodes, debaſe the dignity, and deſtroy the unity of the fable. Cato was tranſlated into Italian by Salvini; into Latin, and acted by the Jeſuits at St. Omers; imitated in French by De Champs, and great part of it tranſlated by the Abbé Du Bos.

The Prologue to Addiſon's Tragedy of Cato, is ſuperior to any Prologue of Dryden; who, notwithſtanding, is ſo juſtly celebrated for this ſpecies of writing. The Prologues of Dryden are ſatirical and facetious; this of Pope is ſolemn and ſublime, as the ſubject required. Thoſe of Dryden contain general topics of criticiſm and wit, and may precede any play whatſoever, even tragedy or comedy. This of Pope is particular, and appropriated to the tragedy alone, which it was deſigned to introduce.

WARTON.

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PROLOGUE TO MR. ADDISON's TRAGEDY OF CATO*.

To wake the ſoul by tender ſtrokes of art,
To raiſe the genius, and to mend the heart,
To make mankind, in conſcious virtue bold,
Live o'er each ſcene, and be what they behold:
For this the Tragic Muſe firſt trod the ſtage,
Commanding tears to ſtream through ev'ry age;
Tyrants no more their ſavage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
Our author ſhuns by vulgar ſprings to move
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love;
In pitying love, we but our weakneſs ſhow,
And wild Ambition well deſerves its woe.

Here

NOTES.

* This Prologue, and the Epilogue which follows, are the moſt perfect models of this ſpecies of writing, both in the ſerious and the ludicrous way. WARBURTON.

The former is much the better of the two; for ſome of Dryden's, of the latter kind, are unequalled. WARTON.

VER. 7. *Tyrants no more*] Louis XIV. wiſhed to have pardoned the Cardinal de Rohan, after hearing the Cinna of Corneille. WARTON.

VER. 11. *In pitying love,*] Why then did Addiſon introduce the loves of Juba and Marcia? which Pope ſaid to Mr. Spence, were not in the original plan of the play, but were introduced in compliance with the popular practice of the ſtage. WARTON.

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Here tears ſhall flow from a more gen'rous cauſe,
Such tears as Patriots ſhed for dying Laws:
He bids your breaſts with ancient ardour riſe,
And calls forth Roman drops from Britiſh eyes.
Virtue confeſs'd in human ſhape he draws,
What Plato thought, and godlike Cato was:
No common object to your ſight diſplays,
But what with pleaſure Heav'n itſelf ſurveys,
A brave man ſtruggling in the ſtorms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling ſtate.

While

NOTES.

VER. 20. *But what with pleaſure*] This alludes to a famous paſſage of Seneca, which Mr. Addiſon afterwards uſed as a motto to his play, when it was printed. WARBURTON.

VER. 21. *A brave man, &c.*] The noble paſſage of Seneca, which Addiſon adopted as a Motto, and to which Pope in this paſſage finely alludes, is this,

"Ecce ſpectaculum dignum ad quod *reſpiciat, intentus operi ſuo,* DEUS! Ecce par Deo dignum, *vir fortis* cum malâ fortunâ compoſitus! non video, inquam, quid habeat in terris Jupiter pulcrius, ſi convertere animum velit, quàm ut ſpectet CATONEM, jam partibus non ſemel fractis, nihilhominùs inter ruinas publicas erectum."

Pope has very much heightened the idea of Seneca, in one paſſage, "*Fortis* vir, *malâ* fortunâ compoſitus;" which is far leſs animated than

A brave man *ſtruggling* in the *ſtorms* of fate!

Let me take this opportunity of remarking, that Pope has very ſeldom laid the *ſtreſs*, as it is in the line,

A *brāve* măn——

The ſtreſs, however, laid upon the epithet in this manner, has often a pleaſing effect, and, when it is judiciouſly introduced, is particularly grateful to the ear. Milton and Shakeſpear often accent a line in this manner, and who but feels its occaſional propriety and beauty?

"Thro' the HIGH wood, echoing ſhrill." ALLEGRO.
"What time the GRAY fly winds her ſullen horn." LYCIDAS.
"On which the SWART ſtar ſparely looks."

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While Cato gives his little Senate laws,
What boſom beats not in his Country's cauſe?
Who ſees him act, but envies ev'ry deed?
Who hears him groan, and does not wiſh to bleed?
Ev'n when proud Cæſar 'midſt triumphal cars,
The ſpoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
Show'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in ſtate;
As her dead Father's rev'rend image paſt,
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercaſt;
The Triumph ceas'd, tears guſh'd from ev'ry eye;
The world's great Victor paſs'd unheeded by;
Her laſt good man dejected Rome ador'd,
And honour'd Cæſar's leſs than Cato's ſword.
Britons, attend: be worth like this approv'd,
And ſhow, you have the virtue to be mov'd.
With honeſt ſcorn the firſt fam'd Cato view'd
Rome learning arts from Greece, whom ſhe ſubdu'd;
Your ſcene precariouſly ſubſiſts too long
On French tranſlation, and Italian ſong.

Dare

NOTES.

VER. 27. *Ev'n when*] The twenty-ſeventh, thirtieth, thirty-fourth, thirty-ninth, and forty-fifth lines, are artful alluſions to the character and hiſtory of Cato himſelf. WARTON.

VER. 37. *Britons, attend:*] Spence told me, that Pope had written it—"Britons, ariſe"; but that Addiſon, frightened at ſo ſtrong an expreſſion, as promoting inſurrection, lowered and weakened it by the word, attend. WARTON.

VER. 42. *On French tranſlation,*] He glances obliquely at the Diſtreſt Mother of his old antagoniſt Philips, taken, evidently, from Racine. Cato's laſt ſoliloquy is tranſlated with great purity and elegance by Bland.

It is a little remarkable that the laſt line of Cato is Pope's; and the laſt of Eloiſa is Addiſon's. WARTON.

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Dare to have ſenſe yourſelves; aſſert the ſtage,
Be juſtly warm'd with your own native rage:
Such Plays alone ſhould win a Britiſh ear,
As Cato's ſelf had not diſdain'd to hear.

NOTES.

VER. 45. *Such Plays alone*] Addiſon, having finiſhed and laid by, for ſeveral years, the firſt four acts of Cato, applied to Hughes for a fifth; and Dr. Johnſon, from entertaining too mean an opinion of Hughes, does not think the application ſerious. When Hughes brought his ſupplement, he found the author himſelf had finiſhed his play. Hughes was very capable of writing this fifth act. The Siege of Damaſcus is a better tragedy than Cato; though Pope affected to ſpeak ſlightingly of its author. An audience was packed by Steele on the firſt night of Cato; and Addiſon ſuffered inexpreſſible uneaſineſs and ſolicitude during the repreſentation. Bolingbroke called Booth to his box, and gave him fifty guineas for defending the cauſe of liberty ſo well, againſt a perpetual dictator. WARTON.

VER. 46. *As Cato's ſelf, &c.*] This alludes to that famous ſtory of his coming into the Theatre, and going out again, related by Martial. WARBURTON.

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EPILOGUE TO MR. ROWE'S JANE SHORE.

THE Epilogue to Jane Shore is written with that air of gallantry and raillery which, by a ſtrange perverſion of taſte, the audience expects in all Epilogues to the moſt ſerious and pathetic pieces. To recommend cuckoldom, and palliate adultery, is their uſual intent. I wonder Mrs. Oldfield was not ſuffered to ſpeak it; for it is ſuperior to that which was uſed on the occaſion. In this taſte Garrick has written ſome that abound in ſpirit and drollery. Rowe's genius was rather delicate and ſoft, than ſtrong and pathetic; his compoſitions ſoothe us with a tranquil and tender ſort of complacency, rather than cleave the heart with pangs of commiſeration. His diſtreſſes are entirely founded on the paſſion of love. His diction is extremely elegant and chaſte, and his verſification highly melodious. His plays are declamations, rather than dialogues; and his characters are general, and undiſtinguiſhed from each other. Such a furious character as that of Bajazet, is eaſily drawn; and, let me add, eaſily acted. There is a want of unity in the fable of Tamerlane. The death's head, dead body, and ſtage hung in mourning, in the Fair Penitent, are artificial and mechanical methods of affecting an audience. In a word, his plays are muſical and pleaſing poems, but inactive and unmoving tragedies. This of Jane Shore is, I think, the moſt intereſting and affecting of any he has given us; but probability is ſadly violated in it by the neglect of the unity of time. For a perſon to be ſuppoſed to be ſtarved, during the repreſentation of five acts, is a ſtriking inſtance of the abſurdity of this violation.

It is probable that this is become the moſt popular and pleaſing tragedy of all Rowe's works, becauſe it is founded on our own hiſtory. I cannot forbear wiſhing, that our writers would more frequently ſearch for ſubjects in the annals of England, which afford many ſtriking and pathetic events, proper for the

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ſtage. We have been too long attached to Grecian and Roman ſtories. In truth, domeſtica facta are more intereſting, as well as more uſeful; more intereſting, becauſe we all think ourſelves concerned in the actions and fates of our countrymen; more uſeful, becauſe the characters and manners bid the faireſt to be true and natural, when they are drawn from models with which we are exactly acquainted. The Turks, the Perſians, and Americans, of our poets, are, in reality, diſtinguiſhed from Engliſhmen, only by their turbans and feathers; and think and act as if they were born and educated within the Bills of Mortality. The hiſtorical plays of Shakeſpear are always grateful to the ſpectator, who loves to ſee and hear our own Harrys and Edwards, better than all the Achilleſes or Cæſars that ever exiſted. In the choice of a domeſtic ſtory, however, much judgment and circumſpection muſt be exerted, to ſelect one of a proper æra; neither of too ancient, nor of too modern a date. The manners of times very ancient, we ſhall be apt to falſify, as thoſe of the Greeks and Romans. And recent events, with which we are thoroughly acquainted, are deprived of the power of impreſſing ſolemnity and awe, by their notoriety and familiarity. Age ſoftens and wears away all thoſe diſgracing and depreciating circumſtances, which attend modern tranſactions, merely becauſe they are modern. Lucan was much embarraſſed by the proximity of the times he treated of.

I take this occaſion to obſerve, that Rowe has taken the fable of his Fair Penitent, from the Fatal Dowry of Maſſinger and Field. WARTON.

Thſee obſervations are in general very juſt, but Dr. Warton ſhould not have cited Shakeſpear, as having founded his moſt intereſting Plays on "domeſtica facta." Who ever read Julius Cæſar, without ſympathy and intereſt? Who ever read, without a tear, the paſſage where Brutus, after his diſagreement with Caſſius, ſpeaks of his wife's death? Who is not a partaker of his griefs, and fortunes? In truth, GENIUS can *make* at all times a "Cæſar," as intereſting as an "Edward, or Henry."

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EPILOGUE TO MR. ROWE'S JANE SHORE.

DESIGNED FOR MRS. OLDFIELD.

PRODIGIOUS this! the Frail-one of our Play
From her own Sex ſhould mercy find to-day!
You might have held the pretty head aſide,
Peep'd in your fans, been ſerious, thus, and cry'd,
The Play may paſs—but that ſtrange creature, Shore,
I can't—indeed now—I ſo hate a whore—
Juſt as a blockhead rubs his thoughtleſs ſkull,
And thanks his ſtars he was not born a fool;
So from a ſiſter ſinner you ſhall hear,
"How ſtrangely you expoſe yourſelf, my dear?"
But let me die, all raillery apart,
Our ſex are ſtill forgiving at their heart;
And, did not wicked cuſtom ſo contrive,
We'd be the beſt, good-natur'd things alive.
There are, 'tis true, who tell another tale,
That virtuous ladies envy while they rail;
Such rage without betrays the fire within;
In ſome cloſe corner of the ſoul, they ſin;
Still hoarding up, moſt ſcandalouſly nice,
Amidſt their virtues a reſerve of vice.
The godly dame, who fleſhly failings damns,
Scolds with her maid, or with her chaplain cranis.

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Would you enjoy ſoft nights and ſolid dinners?
Faith, gallants, board with ſaints, and bed with ſinners.
Well, if our Author in the Wife offends,
He has a Huſband that will make amends:
He draws him gentle, tender, and forgiving,
And ſure ſuch kind good creatures may be living.
In days of old, they pardon'd breach of vows,
Stern Cato's ſelf was no relentleſs ſpouſe:
Plu—Flutarch, what's his name, that writes his life?
Tells us, that Cato dearly lov'd his Wife:
Yet if a friend, a night or ſo, ſhould need her,
He'd recommend her as a ſpecial breeder.
To lend a Wife, few here would ſcruple make,
But, pray, which of you all would take her back?
Tho' with the Stoic Chief our ſtage may ring,
The Stoic Huſband was the glorious thing.
The man had courage, was a ſage, 'tis true,
And lov'd his country,—but what's that to you?
Thoſe ſtrange examples ne'er were made to fit ye,
But the kind cuckold might inſtruct the City:
There, many an honeſt man may copy Cato,
Who ne'er ſaw naked ſword, or look'd in Plato.
If, after all, you think it a diſgrace,
That Edward's Miſs thus perks it in your face;

To

NOTES.

VER. 44. *Who ne'er ſaw*] A ſly and oblique ſtroke on the ſuicide of Cato; which was one of the reaſons, as I have been informed, why this epilogue was not ſpoken. WARTON.

VER. 46. *Edward's Miſs*] Sir Thomas More ſays, ſhe had one accompliſhment uncommon in a woman of that time; ſhe could read and write. WARTON.

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To ſee a piece of failing fleſh and blood,
In all the reſt ſo impudently good;
Faith, let the modeſt Matrons of the town
Come here in crouds, and ſtare the ſtrumpet down.

THOMSON, in his Epilogue to Tancred and Sigiſmunda, ſeverely cenſures the flippancy and gaiety of modern Epilogues, as contrary to thoſe impreſſions intended to be left on the mind by a well-written Tragedy. The laſt new part Mrs. Oldfield took in tragedy was in Thomſon's Sophoniſba; and it is recorded that ſhe ſpoke the following line,

Not one baſe word of Carthage for thy ſoul,

in ſo powerful a manner, that Wilkes, to whom it was addreſſed, was aſtoniſhed and confounded. Mrs. Oldfield was admitted to viſit in the beſt families. George II. and Queen Caroline, when Princeſs of Wales, condeſcended ſometimes to converſe with her at their levees. And one day the Princeſs aſked her, if ſhe was married to General Churchill? "So it is ſaid, may it pleaſe your Highneſs, but we have not owned it yet." Her Lady Betty Modiſh and Lady Townly have never yet been equalled. She was univerſally allowed to be well-bred, ſenſible, witty, and generous. She gave poor Savage an annual penſion of fifty pounds; and it is ſtrange that Dr. Johnſon ſeems rather to approve of Savage's having never celebrated his benefactreſs in any of his poems. WARTON.

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APPENDIX;

CONSISTING OF

NOTES, BY GILBERT WAKEFIELD, B. A.

CHIEFLY ILLUSTRATIVE OF

PARALLEL PASSAGES.

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NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS.

ON THE PASTORALS.

PASTORAL I. P. 61.

Ver. 1. FIRST in theſe fields I try the ſylvan ſtrains,
Nor bluſh to ſport on Windſor's bliſsful plains.

Our Poet ſeems to have conſulted *Dryden*'s verſion of the place imitated here, Virg. Ecl. vi. 1.

I firſt transferr'd to Rome Sicilian *ſtrains:*
Nor bluſh'd the Doric Muſe to dwell *on* Mantuan *plains.*

Roſcommon alſo, a terſe, judicious, unaffected, and moral writer, juſtly eſteemed and celebrated by Pope, may be agreeably compared on this occaſion:

I firſt of Romans ſtoop'd to *rural ſtrains,*
Nor bluſh'd to dwell among Sicilian ſwains.

Ver. 5. Let vernal airs through trembling oſiers play.

A beautiful paſſage of this kind occurs in Paradiſe Regain'd, ii. 26.

Then on the bank of Jordan, by a creek,
Where *winds* with reeds and *oſiers* whiſp'ring *play*—

Ver. 7. —— too good for pow'r.

A paſſage in *Lucan*, viii. 493. is very appoſite to this ſentiment:

——— exeat aulâ,
Qui vult eſſe pius. Virtus et ſumma poteſtas
Non coëunt.
He, who would ſpotleſs live, from courts muſt go:
No union power ſupreme and virtue know.

Ver. 23. Hear how the birds, on ev'ry bloomy ſpray,
With joyous muſic wake the dawning day!

Surry, in his Sonnet on Spring:
Somer is come, for *every ſpray* now *ſpringes.*

Milton,

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Milton, Paradiſe Regain'd, iv. 437. in moſt delicate ſtrains of the Doric Muſe:

——— the birds—
Clear'd up their choiceſt notes in buſh and *ſpray*,
To gratulate the ſweet return of morn.

And in his firſt ſonnet, which *Pope* certainly had in view:

O! *Nightingale*, that *on* yon *bloomy ſpray*
Warbleſt at eve!

Some lines in *Broome*'s Paraphraſe of Job xxxix. on a congenial ſubject, will be acceptable to the reader, who delights in the fragrance of theſe bloſſoms of the Muſes:

By thy command does fair Aurora riſe,
And gild with purple beams the bluſhing ſkies?
The warbling lark ſalutes her chearful ray,
And welcomes with his ſong the riſing day.

Ver. 25. Why ſit we mute, when early linnets ſing;
When warbling Philomel ſalutes the ſpring?

He is indebted here to *Waller's* Chloris and Hylas; a paſſage, pointed out alſo by Mr. *White*;

Hylas, oh Hylas! *why ſit we mute*,
Now that *each bird ſaluteth the ſpring*?

Ver. 35. ——— where wanton ivy twines,
And ſwelling cluſters bend the curling vines.

Dryden, in his State of Innocence, Act iii. Scene 1.

And creeping 'twixt 'em all, the mantling *vine*
Does round their trunks her purple *cluſters twine*.

Ver. 37. Four figures riſing from the work appear.

So *Dryden*, Æn. viii. 830.
And Roman triumphs *riſing* on the gold.

Ver. 62. And trees weep amber on the banks of Po.

This ſweet line is indebted, perhaps, to *Milton*, Par. Loſt, iv. 248.

Groves, whoſe rich *trees wept* odorous *gums* and balm.

The claſſical reader will thank me for producing ſome elegant verſes of *Marius Victor*, an author but little known, from his deſcription of Paradiſe:

——— quod

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——— quod Medus redolet, vel crine ſoluto
Fragrat Achæmenius, quod molli dives amomo
Aſſyrius, meſſiſque rubens Mareotica nardo.
Quod Tarteſſiaci frutices, quod virga Sabæi,
Quodque Palæſtinus lacero *flet* vulnere ramus.

Ver. 73. All nature laughs; the groves are freſh and fair.
It ſtood in the firſt edition, and, I think, as well:

All nature laughs; the groves freſh *honours wear.*

It is probable, that our author had in view ſome lines of the true Doric delicacy and moſt unaffected tenderneſs in *Dryden's* State of Innocence, Act v. Scene 1. where Adam thus addreſſes Eve:

What joy, without your ſight, has earth in ſtore?
While you were abſent, Eden was no more.
Winds murmur'd through the leaves your long delay,
And fountains o'er the pebbles chid your ſtay.
But, with your preſence cheer'd, they ceaſe to mourn,
And walks wear freſher green at your return.

PASTORAL II. P. 73.

Ver. 45. Oh! were I made, by ſome transforming pow'r,
The captive bird that ſings within thy bow'r.

Romeo and Juliet:

I would I were thy bird. STEEVENS.

A ſimilar wiſh occurs in *Ovid*, Met. viii. 51.

O! ego ter felix, ſi pennis lapſa per auras
Gnoſſiaci poſſim caſtris inſiſtere regis.
Oh! had I wings to glide along the air!
To his dear tent I'd fly, and ſettle there. CROXALL.

Ver. 69. Here bees from bloſſoms ſip the roſy dew.

Milton, in his Penſeroſo:

And every herb, that *ſips the dew.*

PASTORAL III. P. 82.

Ver. 30. Say, is not abſence death to thoſe who love?

This whole paſſage is imitated from *Sir Philip Sydney's* Arcadia, Book iii. p. 712. 8vo edition:

Earth, brook, *flow'rs*, pipe, lamb, dove,
Say all, and I with them,
Abſence is death, or worſe, *to them that love.*

Ver.

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Ver. 37. Let op'ning roſes knotted oaks adorn,
And liquid amber drop from every thorn.

Bowles, in his tranſlation of Theocritus, Idyll. v. aſſiſted our bard:

On brambles now let violets be born,
And *op'ning roſes* bluſh on *every thorn*.

Ogilby's line at the original paſſage in Virgil, is very pleaſing and melodious:

And pureſt amber flow from every tree.

Ver. 43. Not bubbling fountains to the thirſty ſwain,
Not balmy ſleep to lab'rers faint with pain,
Not ſhow'rs to larks, or ſun-ſhine to the bee,
Are half ſo charming as thy ſight to me.

With theſe poliſhed lines a paſſage in *Drummond*'s Wandering Muſes (pointed out alſo by Mr. *Steevens*) may be very agreeably compared:

To virgins, flow'rs; to ſun-burnt earth, the rain;
To mariners, fair winds, amidſt the main;
Cool ſhades to pilgrims, whom hot glances burn,
Are not ſo pleaſing as thy bleſt return.

Ver. 89. I know thee, Love! on foreign mountains bred;
Wolves gave thee ſuck, and ſavage tigers fed.

Not unlike *Stafford*'s verſion of the original in *Dryden*'s Miſcellanies,

I know thee, Love! on mountains thou waſt *bred*,
And Thracian rocks thy infant fury *fed*.

The paſſage ran thus in our Poet's firſt edition:

I know thee, Love! wild as the raging main;
More fell than tigers on the Lybian plain.

PASTORAL IV. P. 90.

Ver 39. The ſilver ſwans her hapleſs fate bemoan,
In notes more ſad than when they ſing their own.

The hint of this turn was derived from a verſe in *Philips*'s Paſtorals, where the circumſtances of the caſe render it ridiculous:

Ye brighter maids, faint emblems of my fair,
With looks caſt down, and with diſhevel'd hair,
In bitter anguiſh beat your breaſts, and *moan*
Her death untimely *as it were your own*.

THE

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THE MESSIAH. P. 105.

Ver. 5. —— O thou my voice inſpire,
Who *touch'd* Iſaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!

Milton had already made the ſame alluſion to *Iſaiah*, vi. 7. at the cloſe of his Hymn on the Nativity:

And join thy voice unto the angel quire,
From out his ſacred altar *touch'd with hallow'd fire.*

Cowley alſo, David. i. 25. admits compariſon:

Ev'n thou my breaſt with ſuch bleſt rage inſpire,
As mov'd the tuneful ſtrings of David's lyre.

But a noble paſſage in *Milton*'s Reaſon of Church Government is ſtill more appoſite; "By devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit, "who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and ſends "out his Seraphim, with the *hallow'd fire* of his altar, to *touch* "and purify *the lips* of whom he pleaſes."

Ver 22. Oh ſpring to light, auſpicious babe! be born.

This ſeems a palpable imitation of *Callimachus*, but where our Poet fell upon it, I cannot diſcover: Hymn. Del 214.

Γεινεο, γεινεο, κερε· και πτι@· εξιθι κολπω.

Ver. 39. He from thick films ſhall purge the viſual ray.

Thus *Milton*, Par. Loſt, iii. 620.

—— and th' air,
No where ſo clear, ſharpen'd his *viſual ray*
To objects diſtant far:

and in his Samſon Agoniſtes, ver. 162.

For inward light alas!
Puts forth no *viſual beam.*

Ver. 99. No more the riſing ſun ſhall gild the morn,
Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her ſilver horn.

There is a general reſemblance in theſe charming lines to the beginning of *Ovid*'s Metamorphoſes, and *Sandys*'s excellent tranſlation there:

Nullus adhuc mundo præbebat lumina Titan,
Nec nova creſcendo reparabat cornua Phœbe.

No

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No Titan yet the world with light adornes.
Nor waxing Phœbe *fill'd her* wained *hornes*.

Our Poet's attachment to *Sandys* from early intimacy is well known.

WINDSOR FOREST. P. 121.

Ver. 1. Thy foreſt, Windſor, and thy green retreats,
At once the Monarch's and the Muſe's ſeats,
Invite my lays.

Thus *Hopkins*, in his Hiſtory of Love, publiſhed in the ſame year at leaſt, if not earlier, than the poem before us:

Ye woods and wilds, ſerene and bleſt *retreats*,
At once the lovers' and the Muſes' ſeats,
To you I fly.

Ver. 331. His treſſes dropt with dews, and o'er the ſtream
His ſhining horns diffus'd a golden gleam.

Spenſer has a fine paſſage like this before us, Faery Queene, iv. 11. 25.

But Thame was ſtronger, and of better ſtay,
Yet ſeem'd full aged by his outward ſight,
With head all hoary, and his beard all gray,
Dewed with ſilver drops that trickled downe alway.

But our Poet ſeems to have imitated the firſt verſes of a parallel repreſentation in *Claudian*, de VI. Conſ. Honor. ver. 160. wrought with the cuſtomary richneſs of that author. The entire paſſage is well worthy of peruſal; replete with ornament; and that ornament appropriate and original: to which I refer the reader. He is ſpeaking of the Po:

—— Ille caput placidis ſublime fluentis
Extulit; et, totis lucem ſpargentia ripis,
Aurea roranti micuerunt cornua vultu.
He ſpake: the Flood rears up his towering head
O'er the ſmooth ſurface of his ſwelling bed.
His horned front, through ſtreams of gliſtening dew,
Round the wild banks a golden radiance threw.

The reader will be pleaſed alſo with ſome lines of *Milton*'s Lycidas, ver. 105.

Next

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Next Camus, reverend ſire, went footing ſlow,
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet ſedge,
Inwrought with figures dim.

Ver. 340. The reader will be gratified by the ſame ſubject in the hands of *Spenſer*, F. Q. iv. 11. 29.

And round about him many a pretty page
Attended, duely ready to obey;
All little rivers, which owe vaſſallage
To him, as to their lord, and tribute pay—:
The chaulky *Kenet*, and the Thetis gray,
The moriſh *Cole*, and the ſoft flyding Breare,
The wanton *Lee*, that oft doth looſe his way,
And the ſtill *Darent*, in whoſe waters cleare
Ten thouſand fiſhes play, and decke his pleaſant ſtreame.

Ver. 379. I ſee, I ſee, where two fair cities bend
Their ample bow, a new Whitehall aſcend.

This ſeems imitated from *Hopkins'* Court-Proſpect in *Dryden's* Miſcellanies, ii. p. 385.

As far as fair *Auguſta's* buildings reach,
Bent, like a bow, along a peaceful beach.

ODE ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY, P. 163.

Ver. 96. No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.

Dryden's tranſlation of Dido to Æneas:

Who know no crime, but too much love of thee:

and afterwards in the ſame epiſtle:

Some pity let a ſuppliant princeſs move,
Whoſe only fault was an exceſs of love.

FIRST CHORUS TO THE TRAGEDY OF BRUTUS. P. 174.

Ver. 2. Where heav'nly viſions Plato fir'd,
And Epicurus lay inſpir'd.

This is an imitation of ſome verſes by *J. A.* of King's College, Cambridge, to *Creech* on his *Lucretius:*

I thought

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No Tita
[illegible] wa

I thought indeed, before I heard your fame,
No laurels grew but on the banks of Cam;
Where Chaucer was by ſacred fury *fir'd*,
And everlaſting Cowley *lay inſpir'd*;
Where Milton firſt his wond'rous *viſion* ſaw,
And Marvel taught the painter how to draw.
For the ſecond verſe *Pope* originally gave,
And *godlike Zeno* lay inſpir'd.

ESSAY ON CRITICISM. P. 193.

Ver. 144.—nameleſs graces, which no methods teach.
A writer in *Dryden*'s Miſcellanies, ii. p. 343.

Ah! where *the nameleſs graces*, that were ſeen
In all thy motions, and thy mien?

Ver. 193. Nations unborn your mighty names ſhall ſound,
And worlds applaud that muſt not yet be found!
An imitation of *Cowley*, David. ii. 833.

Round the whole earth his dreaded *name ſhall ſound*,
And reach to *worlds that muſt not yet be found.*

Ver. 243. In wit as nature, what affects our hearts,
Is not th' exactneſs of peculiar parts;
'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
But the joint force and full reſult of all.

This ſeems an improvement on ſome lines in *Dryden*'s Art of Poetry, Canto i.

'Tis not enough, when ſwarming faults are writ,
That here and there are ſcattered ſparks of wit;
Each object muſt be fix'd in the due place,
And differing parts have correſponding grace:
Till, by a curious art diſpos'd, we find
One perfect whole, of all the pieces join'd.

Ver. 623. Nor is Paul's church more ſafe than Paul's church-yard.

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The propriety of the specification in this proverbial remark is founded on a circumstance no longer existing in our Poet's time, and derived therefore by him from older writers. " In the reigns " of James I. and Charles I. (says *Pennant* in his London, " p. 382.) the body of St. *Paul's* cathedral was the common " resort of the politicians, the news-mongers, and idle in general. " It was called *Paul's walk*, and the frequenters known by the " name of *Paul's walkers*, &c.

" England need fear no outward enemies. The lusty lads " verily be in England. I have seen on a Sunday more likely " *men walking in St. Paul's church*, than I ever yet saw in " Augusta." *Ascham*'s Letters.

Ver. 627. It still looks home, and short excursions makes.

As *Virgil*, Geo iv 194.

*Excursus*que *breves* tentant——:

Nor forage far, but *short excursions make*. *Dryden*.

Below, ver. 738. our Poet comes still closer to *Virgil*'s words:

But in low numbers *short excursions tries*.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

CANTO I. P. 303.

Ver. 134. And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.

in, Amor. sect. 39. ὁπόσαις δε αρκειν ἡ μελαινα χαιτη νομιζεται, τῶν ...μηκοτων πλουτον ει; ταυτην αναλισκουσιν, ὁλην Αραβιαν σχεδον εκ των ...χων αποπνεουσαι " But those women, that are contented with own black hair, consume all their husbands' wealth upon ...*eathing* almost *all Arabia* from their locks."

CANTO II. P. 314.

Ver. 16. —— if belles had faults to hide.

This exception is in that true style of elegance and urbanity, which characterises this exquisite performance; and from a spirit, imbibed

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imbibed at the pure fources of claffical antiquity. So *Virgil* Geo. iv. 489.

Ignoſcenda quidem, ſcirent ſi ignoſcere manes:

and others, in a variety of examples.

Ver. 27. Fair treſſes man's imperial race inſnare,
And beauty draws us with a ſingle hair.

Sandys' Paraphraſe of the Song of Solomon, 1641.

Struck with one glance of thy bright eyes!
One hair of thine in fetters ties. S.

So *Milton* in his Latin Elegies, i. 60. which, for genius, originality, and ſimplicity, approximate to the character of antiquity beyond any modern compoſitions within my knowledge:

Et decus eximium frontis, tremuloſque capillos,
Aurea quæ fallax retia tendit Amor.

Ver. 61. Tranſparent forms, too fine for mortal ſight.

He was thinking, perhaps, of *Milton's* Penſeroſo, ver. 14.

Whoſe ſaintly viſage is too bright
To hit the ſenſe of human ſight:

where our ſublime bard palpably imitates, or rather tranſlates, a well known verſe of *Horace*:

Et *vultus nimium lubricus aſpici.*

So *Shakeſpear* in his Merry Wives of Windſor, Act ii. Scen "She is *too bright to be look'd againſt.*" Dr. *Chetwynd* alſo a couplet in his verſes to *Roſcommon*, which the reader will with pleaſure:

Her beauties are too heav'nly and refin'd
For the groſs ſenſes of a vulgar mind.

The notion was derived from the Platoniſts. Thus one of th ſect, *Apuleius*, in his treatiſe De Deo Socratis, ſpeaking of t bodies of the Dæmons, with a luſcious luxuriance of phraſe liar to that writer: "Dæmonum corpora—ſunt—ex illo puriſſimi "aëris liquido et ſereno elemento coalita, eoque nulli hominum "temerè viſibilia:—quod nulla in illis terrena ſoliditas locum "luminis occupârit, quæ noſtris oculis poſſit obſiſtere, quâ ſolidi- "tate neceſſariò offenſa acies immoretur; ſed fila poſſident cor- "porum rara et ſplendida et tenuia, uſque adeò ut radios omnes "noſtri tuoris et raritate tranſmittant, et ſplendore reverberent, "et ſubtilitate fruſtrentur."

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ELEGY

TO THE

MEMORY OF AN UNFORTUNATE LADY. P. 357.

Ver. 75. Poets themſelves muſt fall like thoſe they ſung.
Flatman, on the death of Mr. Pelham Humfries:

For you yourſelves, that ſing this mournful ſong,
Alas! e'er it be long,
Shall, like Amintas, breathleſs be,
Though more forgotten in the grave than

As the Pages are in general ſufficiently encumbered with Notes, I thought it beſt to reſerve theſe excellent Obſervations of Gilbert Wakefield for a place by themſelves.

Of the "Unfortunate Lady," I have heard a different account from any yet given, for which ſee Life of Pope.

The following particulars relating to Eloiſa, are ſo intereſting, that I ſhall be excuſed for inſerting them here.

"The manner of Eloiſa's taking the veil is thus deſcribed by a writer of her time:

"On the day appointed for the ceremony, the biſhop of Paris officiated. He gave his benediction to the veil, that, according to the cuſtom of the times, was placed upon the altar, and which the novice was to advance from her ſeat in the choir, to take and put upon her head. Eloiſa was now advancing with a firm ſtep towards the altar, to receive this emblem of ſeclusion from the world, and of oblivion to its pleaſures, when a great number of perſons of all ranks, who were preſent at this mournful ceremony, ſtruck with admiration at her beauty, which was incre-

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extreme youth, and by the general opinion that was gone forth in the world of her mental accompliſhments and acquiſitions, felt the deepeſt commiſeration for the ſacrifice ſhe was about to perform. Some perſons of the greateſt conſequence amongſt them approached her, and intreated her, with tears in their eyes, to give up her intention; and made uſe of arguments ſo preſſing, that ſhe appeared for a few minutes not inſenſible to what they ſaid to her. She was heard to ſigh bitterly; but her ſighs aroſe from a motive different from what the ſurrounding multitude ſuppoſed. Abelard, who was always preſent to her imagination, was the only cauſe. She was heard to ſay to herſelf, Alas! unhappy huſband, is it then poſſible, that the rigour of fortune has ſo violently oppreſſed ſo diſtinguiſhed a man! How came I to be his wife, merely to render him miſerable! No, no, added the willing victim, I was unworthy of being united with him, and ſince I am the cauſe of all his miſeries, it is but juſt that I ſhould ſuffer the puniſhment for them. Having ſpoken thus, ſhe tore herſelf away from the hands of the perſons that were attempting to hold her, and ran up to the altar, as to a funeral pile, upon which ſhe was to conſummate the ſacrifice. She then, with the greateſt reverence, kiſſed the holy cloth that covered it, took the black veil from it, and pronounced her vows, with a courage, and a firm tone of voice, ſuperior to the natural timidity of her ſex.

"Her auſterity as a nun, is thus deſcribed by the Abbot of Cluni:

"Her tears had long ſince deſtroyed her beauty. A ſad paleneſs took place of her natural vermillion. Her eyes loſt all their fire, and her whole frame was deſtroyed by grief. She looked upon herſelf as the diſconſolate widow, mentioned by St. Paul, whoſe only occupation is to weep and to lament. After the death of Abelard, ſhe hardly ever went into the monaſtery, except to attend the offices of the church, and except the times of her attendance in the choir, when ſhe had always her veil thrown over her face to hide her tears. She remained ſhut up in her cell at prayers, or was upon her knees before the tomb of Abelard. She received with tranſport the abſolution of Abelard, ſent to her by his ſuperior, the Abbot of Cluni, thus worded:

"I, Peter, abbot of Cluni, who have received Peter Abelard
"tate neceſſamber of my monks, and who, after having dug up his
"porum rara body
"noſtri tuoris et
"et ſubtilitate fru.

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